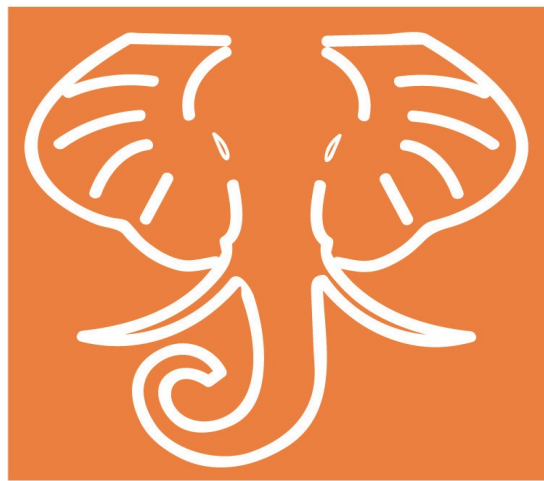


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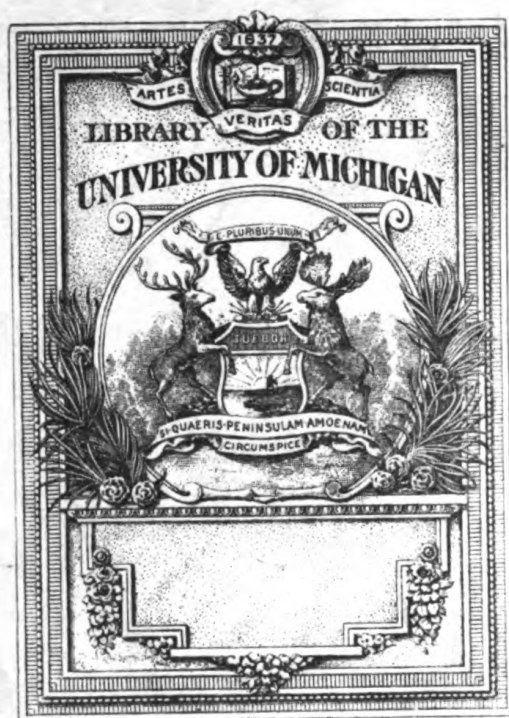


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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXI.

AMONG THE NAIL-MAKERS	<i>J. R. Chapin</i>	145
AMOOR AND THE STEPPES.....	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	610
ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.....	<i>E. G. Squier</i>	20, 165
BACHELOR'S HALL	<i>D. R. Castleton</i>	511
BATTLE OF BENNINGTON	<i>T. D. English</i>	325
BEFORE BREAKFAST	<i>Rose Terry</i>	329
BEFORE THE MIRROR.....	<i>E. D. B. Stoddard</i>	164
BLACK TARN		378
BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE.....	<i>T. S. Arthur</i>	689
BYRON, HOME AND GRAVE OF.....		606
CALIFORNIA, FIRST OVERLAND TRIP TO.....		80
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH	<i>Benson J. Lossing</i>	721
CENTURY PLANT, THE.....	<i>Fitz Hugh Ludlow</i>	51
CONJUGAL CONVERSATIONS.....		861
CONNECTICUT COLONY, TALE OF.....		224
COTTON PLANT, INSECTS BELONGING TO		37
COURTSHIP OF SUSAN BELL.....	<i>Anthony Trollope</i>	366
CRUISE OF THE TWO DEACONS.....	<i>Fitz Hugh Ludlow</i>	194, 334, 480
DINNER AT THE MAYOR'S.....	<i>A. Oakey Hall</i>	654
DOWN THE RIVER.....	<i>Rose Terry</i>	793
EATON'S BARBARY EXPEDITION.....	<i>J. T. Headley</i>	496
EDITOR'S DRAWER.		
DRAWER FOR JUNE.....	132	DRAWER FOR SEPTEMBER..... 564
DRAWER FOR JULY	276	DRAWER FOR OCTOBER
DRAWER FOR AUGUST.....	422	DRAWER FOR NOVEMBER..... 855
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.		
CHAIR FOR JUNE.....	124	CHAIR FOR SEPTEMBER
CHAIR FOR JULY.....	267	CHAIR FOR OCTOBER
CHAIR FOR AUGUST.....	411	CHAIR FOR NOVEMBER
EDITOR'S FOREIGN BUREAU.		
BUREAU FOR JUNE.....	129	BUREAU FOR SEPTEMBER..... 559
BUREAU FOR JULY	272	BUREAU FOR OCTOBER
BUREAU FOR AUGUST.....	416	BUREAU FOR NOVEMBER..... 850
EDITOR'S TABLE.		
AMERICAN CULTURE.....	119	DOMESTIC IDEALITY
OUR AMERICAN MANNERS.....	262	LEARNING: ITS USES AND ABUSES
ANGLO-SAXON MIND	547	
EPPING.....		<i>Ruth Harper</i> 657
EXCELSIOR		573
FALLEN STAR.....		<i>F. J. O'Brien</i> 834

FASHIONS, THE.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE	143	FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.....	575
FASHIONS FOR JULY	287	FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.....	719
FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.....	431	FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.....	863
FEW CUTS BY A SHARP MAN			285
FIRST OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA		<i>J. T. Headley</i>	80
FOUND IN AN APRON POCKET.....		<i>Louise Palmer</i>	247
FOUR GEORGES, THE.....		<i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	395, 525, 671, 823
FROTH		<i>George Arnold</i>	73
GLITTER AND GOLD.....		<i>Wm. M. Baker</i>	780
HENRY GILBERT		<i>J. W. De Forest</i>	359
HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A FOOL		<i>J. D. Whelpley</i>	93
HOME AND GRAVE OF BYRON.....			606
INSECTS BELONGING TO THE COTTON PLANT		<i>Charlotte Taylor</i>	37
JO DAVIESS, OF KENTUCKY.....		<i>R. T. Coleman</i>	341
JOHN BULL IN JAPAN		<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	311
JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE MOON		<i>Charles Holmes</i>	622
KING'S MOUNTAIN.....		<i>W. Gilmore Simms</i>	670
LEGEND OF MICAH ROOD.....		<i>Jane M. Fuller</i>	477
LETTER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.....		<i>Louise Chandler Moulton</i>	212
LINES OF BEAUTY.....			286
LITERARY NOTICES.			

Harper's School and Family Readers; Milburn's Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley, 116. The Mill on the Floss; Carlyle's Critical and Miscellaneous Essays; Sheahan's Life of Douglas, 117. Savage's Representative Men; Abbott's Rainbow and Lucky; Abbott's American History; Tyler's Bible and Social Reform; Mitchell's Popular Astronomy; Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans; Willis's Old Leaves from Household Words; Stedman's Poems; Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, 118. Strickland's Life of Jacob Gruber; Trollope's West Indies and the Spanish Main, 260. Faurel's History of Provençal Poetry; Mrs. Gaskell's Right at Last; A Mother's Trials; Danesbury House; Trollope's Three Clerks; How to Enjoy Life; Smith's Smaller History of Greece; Abbott's Genghis Khan; Harper's Classical Library, 261. The Queens of Society, 409. Gibson's Year of Grace; Punshon's Sermons; Krapf's Travels in Africa; Hooker's Natural History; Gardner's Institutes of International Law; Thackeray's Lovell the Widower; Trollope's Castle Richmond, 410. Leslie's Autobiographical Recollections, 543. Lewes's Studies in Animal Life, 545. Pendleton's Science a Witness for the Bible; Benedict's Run through Europe; Rosa, the Parisian Girl, 546. Everett's Life of Washington, 695. Faraday's Forces of Matter; Miss Mulock's One Year; The Woman in White; Burton's Central Africa; Atkinson's Regions of the Amoor; Reminiscences of an Officer of the Zouaves; Auerbach's Barefooted Maiden; Mansel's Prolegomena Logica; Woolsey's Study of International Law, 696. The Cottages of the Alps, 837. Kendrick's Life and Letters of Emily C. Judson; Poema, by George P. Morris; the Household of Bouverie, 838. Tyndal's Glaciers of the Alps; Strickland's Old Mackinaw; Loss and Gain; Wheat and Tares, 839.

LOVELL THE WIDOWER.....	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	99, 238
MARTHA'S VINEYARD.....		442
MERCHANT'S LESSON.....	<i>T. S. Arthur</i>	235
MICAH ROOD, LEGEND OF.....		477
MISERABLE MAN THAT I AM.....	<i>Rose Terry</i>	107
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.		

UNITED STATES.—Proceedings in Congress, 113, 253, 405, 406. The Covode Investigating Committee, 113, 406. Potter and Pryor, 113. National Conventions, 114, 253, 259, 406. The Charleston Democratic Convention, 114. The Japanese Embassy, 115, 253, 403. New York Legislature, 115. From California, 115. The Homestead Bill, 253, 406. The Constitutional Union Convention; Nomination of Bell and Everett, 253. The Republican Convention; Nomination of Lincoln and Hamlin, 253. Tornado at the West, 259. Indian Hostilities, 259. Captures of Slaves, 259, 836. Methodist General Conference, 259. Veto of the Homestead Bill, 406. Appropriation Bills, 406. The Harper's Ferry Committee, 400. Resolutions Censuring the President, 406. The Baltimore Democratic Convention; Nominations of Douglas and Johnson, of Breckinridge and Lane, 407. Movements for Fusion, 407, 692, 835. The Great Eastern, 408, 541. Rights of Naturalized Citizens, 408. Dr. Hayes's Arctic Expedition, 403. Political Speculations, 541, 691, 836. The Prince of Wales, 541, 693, 836. Presidential Candidates on the Union, 691. Elections, 692, 836. Speeches of Mr. Douglas, 692, 835. State Conventions in New York, 693. Excitement in Texas, 693. Loss of the *Lady El-*

gin, 836. The Prince of Wales at Washington, 836. Execution of Walker, 836.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.—Affairs in Mexico, 115, 259, 408, 693. Miramon and Zuloaga, 259. Defeat of Uruga, 403. Defeat of Miramon, 693. European Interference, 693. Walker's Expedition to Honduras, 693. His Capture and Execution, 836.

EUROPE.—The Annexation of Savoy to France, 116. Insurrection in Sicily, 116. Peace between Spain and Morocco, 116. Garibaldi's Landing in Sicily, 260. His Capture of Palermo, 408. Conquest of Sicily, 542. Battle of Melazzo, 694. Letter to the King of Sardinia, 694. Descent upon the Main Land, and entry into Naples, 836. His policy, 836. The King of Naples, 408, 836. War Feeling in England, 542. Speech of Lord Palmerston, 542. Louis Napoleon's Reply, 693. The Papal States, 694. Sardinian Demands, 836. Sardinian Invasion, 836. Battle of Castelfidardo, 836.

THE EAST.—The Chinese and the Europeans, 408. Civil War in Syria, 408, 543, 694, 837. Massacres in Mount Lebanon, 543, 695. Massacres in Damascus, 543. Letter from Abd-El-Kader, 543. French Expedition to Syria, 695. Executions in Damascus, 837. Destitution at Beirut, 837.

CONTENTS.

v

MONSTER, PLEA FOR	178
MY JOHNNY.....	<i>F. J. O'Brien</i> 518
MY VELVET SHOES	<i>Fitz Hugh Ludlow</i> 804
NAIL-MAKERS, AMONG THE.....	145
NANTUCKET.....	745
NEW BEDFORD.....	1
OMNIBUS HORSE, DOLEFUL HISTORY OF	429
ONE YEAR AGO.....	<i>C. C. Cox</i> 19
ONLY WORDS.....	<i>T. S. Arthur</i> 110
ORDINATION BALL.....	<i>Jane M. Fuller</i> 788
PEARLS AND GEMS.....	<i>J. W. Watson</i> 764
PEARL RING, THE.....	<i>Mary Bradley</i> 638
PLEA FOR A MONSTER.....	<i>Charles Nordhoff</i> 178
PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS.....	141
PRECOGNITION.....	<i>C. A. Jewett</i> 652
QUAKER WIDOW	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 577
RED RIVER AND BEYOND.....	<i>Manton Marble</i> 289, 581
ROSE-GARDEN.....	<i>Samuel Osgood</i> 798
SENTIMENTALISM.....	<i>Henry Giles</i> 203
SEWING BIRD, THE.....	<i>F. J. O'Brien</i> 433
SLIGHTLY DEAF.....	<i>W. W. Sikes</i> 232
SMITH, CAPTAIN JOHN.....	721
SOMEBODY'S LOVE-STORY.....	<i>Alice B. Haven</i> 487
SOME OF MY TROUBLES	<i>C. E. T. Clarke</i> 519
SPIDERS: THEIR STRUCTURE AND HABITS.....	<i>Charlotte Taylor</i> 461
STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES.....	717
SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.....	<i>T. D. English</i> 70
SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.....	<i>D. H. Strother</i> 1, 442, 745
TALE OF CONNECTICUT COLONY.....	<i>Jane M. Fuller</i> 224
TWO AGAINST ONE.....	<i>George Arnold</i> 663
TWO PORTRAITS.....	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 357
UNTO THIS LAST.....	<i>John Ruskin</i> 535, 685, 816
UP HIGHER.....	<i>T. S. Arthur</i> 682
VELVET SHOES, MY	804
VOICE FROM THE STREET.....	<i>L. A. Bargie</i> 211
WHEN I CAME BACK FROM SEA.....	<i>F. J. O'Brien</i> 237
WILD CATTLE HUNTING ON GREEN ISLAND.....	<i>Charles Hallock</i> 220

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. New Bedforders Abroad.....	1	68. Benevolence.....	142
2. Cheerfulness.....	2	69. The Great Captain.....	142
3. Politeness.....	3	70. The Poet of the Future.....	142
4. One of the Strong-minded.....	3	71. Embyro Financier.....	142
5. Major André.....	4	72. Traveling Pardessus.....	143
6. A Queer Fish.....	5	73. Lace Mantilla.....	144
7. A Specimen.....	6	74. Iron Works, Boonton, New Jersey....	145
8. Caulkers.....	7	75. Captain Blivens.....	146
9. Oil-fillers.....	8	76. The Team.....	147
10. Gauging Oil.....	9	77. Boy Overboard.....	148
11. Lecture on Spiritualism.....	10	78. Going over a Plane.....	150
12. Old Battery, New Bedford.....	11	79. An Old Homestead.....	152
13. Bluefishing in Buzzard's Bay.....	12	80. Plane at Rockaway.....	153
14. Bluefish.....	13	81. Blast Furnace.....	154
15. The Model Skipper.....	14	82. Opening the Flask.....	155
16. Packing Whalebone.....	15	83. Interior of Blast Furnace.....	156
17. Land Sharks.....	16	84. Drawing off the Lava.....	157
18. Just Landed.....	17	85. Puddling Furnace.....	158
19. Cook and Pilot.....	18	86. Puddling.....	159
20. The Steward.....	18	87. Squeezer and Ball Trolley.....	159
21. The Harpooner.....	19	88. Puddling Ball-Train.....	160
22. Hopeton Works, Ohio.....	20	89. Saurian Squeezer.....	160
23. Stone Work, Paint Creek Valley.....	21	90. Cutting the Bars.....	161
24. Fortified Hill, Butler County, Ohio....	23	91. Cutting Nail-plates.....	161
25. Plan of Entrance.....	24	92. Furnace and Nail-machine.....	162
26. Roman Entrances.....	24	93. Cutting and Trimming Staves.....	163
27. Massey's Creek Fort.....	24	94. Clamp and Plate.....	163
28. Defensive Work, Butler County, Ohio.	25	95. Filling the Casks.....	164
29. Ancient Work, Hamilton County, Ohio	25	96. Great Serpent, Adam's County, Ohio	165
30. Ancient Work, Paint Creek.....	26	97. Stone Temple, Stanton Drew.....	166
31. Group of Works, Paint Creek.....	29	98. Graded Way, Piketon, Ohio.....	167
32. Circles and Parallels.....	30	99. Sepulchral Mounds, Chillicothe.....	167
33. Ancient Work, Pike County, Ohio.....	30	100. Section of Sepulchral Mound.....	168
34. Circle, Pike County, Ohio.....	31	101. Timber Sarcophagus.....	168
35. Elliptical Work, Bourneville, Ohio....	31	102. Section of Sacrificial Mound.....	169
36. Circular Work, Miami River.....	31	103. Plan and Section of Altar.....	170
37. Rectangular Work, Randolph Co., Ind.	32	104. Vase from Mound.....	170
38. Cedar Bank Works, Ohio.....	32	105. Ancient Works, Washington Co., Miss.	171
39. Works near Cedar Bank.....	33	106. Ancient Works, Lafayette Co., Miss.	171
40. Square Work, Fairfield County, Ohio.	33	107. Temple Mound, Marietta, Ohio.....	172
41. Hopeton Works, Ohio.....	33	108. Animal-shaped Mounds, Wisconsin...	172
42. High Bank Works, Ohio.....	34	109. Forms of Animal-shaped Mounds....	173
43. Ancient Work, Liberty, Ohio.....	35	110. Mounds of Observation.....	174
44. Ancient Work, Paint Creek.....	36	111. Copper Axes, from Mounds.....	174
45. Ancient Work, Portsmouth, Ohio.....	36	112. Copper Implements, from Mounds....	175
46. Heliothes Americana.....	37	113. Vase, from Mound.....	175
47. Boll Worm.....	38	114. Sculpture of Head.....	176
48. Phalena Gossypion.....	39	115. Sculptured Bird.....	176
49. Worm of Phalena.....	40	116. Beads, from Mounds.....	176
50. Tortrix Carpas.....	41	117. Copper Bracelets.....	177
51. Cocoon of Tortrix.....	42	118. Copper Gorget.....	177
52. Phalena Gossypiella.....	43	119. Copper Disks.....	177
53. Cotton-bud Moth.....	44	120. Pontoppidan's Sea-Serpent.....	179
54. Rostera Cothonissa.....	45	121. Paul Egede's Sea-Serpent.....	180
55. Clostera Cothonissa.....	46	122. Head of M'Quhae's Sea-Serpent.....	181
56. Egeria Carbasena.....	47	123. American Sea-Serpent.....	181
57. Agrotis Xylina.....	48	124. The Stronsay Monster.....	182
58. Worm of Agrotis.....	48	125. M'Quhae's Sea-Serpent.....	182
59. Tinea Sata.....	49	126. Cuttle-Fish attacking Vessel.....	183
60. Cotton Fibres.....	50	127. Eight-armed Cuttle-Fish, front.....	184
61. The Lion and the Serpent.....	99	128. Painting at St. Maloe.....	185
62. Bedford to the Rescue.....	101	129. Eight-armed Cuttle-Fish, rear.....	186
63. The Future President.....	141	130. Neill's Kraken.....	187
64. Organ of Veneration.....	141	131. Cecilia's Successor.....	238
65. Gushing Poetess.....	141	132. Lovel's Mothers.....	244
66. The Great Artist.....	141	133. Cross Cuts.....	285
67. Well-balanced Head.....	142	134. Cold Cuts.....	285

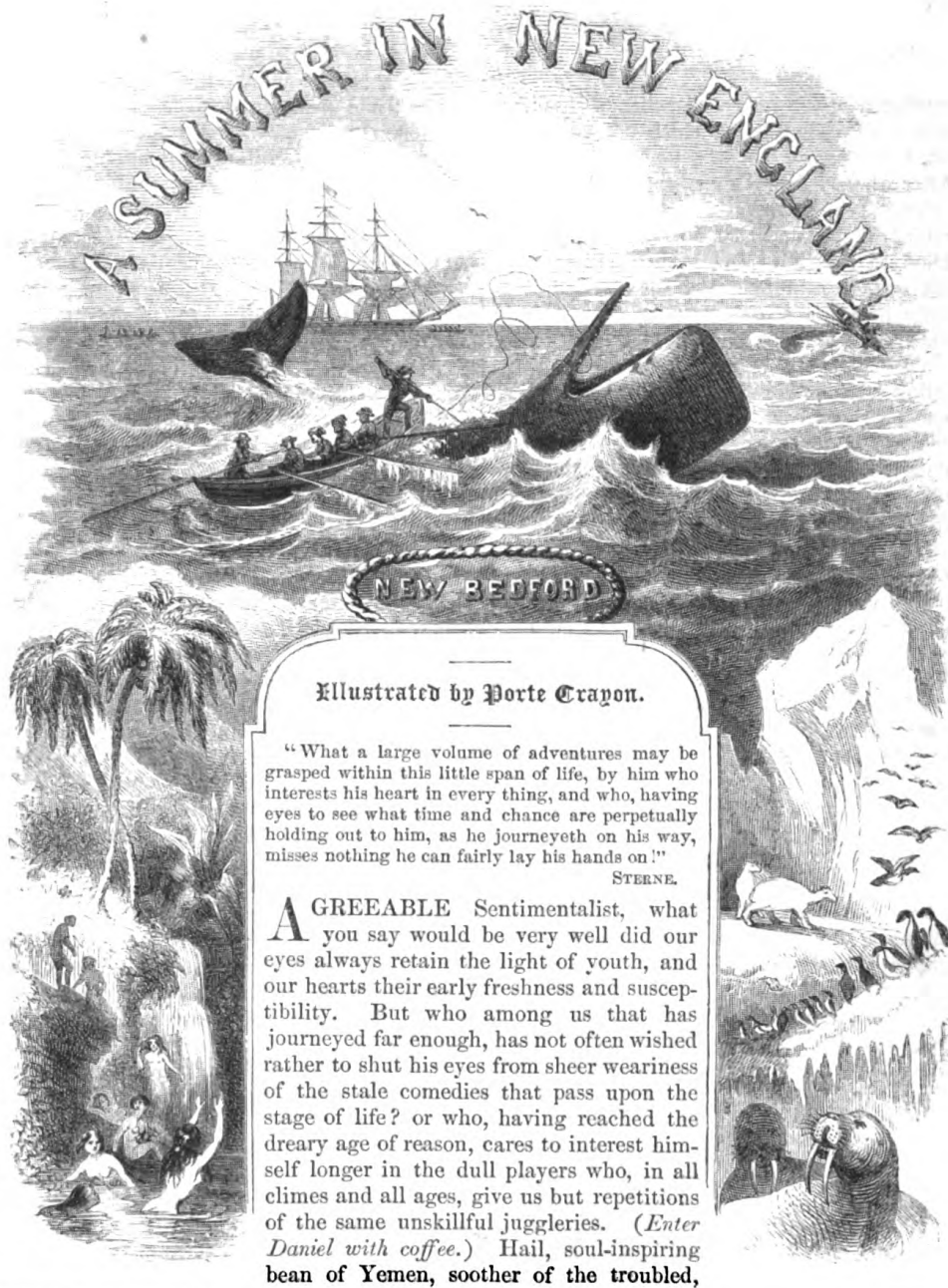
135. Cut Out.....	285	208. The Fall.....	429
136. Cut Down.....	285	209. Jawing.....	429
137. Cut Off.....	285	210. Help Wanted.....	429
138. Line of Beauty.....	286	211. Cruiser's Education.....	430
139. Epicure's Line.....	286	212. Delights of Winter.....	430
140. Thief's Line.....	286	213. Broken in.....	430
141. Pursuer's Line.....	286	214. Cruiser's Last Sale.....	430
142. Boy's Line.....	286	215. Finale of Cruiser.....	430
143. Youth's Line.....	286	216. Dressing Gown.....	431
144. Tender Line.....	286	217. Boy's Costume.....	432
145. Lover's Line.....	286	218. Breakfast Cap.....	432
146. Young Lady's Line.....	286	219. The Sewing Bird.....	433
147. Caroline.....	286	220. Sewing Machines.....	436
148. Crinoline.....	286	221. Dry-Goods Store.....	437
149. Artist's Line.....	286	222. The Miners.....	439
150. Poet's Line.....	286	223. The Lumbermen.....	440
151. Fancy Man's Line.....	286	224. The Working Girl.....	441
152. Home Toilet.....	287	225. Captain West.....	443
153. Traveling Dress.....	288	226. Catching a Shark.....	444
154. Dress Cap.....	288	227. What a Fish!.....	445
155. Red River Train.....	289	228. Black Bass, etc.....	445
156. Cascade near St. Paul.....	290	229. Cape Cod Pasture.....	446
157. Horse-jockeying.....	291	230. Gay Head.....	447
158. Red River Guide.....	292	231. Light-House, Gay Head.....	448
159. Traveler's Home.....	293	232. Squire Flanders.....	449
160. Ferry over Rum River.....	293	233. The Ocean Surf.....	450
161. One of our Doctors.....	294	234. Gay Head School.....	451
162. Studying Grasses.....	295	235. Deacon Simon.....	452
163. The First Watch.....	296	236. Jane Wormsley.....	453
164. Getting out of a Slough.....	298	237. Toad Rock.....	454
165. Claim Shanty.....	299	238. Chilmark School.....	455
166. Claim Stake.....	299	239. Young Harpooner.....	456
167. Taking the Vail.....	300	240. Returning in Tow.....	457
168. Major Patten's Crossing.....	301	241. Milking.....	458
169. Now I Lay Me Down.....	302	242. Pigs.....	459
170. Pelican Lake.....	303	243. The Deacons.....	459
171. First View of Red River.....	304	244. A Pleasure Party.....	460
172. Fort Abercrombie.....	305	245. Spider's Web.....	461
173. Cantonments, Fort Abercrombie.....	306	246. Anatomy of the Spider.....	462
174. The <i>Anson Northup</i>	307	247. Spider's Spinnerets, etc.....	463
175. The Smudge.....	308	248. Mygale Avicularia.....	464
176. Dakotah City.....	309	249. Mygale Floridiæ.....	465
177. Japanese Artist.....	311	250. Lycosa Fera.....	466
178. Island of Pappenberg.....	312	251. Parts of Ichneumons.....	467
179. Japanese Ladies and Children.....	313	252. Latrodectus Chrusos.....	468
180. Group of Horses.....	313	253. Web of Latrodectus.....	468
181. Japanese Tea-Garden.....	314	254. Atypus Mikros.....	469
182. Bay of Jedo.....	315	255. Pholcus Phalangiodes.....	470
183. Japanese Scenery.....	315	256. Young Pholcus.....	470
184. Travelers in a Snow-Storm.....	316	257. Thomasis Eremeus.....	471
185. Landing-Place at Jedo.....	317	258. Epeira Diadema.....	472
186. Japanese Horse-Shoe.....	317	259. Parts of Epeira.....	473
187. Japanese Saddle.....	318	260. Epeira Leucostigma.....	474
188. Japanese Sandal.....	318	261. Dryasderia Rhodii.....	474
189. Japanese Bath.....	318	262. Web of Dryasderia.....	475
190. Jeddo Forts.....	319	263. Lycosa Tarentula.....	475
191. Japanese Fire-Ladder.....	320	264. Mygale Cementaria.....	476
192. Japanese Builders.....	320	265. Parts of Mason Spider.....	477
193. Lord Elgin and Japanese Ministers.....	321	266. Fife and Drum.....	525
194. Street Scene in Jedo.....	322	267. Ave Cæsar.....	526
195. Japanese Village.....	323	268. The Hero of Culloden.....	529
196. Japanese Coopers.....	323	269. A Youth who Bore.....	573
197. Japanese Gymnastics.....	324	270. His Brow was Sad.....	573
198. Map of Bennington Heights.....	325	271. Happy Homes.....	573
199. Portrait of John Stark.....	326	272. Try not the Pass.....	573
200. Battle Ground of Bennington.....	327	273. Oh, Stay.....	573
201. Van Schaik's Mill.....	328	274. Beware.....	574
202. Herrenhausen.....	395	275. The Pious Monks.....	574
203. The Princess Sophia.....	396	276. Found.....	574
204. Cruiser Sold.....	429	277. Lifeless, but Beautiful.....	574
205. His New Acquaintances.....	429	278. Bridal Toilet.....	575
206. The Start.....	429	279. Infant's Cradle.....	576
207. The Stop.....	429	280. Under-Sleeve.....	576

281. The Quaker Widow.....	577	354. Smith's Arms.....	726
282. Mother Spoke for Benjamin.....	578	355. Smith's Escape from the Tartars.....	727
283. All the Meeting Looking On.....	579	356. Reception by the Indian Chief.....	729
284. Ruth is still a Friend.....	580	357. Fight at Kekoughtan.....	731
285. Buffalo Chase.....	581	358. Smith Saved by Pocahontas.....	733
286. Joe Rolette.....	582	359. Submission of Indian Chief.....	736
287. International Boundary Post.....	583	360. Humiliation of Opechancanough.....	739
288. Pembina Fort.....	583	361. Smith presenting Map.....	741
289. Pembina.....	584	362. Sorrow of Pocahontas.....	743
290. Ball at Pembina.....	585	363. Dismantled Whaler.....	745
291. Strawberries.....	586	364. A Strange Gentleman.....	746
292. St. Joseph.....	587	365. Mother Carey.....	747
293. Pembina Mountain.....	591	366. Studley.....	752
294. Prairie Fire.....	592	367. Bird-egging at Muskegeet.....	753
295. Mouse River.....	593	368. Watson Burgess.....	754
296. Fort Ellice.....	594	369. All Difficulty Settled.....	756
297. Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle.....	596	370. Towing the Whale.....	756
298. Parting with the Doctor.....	597	371. Tarring Ropes.....	757
299. Fording at Sand-Hills.....	599	372. The Harpooner.....	758
300. South Bend of Mouse River.....	600	373. A Grove.....	759
301. Golgotha.....	603	374. Too Sweet.....	759
302. Devil's Lake.....	604	375. Village Lawyer.....	760
303. Return of the Hunters.....	605	376. Railroad President.....	760
304. Newstead Abbey.....	607	377. Agent of Humane Society.....	760
305. Gothic Fountain.....	608	378. From Maine.....	761
306. Hucknall Church.....	610	379. Boston Hack-Driver.....	761
307. The Steppes of Tartary.....	611	380. Poverty and Riches.....	762
308. Camp in the Steppes.....	611	381. Organ-Grinder.....	762
309. Tatar Caravan.....	612	382. On the Wharf.....	763
310. The Red Sand.....	613	383. Pearl-Fishing.....	764
311. Mirage in the Desert.....	613	384. Pearl-Diver.....	764
312. Sand Storm.....	614	385. Egyptian Ear-Rings.....	766
313. Mountain Gorge.....	615	386. Bishop Bitton's Ring.....	766
314. The Maral's Leap.....	616	387. Ring of Pius II.....	768
315. Bearcoots and Wolves.....	617	388. Pearl Oyster.....	768
316. Kirghis Aoul.....	618	389. Pearl-bearing Mussel.....	768
317. Sheitan and his Legions.....	619	390. Japanese Miracle.....	769
318. Sheitan's Cavern.....	620	391. Native Pearls.....	770
319. Funeral Sacrifice.....	621	392. Persian Gulf-Diver.....	771
320. Village in the Land of the Moon.....	622	393. The Mogul's Great Pearl.....	772
321. Burton under Way.....	623	394. Pearl of the Peacock Throne.....	772
322. Members of the Caravan.....	624	395. Pear-shaped Pearl.....	772
323. More Members of the Caravan.....	625	396. The Mogul's Small Pearl.....	772
324. African Porters.....	626	397. The Mogul's Round Pearl.....	772
325. Beloch Guard.....	627	398. Cleance Pearl.....	772
326. Standing Position.....	627	399. Ear-Ring from Sakkarah.....	772
327. View in Unyamwezi.....	628	400. Sizes of Pearls.....	773
328. Ladies' Smoking Party.....	629	401. The Russian Ruby.....	774
329. Head-Dresses of Wanyamwezi.....	630	402. The Mogul's False Ruby.....	774
330. Ivory Porter.....	631	403. Ruby of King of Persia.....	774
331. On Lake Tanganyika.....	633	404. Visapour Ruby.....	775
332. African Implements.....	634	405. Banarous Ruby.....	775
333. House-Building.....	636	406. Balais Ruby.....	775
334. King's Mountain Battle Ground.....	670	407. English Heart Ruby.....	775
335. Monument on King's Mountain.....	670	408. Topaz of the Great Mogul.....	775
336. Queen Charlotte.....	671	409. Carved Emerald.....	776
337. Lord North.....	678	410. The Hope Beryl.....	777
338. Mr. Fox.....	678	411. The Tiffany Opal.....	779
339. Mr. Pitt.....	679	412. The Royal George.....	823
340. Mr. Burke.....	679	413. A Mild Query.....	861
341. Mr. P.'s Stereoscope.....	717	414. Model of Pleasantness.....	861
342. Biddy tries it.....	717	415. Working like a Nigger.....	861
343. Biddy astounded.....	717	416. Out on Business.....	861
344. Pussy tries it.....	718	417. Other Business, which must positively be attended to.....	861
345. Pomp tries it.....	718	418. Nothing to Wear.....	862
346. Sissy tries it.....	718	419. A Ferocious Beast.....	862
347. Bub tries it.....	718	420. Averse to Society.....	862
348. Effect upon the Eyes.....	718	421. Maternal Cares.....	862
349. Riding Habit.....	719	422. Slaving at Home.....	862
350. Pardessus.....	720	423. Pleasures of Girlhood.....	862
351. Portrait of John Smith.....	721	424. Autumn Cloak.....	863
352. Smith in his Retreat.....	723	425. Striped Mantle.....	864
353. Smith's Fight with the Turk.....	725		

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Vol. XXI.—No. 121.—A



CHEERFULNESS.

strengtheners of the weary, dispellers of shadows, dispensers of cheerfulness, child of Araby the Blest, I give you welcome!

After all, why should a man carp at the world? Why undertake to tinker at creation? Can he mend it? Some people think they can; I do not.

Then to return to the text. Although in youth our eyes are clearer, yet dazzled continually by some "ignis fatuus," they oftener mislead than serve us; and although young hearts are fresher and purer, are they not always bubbling with folly and seething with passion, like witches' caldrons, the smoke whereof dims all true perception?

Thus it seems ordered, that not until Time has steadied the restless vision, and subdued the egotistical fires of the heart, are we truly prepared for the profitable and agreeable task of observation. Neither cynic nor enthusiast, censuring with civility, commending with discrimination: temperate in all things. (*Here, Daniel, take away the cup.*)

A loud knock at my door interrupted this train of thought, and before I had time to say "Come in," my young friend, Dick Dashaway, burst into the room. Here was a sensation as agreeable as it was unexpected. Dick is a Virginian, as I am; a kinsman, and, although not much more than half my age, a close intimacy subsists between us. In strict confidence I will acknowledge I am his uncle, but have forbidden him ever to address me by that title, intimating at the same time that, should he wish to claim consanguinity, the prefix of cousin will not be disagreeable.

In the green pastures of my native State I have observed that the unbroken colts always run together, and the work-horses are equally particular in keeping up a separate social organization. Take the greenest three-year-old and let him wear harness but for a day, and he will thereafter desert his juvenile free companions and associate with the old 'uns. But should he remain unbroken and unharnessed until he is stiff and hollow with age, he will continue to curvet and caracole with the colts. So your bachelor, never having worn social harness, consorts with boys even after his head is frosted with age.

Dick is one of the unbroken colts. He voted last year for the first time, and since then thinks himself endowed with all the privileges pertaining to manhood, including whisky and water, tobacco and illimitable dogmatism. He has tried his fortunes at various schools and colleges, but his roystering and rebellious spirit always kept him in hot water, and I fear he has derived but little benefit from their teachings. In recompense, he is well versed in all knowledge relating to horse-flesh and the training of dogs, claims to have superior skill in games of chance, and in gunning and angling

has taken a master's degree. In addition to these accomplishments, of somewhat doubtful utility, he is truly gallant and obliging, and has such a generous exuberance of youthful human nature about him that one can not help liking him.

After the excitement of our first greeting had subsided, the light of my kinsman's countenance suddenly subsided into a shadow of unspeakable sadness, as the blaze of a heap of shavings sinks into black and bitter ashes.

"Dick, my boy, I hope you have no bad news from the upper country?"

"Oh, Cousin Robert," replied Dick, with a groan, "she has kicked me, and I am ruined forever."

"Bless me, Dick! How and when did it happen? Are you seriously hurt?"

"Oh, hang it, Cousin Bob! you know I was in love with Nelly Hardy. It was she that kicked me—the cursed flirt—I would not have believed it of her!"

"Fiddle-faddle! and is that all? I thought you were maimed for life, and had come to Baltimore to consult a surgeon. But come, cheer up; don't speak of a young lady as if she were a horse; don't squirt tobacco-juice over the grate; and don't poke the fire so violently. It is of anthracite coal, and you will put it out."

"Well," he replied, as he threw down the poker with a desperate air—"it's no use laughing about it. I'm going to sea before the mast. That's what I came down here for."

"Well, my boy, I highly approve of your resolution. There's nothing like salt water and the rope's end to take the nonsense out of a fast youth. Have you found a ship yet and signed articles?"

"Not yet," he replied; "but I am going in search of one to-morrow—one that is going to sail immediately."

"Don't be rash, youngster; but take time and choose your vessel."

"The worse the better for me. I would not care if she was a pirate!"

"As you are going to sleep on it there is no haste. But I have a proposition to make myself. How would you like to ship with me?"

Dick regarded me with a look of mingled surprise and inquiry.



POLITENESS.

"To be explicit: I have been thinking of making the tour of New England in search of sport and adventures. I want a companion. How would you like to ship for the voyage as first-mate, with half the fish and half the trouble for your wages?"

My kinsman's quenched countenance blazed with renewed light:

"Cousin Robert, here's my hand on it. I'm ready for any thing by land or sea! Hip, hip, hurrah!" he shouted, capering about the room as if he had never known sorrow.

"What a jolly time we'll have! What a fool was I to be sniveling about a girl that don't care for me!"

"And that you only fell in love with because you were idle."

"I did love her, though," said Dick; "that I'll stand to."

"We'll visit Nantucket; and you'll have an opportunity there to ship as a whaleman if you are not cured in the mean time."

"That will be prime! The very life I'd glory in!"

"Then at Boston, perhaps, you may meet with your old flame, Miss Prudence Teazle, whom you saw last summer at the Virginia Springs."

"Bless her little soul!" said Dick, "wasn't she a star?"

"A bright one, Dick, of which every ray was sharp as a cambric needle. And then, at Cambridge—"

"By blood! there's where Old Ferrule came from, that used to lead me up and down by the ear because I wouldn't learn his cursed Latin fables. '*Dum Gallus vertit stercotum*;' that was one of 'em, wasn't it?"

"The poor man doubtless had a time with you; but you can call and thank him for the pains he took in your instruction."

"Thank him!" cried Dick; "I've vowed to

lick him if I ever meet him on earth! He spoiled the shape of my ears and ruined my education; for I've hated the sight of a book ever since I went to his school."

He who would make a good use of his allotted time on earth must allow but short interval between thought and action. In twenty-four hours after the foregoing conversation Dashaway and myself were hobnobbing across a marble table at Delmonico's; and by the end of the week we occupied rooms at the Tontine, in the quiet city of New Haven. Our journey, thus far, had afforded no incident or adventure worthy of record, unless I might be permitted to relate how that, in Philadelphia, we were very near missing the train by my cousin's stopping to light the pipe of a Hibernian fruit-vendor; whereat the by-standers laughed, and the good



ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED.

woman made her best courtesy, exclaiming, "There's a ra'al gintleman fur ye! Faix, an' ef I was a purty young gur'rl he should have a kiss!"

At the Jersey City ferry-boat my companion's characteristic gallantry was again aroused into activity by the sight of a strong-minded female staggering with the weight of a well-stuffed hand-trunk. In this case, however, his proffered assistance was rejected, with a threat "that if he didn't mind his own business she'd call the police!" As the voice resembled the filing of a saw, and the face was something in the same style, Dick consoled himself for this rebuff by remarking, good-humoredly, that "Up here ladies did not seem to be much accustomed to gentlemen's attention."

We arrived at New Haven on Saturday night, and after a refreshing sleep I arose betimes on Sunday morning (leaving my companion in bed) and strolled out to see the city. It was the 15th day of May, the hour between six and seven, so that I had the world entirely to myself; and I wandered through the elm-arched streets in solitude as absolute as though I trod the aisles of a primeval forest. It was a fortunate hour to receive first impressions. Robed in all the budding freshness of spring, gemmed with the unsunned dew of morning, the city slept like a fairy queen among her roses. Except the noble old elms, there is nothing about New Haven to give an impression of grandeur. The rows of ornate cottages, half hidden in shrubbery and flowers, are suggestive of elegant comfort, refined taste, idealized domesticity. In short, it may be called a representative city of equality and free institutions, and as such may boldly challenge comparison with prouder and more renowned capitals of the old world, where, under a different system, alternate splendor and squalor delight and pain the soul.

So when the church bells sounded, and the

population thronged the thoroughfares leading to the places of worship, neatness of dress and propriety of demeanor seemed the ruling characteristics; while ostentation and humility appeared to have found more nearly a common level than is usual elsewhere in the world.

The same impressions are received in passing through the beautiful old cemetery, where one can not but be struck with the uniformity of the monumental memorials, and feel admiration for a people so sincere in their love of equality that they are content with it even in the grave.

As it was not my fortune to see more of this model city than such things as were strictly external, I can not say whether or not this rule of uniformity extends to its moral and intellectual development. That there are to be found here mountains of science, wisdom, and goodness, one can scarcely doubt. Whether there are corresponding valleys of ignorance and meanness is more than I was enabled to ascertain; although I did overhear the bar-keeper remark, that "there were some of the meanest cusses in this place that he ever see any wheres."

In the Trumbull Gallery we were entertained for an hour or two very agreeably with the works of that famous artist, soldier, and gentleman of the Revolutionary school. One of the most interesting relics exhibited there, is a pen-and-ink portrait of the unfortunate Major André, drawn by himself on the day preceding his execution; the subjoined fac-simile of which I borrow from Mr. Lossing's admirable "Field-Book of the Revolution."



MAJOR ANDRÉ.—(FROM A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY HIMSELF.)

The advent of Monday brought very little additional stir and bustle to the town, and I think my mercurial companion began to find this life of order and elegant repose rather tame, and even oppressive.

He began by pitying the students whom we saw pass singly and in groups, with big books under their arms, on their way to recitation. Poor fellows! what would they give now for a day's fishing or a real good shindy at night? "I say, Bob; there goes a chap that has more learning under his arm than he'll ever have in his head. There's another that I'll warrant has had his ears well pulled: see how they stick out!" He next busied himself in fomenting a dog-fight between some curs that met accidentally in the street, and when we visited the Park I had almost to interpose authority to prevent his chasing the squirrels that abide in the beautiful elms.

At length, lest this wild, effervescing nature should exhibit itself in some open offense against established order, I proposed a walk out to East Rock—a romantic bluff that juts up suddenly to the height of four hundred feet, showing a face toward the town of bare precipitous rock. A walk of two or three miles brought us to the bank of the pretty stream that washes its base; and here we entered a wood where, in the picnic season, pleasuring parties are wont to find shade and refreshment.

The air was heavy with the odors of budding leaves and blossoms, a warm south wind dimmed the landscape with a hazy softness and thickened the blood with a sense of voluptuous sloth.

It was just such a day as realizes the ideal spring of the poets—a day that invites to lazy, listless dreaming.

But who knows how long the gods may vouchsafe peace and quiet, or can foresee when and how his soothing dreams may be rudely broken? Dashaway, who was dawdling along the path in advance of me, suddenly started back, and with an exclamation of surprise pointed to an animal which stood in the way, with its back up and teeth snapping, as if determined to dispute the passage. I was about to take to my heels, for at first glance I took it for one of those creatures, like a class of political editors, which a wise man will rather dodge than encounter; but on looking more narrowly I recognized in the belligerent beast a venerable wood-chuck. Softened as I was by the gentle influences of the season, I would fain have stepped aside and let the sulky old rascal have his way; but Dick, who had been spoiling for a row, would hear no reason, and seizing a stick, rushed furiously upon the animal. At the first blow his weapon broke off at his hand, and the wood-chuck darting at his leg, the assailant was forced to take to his heels; unluckily stones were abundant, and the battle was renewed at long-shot, to the great disadvantage of the chuck, who could not throw back again. Although knocked over now and then, and driven into the thickets to escape the overpowering missiles, the valorous beast did not lose his pluck, but sullenly and reluctantly retreated, turning

whenever an opportunity offered, and rushing upon his enemy with great ferocity.

All the while I remonstrated and begged to stop the fight; but my kinsman's blood was up. Irritated by the failure of his first attack, and insulted by the determined attitude of the game, he continued to pelt away, with so little success, however, that it was still doubtful how the battle might terminate. Meanwhile I had got angry at the foolish thing's obstinacy, and without meaning it, I found myself with a couple of stones in my hands. This was too much: "*et tu Brute!*" growling and defiant to the last the ground-hog succumbed, dying with as many wounds as spilled the life of Cæsar.

We left New Haven for Providence, by the sea-shore railroad train, passing through a country apparently sterile and uncultivated, with frequent glimpses of the broad sound, between rocky and piney promontories on our right hand, and whizzing through villages and cities too numerous to mention or even to remember.

A dense fog finally covered the landscape, and under its damp shadow we entered Providence, the capital of Rhode Island. This is a fine commercial town of about sixty thousand inhabitants, the best evidence of its prosperity being the unusual number of superb and tastefully decorated private residences in and about the city.

Among other rarities Providence may boast of an establishment for the freezing of ice-cream by machinery, for exportation to foreign ports; and an occasional variety of the genus *homo*, not often met with elsewhere. Neither amidst the din of commerce and manufactures has she ignored the Muses, for the world has been charmed by her contributions both to literature and the fine arts.



A QUEER FISH.

We tarried here but a day, and then resumed our route for New Bedford, in Massachusetts;

the Mecca, or Holy City of the whale-hunters. The appearance of the country through which we traveled was hideously sterile—made up of rocks, swamps, and pine woods, but thickly studded with thriving villages, neat and fresh painted, generally grouped about the domineering chimney stacks of huge factories.

At one of the frequent stopping-places a young girl with a carpet-bag got in, and took a seat near us. I was so much struck with her beauty that I could not take my eyes from her. She seemed to be about eighteen, with a face that might have served for Tennyson's Maude—cold and clear-cut features, with cheeks like the lips of a sea-shell, and the look of "cruel meekness" that so fixes and fascinates a romantic fancy. I am not sure but too much intellectuality of expression mars perfect beauty. There is a dreamy, unconscious, half-childish ideal that I love better—a face like a placid lake reflecting a pure and cloudless heaven; expressing nothing strongly, yet suggesting a thousand beatific fancies.

"Isn't she beautiful?" whispered Dick. "What would I not give for an opportunity to speak to her? I wish something would happen. If the cars would only run off the track! Oh! she's a perfect wax-work."

Just then the fair one turned her waxen face toward the car window and attempted to raise it.

"Pardon me, Miss, let me assist you," said Dick, springing forward, and raising the glass.

A look of quiet surprise, and a scarcely perceptible addition to the rose in her cheek, was the only recognition of the service.

Dick's mind was ranging between despair and ecstasy. Leaning over to get my ear, he again whispered,

"I saw New Bedford on her carpet sack; she's doubtless going there, and I'll make her acquaintance to a certainty. She wouldn't speak to me. Perhaps she thought I was impertinent in offering my services to hoist the window."

Presently the carpet-sack tumbled off the seat, and, after a moment's hesitation, Dick took it up, brushed the dust off, and returned it to its place.

The impassive beauty sat all unconscious,

"Like monument of Grecian art,"

not recognizing the politeness even by a nod.

At the next station some women entered with a full supply of baskets, bundles, and babies.

"How d'ye do?" says one, nodding to the fair unknown. "What's the news in New Bedford?"

The calm face broke brightly into dimpling smiles. The response came in a voice like that of an estray guinea-hen—

"Wäll, I guess there's nawthin' pertickler; but they say ile is dreadful low down there."

My companion looked as if some one had thrust hot knitting needles into his ears; and covering the wounded organs with the collar of his overcoat, he laid his head upon the back of

the seat and slept, or feigned to sleep, until we entered the New Bedford dépôt.

Here we were met by the usual crowd of hackmen eager for a fare. When our selection was made, one of the unsuccessful competitors for our favor threatened to lick the preferred Jehu.

To this direful threat Jehu (who was buckling on the baggage) replied with great "sang froid"—"Wäll, I want to know"—which, being interpreted, means "You don't say so," or something to that effect.

"Yes," reiterated Murad the Unlucky, knocking his fists together with great vehemence, "I'm the man that can do it any time."

"Perhaps it might be a longer job than you calc'late on; so you'd better begin early."

"Wäll, I rather guess I can do it pretty easy."

"If you would jist try it, you might conclude you had no call to think so. I'm waitin' for ye to begin," said Jehu, hesitating to mount his box.

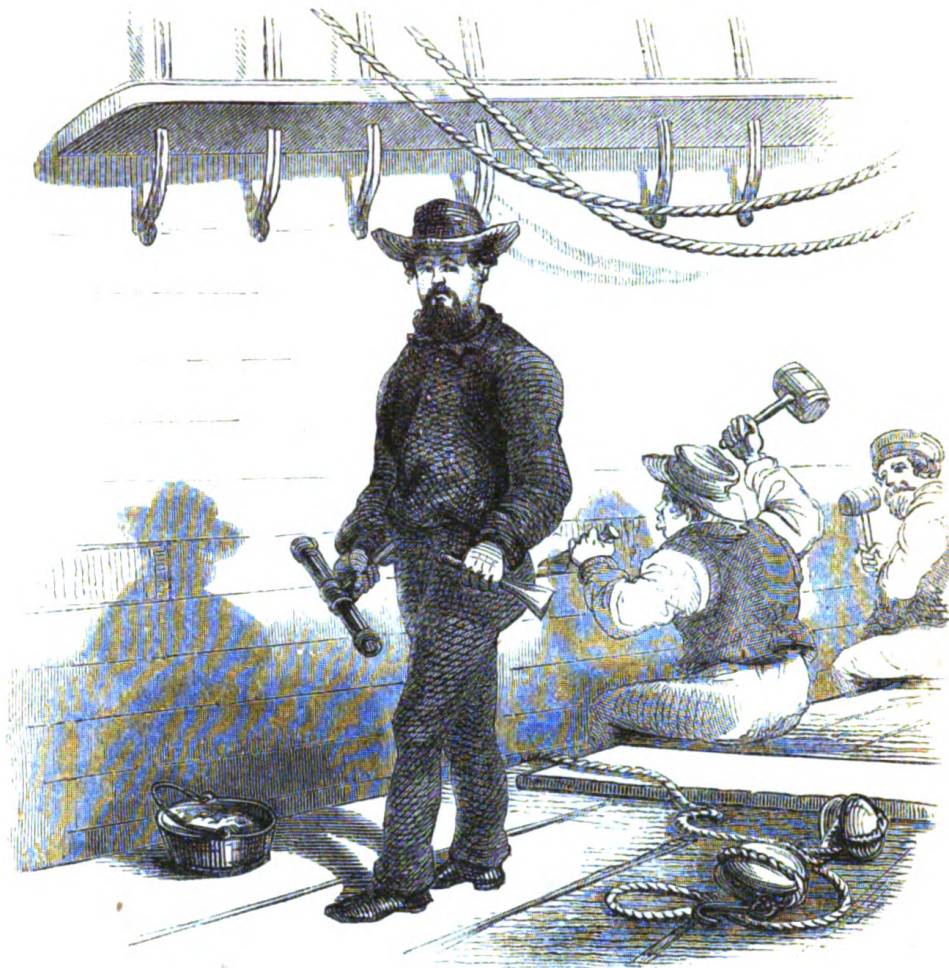
Not caring to test his theory by practical illustration, Murad simply reasserted his hypothesis and left.

Jehu mounted, and we started for our hotel; but the wars were not ended yet. Before we had gone far we were arrested by a screeching which I thought came from a pet cockatoo, but presently perceived was the voice of a motherly old lady railing at our driver on account of some bundle left behind or other neglected promise. He did not exhibit so much pluck on this occasion as formerly; but, after stammering and dodging for several minutes, whipped up his horses and left the storm behind.



A SPECIMEN.

After all these stirring scenes we were glad to find shelter and repose in the "Parker House"—a most agreeable establishment, by-the-way, with enough of modern elegance to please the most fastidious, and enough of old-fashioned



CAULKERS.

comfort to silence the most venerable grumbler.

New Bedford is the chief seat of the whaling interest, having almost entirely superseded Cape Cod, Nantucket, and other places once famous for their enterprise and prowess against the mighty leviathan. It is a handsome town, built principally of wood, and containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In proportion to its population it is said to be the wealthiest town in New England, and its long streets of ornamented cottages, surrounded by beautiful shrubberies and flower-gardens, bear witness to the easy affluence and refined taste of its citizens. But it was not those model cottages and pretty gardens that we came to see. It is the lower part of the town and the wharves that the stranger finds most interesting and attractive.

Here one stumbles at every step upon the spoils of the great deep, and may find gleanings from every shore known to geographers, and from every sea plowed by the keels of adventurous navigators. Here are shells from the sands of Madagascar, corals from the reefs of Otaheite, war-clubs from the man-eating New Zealanders,

snow-shoes from the blubber-loving Esquimaux. Here the pearly skiff of the *Fairy Nautilus*—a delicate ornament for a lady's boudoir—may be seen contrasted with the huge jaw-bone of the *Physeter macrocephalus*, that might serve as the arched gate-way of a castle. Before this door reposes a bulky fin that once cleft the ocean with a speed that put to scorn the swiftest craft of the hunters. In this window are rows of ivory teeth where the sailor's quaint conceits are expressed in semi-barbaric carving. These are the teeth that, a hundred fathom down below the surface of some lonely and uncouth sea, have torn the limbs and flesh of the unfathomable squid—have crunched up many a whale-boat perhaps, and the stout hearts that manned them. Here are the busy wharves covered with anchors, rusty cables, harpoons, hoops, and lances; staves and empty oil-casks sounding under the blows of the cooper; there are gangs of caulkers and riggers refitting a craft battered by arctic and antarctic storms. Beyond, we see a vessel newly arrived, by the assistance of a donkey-engine discharging her oleaginous cargo, stored in casks of all sizes and shapes, covering the wharf with the golden liquid treasure. Here the gaugers,



OIL-FILLERS.

clerks, supercargoes, oil-fillers, bung-starters, and scrapers ply their busy offices.

Then comes a scene still more lively and unique. A cart rattles by, loaded with recently discharged whalem— a motley and a savage-looking crew, unkempt and unshaven, capped with the head-gear of various foreign climes and peoples—under the friendly guidance of a land shark, hastening to the sign of the "*Mermaid*," the "*Whale*," or the "*Grampus*," where, in drunkenness and debauchery, they may soonest get rid of their hard-earned wages, and in the shortest space of time arrive at that condition of poverty and disgust of shore life that must

induce them to ship for another four years' cruise.

Verily, the more one sees of this world, the more one is obliged to wonder at it!

Your worldling, who boasts that he is *blasé*, and professes to live under the motto "*nil admirari*," is simply he who lives like a land terrapin with his head drawn in, cased in the shell of his own conceit, too lazy or too stupid to look out and to reflect on what is passing around him.

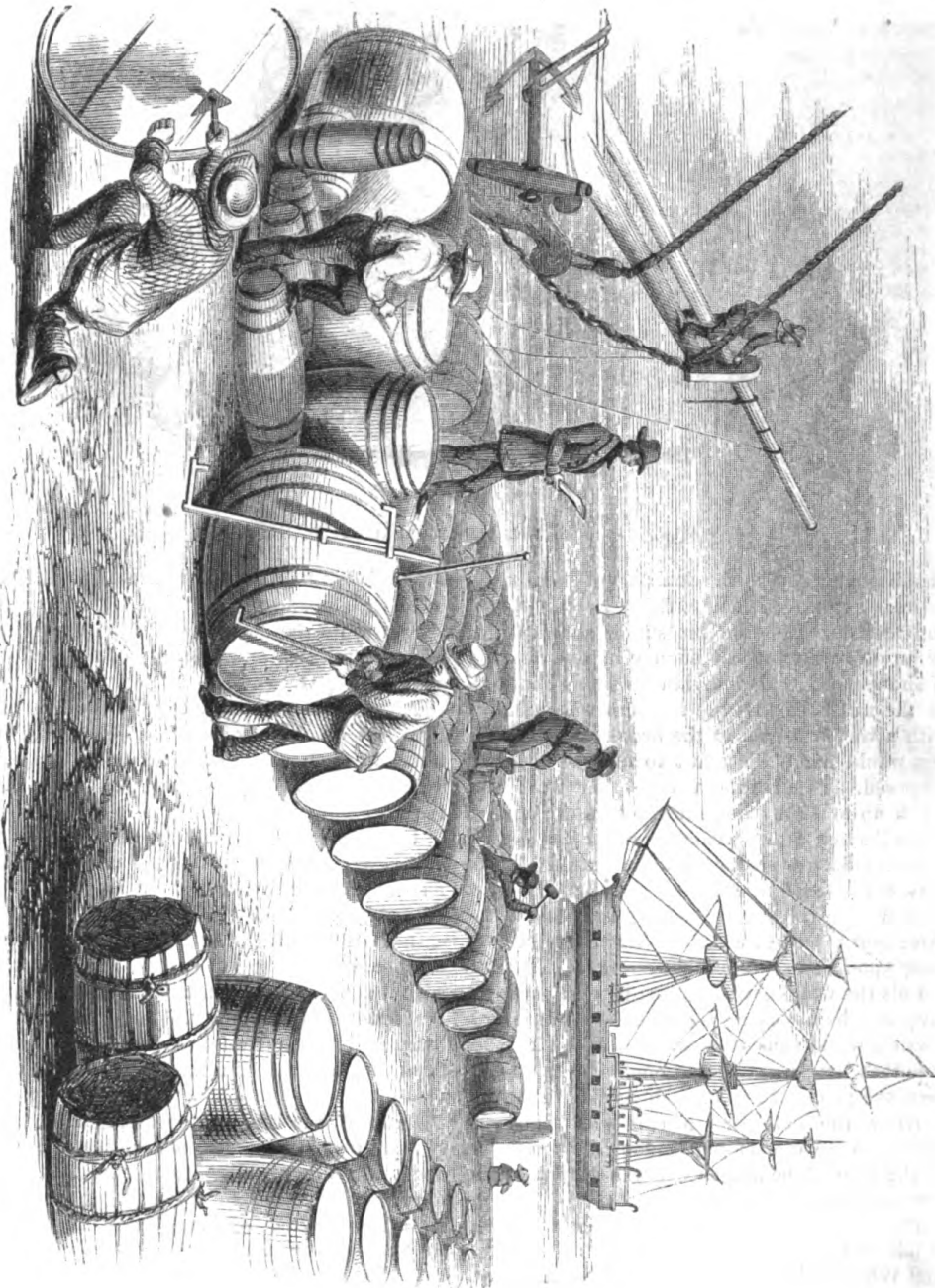
Besides these sights and scenes, so novel and suggestive to the imagination of a landsman, the lower town of New Bedford can show among its

denizens and cosmopolitan sojourners a greater variety of human species than is elsewhere to be found collected under the bright sun of Christian civilization. Europeans there are of every flag and language; native Yankees, both green and smoked; Gay-Headers and negroes; aboriginals and Africans; Island Portuguese, as plenty as whales' teeth; with an occasional sprinkling of Chinese, Lascars, Australians, and Polynesians, cannibals and vegetarians—all gathered in, like sharks and sea-birds, around the royal carcass of the whale. Here it matters little what may be a man's nationality, his color, his language, or religion; whether blazoned in heraldry or a nameless outcast; whether laden with book-

learning or signing the ship's papers with a cross mark; the only questions to be asked are, has he the arm to pull an oar, the eye to aim a harpoon, the heart to face a wounded whale in his stormy wrath; for upon such gifts are founded his only claims to manhood—his only recognized titles of nobility.

On the second evening after our arrival we went to the City Hall to hear a lecture on Spiritualism. As stated in showy placards, a young lady would speak, by inspiration, on that highly interesting subject—*admittance free*. The hall was a very large and handsome room, brilliantly lighted with gas, and crowded with people of both sexes and all conditions, from the dwellers

THE WHARF.—GAUGING OIL.





LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

in suburban villas to the denizens of sailor grogeries. After some delay, the fair sibyl entered and took her place on the stand, accompanied by an old, white-haired bogy in the capacity of showman. This individual rose and informed the audience that the medium was suffering with a very bad cold in the head, but nevertheless would make the effort to address them as proposed. Meanwhile a collection would be taken up to defray incidental expenses; and as the collection of a previous evening had been a failure, folks were exhorted to be liberal. Three hats were passed around the assembly, and nothing was heard for a space but the clinking of three-cent pieces, and the heavier thump of coppers, upon the sonorous hat-crowns. To these sounds the white-haired official lent an attentive ear; and by observing the changes in his countenance while thus engaged, I was led to suppose that long practice had enabled him to estimate the precise value of each jingle.

After the collection a call was made for themes, some one of which should be selected by the vote of the audience as the subject of the proposed address.

But two were offered, which in substance were as follows:

"What are the proofs of the immortality of

the soul, as furnished by Science, Scripture, Spiritualism, etc.?"

"How do the doctrines of Spiritualism agree with the religion and morality of the Scripture, as taught by Jesus Christ?"

An attempt was made to take the vote of the assembly on the choice of subjects; but, as is usual in such cases, nothing definite could be ascertained, and it was at length agreed to leave the selection to the medium herself.

Upon this the fair priestess threw herself into a series of superb attitudes—now, with head resting upon her hand dreamily; then, with eyes upturned, like the famous Sibyl of Guercino, smiling and whispering, as if with invisible spirits—pausing at intervals to blow her nose with a sonorous blast, then gracefully resuming her ecstatic communings. She was dressed in blue. Her person was handsome, and her face good, but had rather a hard, strong-minded expression.

Suddenly the Pythoness arose, and, with stately gesture and emphatic tone, commenced, "God doeth all things well." The address that followed was fluently, and even elegantly, delivered. The speaker, one might say, was faultless in tone and gesture, although Momus might have found her action a trifle too much studied.

The spirit who dictated the address to her must have spent some time, and have taken great pains, in preparing it; for there was no break nor hesitation in the delivery, and to one who didn't know that it was "inspiration," it sounded marvelously like a well-conned task.

The audience listened with marked attention, and even interest; but the performance was disturbed by some graceless outsiders, who started the cry of "Fire!"

This trick having proved unavailing, the gas was turned off, and in a twinkling the hall was left in utter darkness. There was a murmuring and a buzz of suppressed laughter in that part of the room most occupied by young ladies; and one profane sailor-looking chap near me whispered to his comrade a wish that he was sitting next to a certain person in a pink bonnet; but the general good-breeding and decorum was uninterrupted.

The hall was relighted and the discourse resumed, but in a few minutes the gas was again turned off, and it was thought advisable to close the performance, as it was feared the spirits might be angered by these frequent interruptions, and there was no knowing what might be the result,

"For the viewless have fearful might."

As we walked back to our hotel my companion remarked that it was a very clever speech for a woman to make, but if he were a spirit he would have sought a more attractive medium, any number of whom might have been found among her bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked auditors.

As I fully agree with the great dramatist, 'hat

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women in it only players,"

I could see nothing in the evening's performance but a theatrical show, not sufficiently entertaining to excite a wish to see it repeated; and a community which finds its recreation in listening to such lectures might easily be content with *eau sucrée* and dominoes.

"I did expect something livelier," said Dashaway, "such as thumping on tables and throwing furniture about, ringing bells with their toes, and all that. I've seen the Fakir of Ava pull carrots out of people's noses, and fry omelets in a new hat; but that was only sleight of hand."

For my part, I was not displeased that this part of the exhibition was omitted; for, like the French *savant*, speaking of these matters, "*Je préfère ne pas les croire, que y aller voir.*"



THE OLD BATTERY.

It is not to be supposed, however, that keen lovers of aquatic sports, such as Dashaway and myself, would long content ourselves with such mild recreations as Spiritualist lectures or viewing the model architecture of New Bedford. During the three days' drizzle that followed our arrival we had visited vessels recently returned from whaling voyages; had seen their cargoes discharged; had watched the operations of the gaugers and the whalebone packers; had learned the secrets of the assayer; and had witnessed the process of manufacturing crude oil into spermaceti candles, fit to illumine the boudoir of a princess or the shrine of a saint. Indeed, during these three days we saw and heard many things worthy of note, which shall be treated of in due time. But we were here in a land of heroes. The men who jostled us in the streets,

who sat next to us at table, who squared their burly shoulders about the hotel stove, were all renowned captains—men of mighty deeds. Under each cold and quiet exterior there burned a heart of fire. Sparing and somewhat unskillful in words, each man's experience was a volume of bold and dashing adventure—a glorious and soul-stirring book—unwritten and, for the most part, unspoken. We had tipped fins with these sons of the Vikings, and talked with them face to face until we scorned the inactivity in which we had so long mouldered, and once deemed happiness.

So when the fourth morning broke bright and clear, and the news came that the bluefish had struck in to Buzzard's Bay, you may imagine that the sail-boat was not kept long in waiting for us. Away we flew, like birds let loose. Pass-



BLUEFISHING IN BUZZARD'S BAY.

ing the light-house and Old Battery Point, we were presently out upon the bay, with a stiff breeze that kept our boat careering, and dashed the salt spray over us in sparkling showers. The tackle used here for taking bluefish is a large hook, from three-quarters to an inch across the bend, with a shank from eight to ten inches long, cased with shining metal, fish shaped, and the whole sometimes covered with a bit of fresh eel-skin, supposed to make the bait more tempting. This formidable mouthful is attached to a stout line a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet in length, and trailed over the stern of the boat, whose rapid motion keeps it afloat near the surface. The end of the line is tied to the boat to

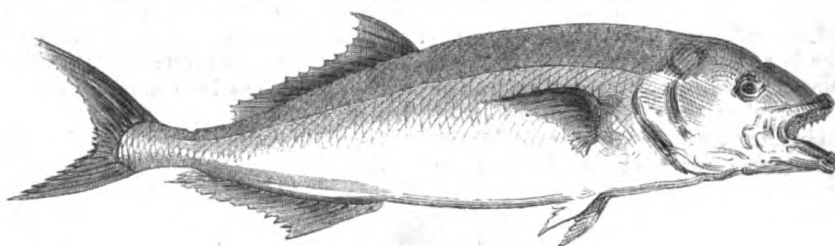
prevent accident, while the fisherman sits expectant, feeling the drift of his tackle with a coil around his forefinger. If he is soft-handed he must wear thick gloves or gutta percha finger-stalls, for, to the landsman, this is no boys' play in which he is about to engage. This he finds out presently, when, possibly half asleep, soothed by the billowy motion of the boat, or watching a white gull floating in the pure blue heaven, he is startled by the heavy *thug* of his line striking the gunwale. Now pull, hand over hand. There she breaches—hooked sure and fast; and so you lay to it with might and main. The company shouts and cheers—they are your interested friends and wish you luck; but the

great question is between you and the fish—*nip and tug*—fair play, and thirty fathoms of line between you. You gather a few turns on him, then the line slips and he gets it back. Again you pull him in by main strength, slowly and steadily, without tangling your line, if possible. See how he tugs and darts to and fro, now flashing from the dark water like a white-crested wave, now darting forward on the slackened line, and leaping half into the air with jaws wide open, he shakes the hook with angry vehemence. You must work rapidly, for the game is to keep the line always taut, otherwise your savage contestant is very likely to escape and cheat you of your labor. But this time you have him fast, and after a hard fight behold him gasping and flapping in the bottom of the boat. A noble

fellow he is, with his white belly and blue back, with the eye of a sea-eagle, biting and snapping like a shark at every thing that approaches.

In recovering your hook you must be careful, or you may have occasion to regret it. If you are a green hand you had better leave that to the boatman.

The bluefish weighs, ordinarily, from five to ten pounds. I heard of several that had been taken weighing from fifteen to seventeen, and of one that reached twenty-two pounds. Its uncommon activity, strength, and ferocity render it one of the finest game fishes known. When cooked and eaten immediately after it is caught its flavor is delicious; but if kept even for a few hours it becomes insipid.



BLUEFISH.

Our maiden cruise for the bluefish was a delightful one. We returned about sunset, loaded with spoils, wet to the skin, the sea salt caked upon our lips, hands and shoulders aching as if we had spent the day in mauling rails. In addition, we were hungry as lions, felt our adventurous rage somewhat appeased, and were soothed with the thought that we had advanced one step nearer to the sea-gods.

Dick Dashaway has definitely determined to go a whaling.

On the following day my companion and myself were united in preferring a lazy stroll about the town to any more active amusement, and I took advantage of some hours of quiet in-doors to jot down a few items of information in regard to the whale fishery, obtained in conversation with those personally or pecuniarily engaged in the business. To the landsman a whale is simply a whale. The great fish that swallowed Jonah, and in latter ages has been hunted for his oil. The New Bedford man has a more discriminating knowledge of the subject. He knows that there is a great variety of whales, differing in appearance, character, and value more widely than the different races of men that often compose a whale ship's crew.

The great Sperm Whale is the largest, the most formidable, and by far the most valuable of all the leviathans hunted by man. He attains the length of ninety feet, and yields from fifty to two hundred and fifty barrels of oil. A hundred-barrel whale, however, is considered a fair average size. The average value of the fish is about five thousand dollars. He is never found in shallow water except by accident, but makes his home in the deep sea, and feeds chiefly upon

the *squid*, a monstrous jelly fish that is supposed by some to attain a greater size than the whale himself. This mysterious jelly fish inhabits the depths of the ocean, and though never seen in his vast integrity by mortal eyes, his greatness is conjectured from the huge fragments of his limbs and pulp sometimes disgorged by the dying sperm whale.

This whale's head is of enormous size, being nearly one-third of his entire bulk, from twenty to thirty feet long—the upper part square shaped, like a ponderous box, the lower jaw armed with forty-two ivory teeth, opening under the head like a thin box lid. Above is found that remarkable reservoir called the case, which holds the oily substance known as spermaceti—in a good-sized whale furnishing as much as five hundred gallons. This is not the brain as vulgarly supposed, but exists in its natural state as a clear and fragrant oil, which on exposure to the air thickens into a snowy slush. The hard, alabaster-like spermaceti of commerce, is obtained in the manufactories by submitting the oil to various processes of cold, heat, and pressure. By the same treatment the body oil yields an inferior percentage of this beautiful concrete.

The Right Whale, or Greenland Whale, as he is sometimes called, although longer known to the fish hunters, and yet of royal bulk, is altogether an inferior animal to the spermaceti. From him we obtain that inferior article called whale oil, and the whalebone used in the manufacture of umbrellas, canes, ladies' stays, and hoops, etc. He has a vast mouth like a cavern, but a very small throat and no teeth. By way of compensation, his upper jaw is fringed around with five hundred slabs of elastic bone closely set,

from eight to fifteen feet long, about a foot wide at their insertion, and tapering to the lower extremity, which is furnished with an edging of hairs resembling those of a horse's mane. As the whale sucks in whole cart-loads of bret and shoals of the little fish on which he feeds, he discharges the superfluous water through this convenient strainer, and swallows at leisure the game he has netted. This great portable weir furnishes the whalebone of commerce.

Thus, notwithstanding his imposing bulk, the Right Whale, from his peculiar organization, must be a peaceable and inoffensive animal, swallowing civilly his daily millions of small fry; thereby correcting the tendency to over-population in the ocean, but indisposed to meddle with his equals, and incapable of injuring his hunters except by an occasional accidental awkwardness in the use of his tail. For these reasons, in addition to the low price of his oil, he is at present looked upon by whalers as rather ignoble game. While the Sperm Whale—the bearer of precious ointments, who boldly devours his fellow-monsters, who crunches up whale-boats as a

boy cracks filberts between his teeth, who in his royal wrath pits himself against the ship herself, and sends her to the bottom—the Sperm Whale is reckoned the true king of the seas.

There are many other kinds of whales in the sea, such as the Fin-Back, Hump-Back, Sulphur-Bottom, etc., which on account of their shyness or worthlessness are not hunted, and are consequently little known. The two species above described have almost entirely monopolized the attention of the whale fishers.

When refined, the common whale and spermaceti oils are not distinguishable by our ordinary perceptions. While the first is worth forty cents, and the latter a dollar and eighty cents per gallon, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the consumer can so rarely procure pure sperm oil. Although one of the safest, most agreeable, and brilliant illuminators ever used, its reputation has suffered so much from this facility of adulteration that it has been almost universally discarded.

In proving the oil furnished for the United States light-houses the assayer uses three tests.



THE MODEL SKIPPER.



PACKING WHALEBONE.

First, he ascertains its specific gravity by the oleometer—the sperm being lighter than the whale oil. Secondly, by burning. If the wick burns with a pure flame until the lamp is clean and dry within, the oil is pure. Should the wick become gummed and burn out, leaving a gelatinous residuum in the lamp, the oil has been adulterated. The third test is by freezing. The oil is placed in a refrigerator. The impure article will coagulate at 40° Fahrenheit. The pure remains liquid at the temperature of 15° .

The reputation of the New Bedford dealers on this head is as pure as the dippings from the sperm whale's case. There an adulterator is believed to have no chance for the kingdom of heaven. In the interior, when we would consign a man to the lowest depths of infamy, we say, "He would rob a hen-roost;" in New Bedford they say, "He's mean enough to mix oil."

The cost of fitting out a first-class whale ship is about fifty thousand dollars, and the number of seamen engaged in the fishing is estimated at ten thousand. Of late years the profit of the business has greatly declined, whether from the increasing difficulty of finding the game, or the numerous illuminating fluids substituted for the

sperm oil, I am unable to determine. Idle merchants and skippers curse chemistry as the cause, while some of the more conscientious consider it a judgment on the whalers for their former reckless abuse of the noble game. Happening to ask a ship-master if many men were lost on these voyages, he replied with some bitterness, "Not half so many as are burned to death by this d—d camphene!"

One fine morning we received an invitation from Captain Ryder, of the Custom-house, to accompany him in his official visit to the whale-ship *Baltic*, just returning from a four years' cruise in the Pacific Ocean. The vessel was as yet but dimly discernible to the naked eye, even down on the watery horizon, but the breeze that kept her tacking was favorable to our lively yacht. We hoped to be the first to board her; but when we got fairly into the bay we saw the shark boat ahead of us. We crowded all sail for a race; but the sharks had the *Richmond*, then reputed the fastest boat belonging to New Bedford, and could afford to laugh at our efforts. As they took it easy we gained on them; and as we struck sail and hauled up under the vessel's lee they were rushing over her bulwarks like a pirate's boarders, and by the time we



THE LAND SHARKS.

reached the deck they had full possession of the ship.

The "Land Sharks," as they are very aptly named, are a set of small traders, agents, and owners of grogeries, boarding-houses, pimps, etc., etc., who trade in the necessities or pander to the vices of the outgoing or returning seamen. The whaleman gets no regular wages, but a share (technically called "a lay") in the profits of the voyage, greater or less, according to his rank and capabilities in the service.

The keen-scented Shark soon ascertains whether the vessel's hold is filled with empty casks or golden oil. He can tell by intuition what each man's *lay* is, and what its probable value, and his loving-kindness is meted out accordingly.

The *Baltic's* oil-casks were filled to overflowing. Her voyage had been a lucky one, and the manners of the Sharks were proportionably oily. The ship's crew numbered thirty-three, and each man had at least two amiable and disinterested friends hanging around him, hugging him about the neck, lover-like, whispering jolly good jokes into his ears, cramming bundles of cigars into his pockets, and, unseen by master or mate, slyly pressing to his lips the mouth of an uncorked

pocket-flask. When the order is passed to tack ship half a dozen willing arms pull at his rope—coiling and belaying are neatly done to his hand. Why should he spoil his dainty fingers with tarred ropes, or bother with fid or marline-spike? or take the trouble to strap down or carry up his sea chest, when such good fellows stand by to do every thing for him?

Jack is in port—for the nonce a gentleman. What glorious rollicking visions rise in his soul—what delightful odors of gin and tobacco—what hands of houris beckoning from the city! Soothed, flattered, beguiled, he falls unresisting into the gross and palpable snares. Instead of putting wool in his ears, and having himself bound to the mast, he hastens, with open mouth, ears, and eyes, to welcome the sirens.

Happy mariner! The gates are open, and he is free to wander in the gardens of paradise, until his oil-cask begins to run thick and gummy; then the bar is closed on him, Poll turns her back, and he is warned that it is high time to ship again. He does so, and at the end of the next voyage manhood, virtue, and good resolutions sink again into sweet deliquescence, and the same programme is followed to the letter.

Indignant Philanthropy, spare your animadversions and let the poor Sharks live; for if thou knowest the land where the strong oppress not the weak, where the crafty lay no snares for the simple, I prithee whisper its name, that thou and I may go there and build us tabernacles.

Notwithstanding her long voyage the vessel looked neat and trim, and the crew in good condition. The presence of the captain's wife and little son on board gave to the cabin quite a domestic and homelike air. This lady had, with her child, gone across the Isthmus to the Sandwich Islands to meet her lord on his homeward voyage from the North Pacific. Oh you fond rural dames, who weep and fret if your spouses happen to be detained in town overnight—who, while he is on a three-days' visit to the city, torment the post-master for letters—think of the New Bedford wife, with her four years of weary watching; of the sea-salted and mouldy letters, where she reads with trembling joy how he weathered a storm or escaped from a stove boat six months before; and how, with her boy, she makes light of a voyage to Otaheite, on the other side of the world, as you would run down to the homestead gate, to give the earliest welcome to the returning wanderer!

As the wind was adverse, it was thought the vessel would not reach her anchorage until toward evening; so the custom-house boat returned to the city, carrying the captain and family and such others as were privileged and wished to reach land, without delay. My friend and myself preferred to remain on board, enjoying the sweet May breezes and the various scenes of happiness upon the deck. I got out my pencils for the purpose of making some memorials of them, and a curious group soon gathered around. "Lookye here, men!" cried one; "here's a feller takin' a landscape of us Sharks!"

"Git out of the way!—It's old Ben Aikin he's a picterin' of."

The wind had died away entirely, and a steam-tug was coming out to take us in tow; so that old Ben Aikin, the pilot, could afford to take his ease on the ship's gunwale, lunching on sea-biscuit and coffee. Having pictured old Ben to the satisfaction of the public, I had all the celebrities of the crew at my disposal. They were all young men, however, and but for their sailor costumes might have passed for so many landsmen. A man's calling does not tell decidedly upon his bearing and physiognomy until he is at least forty.



JUST LANDED.

Vol. XXI.—No. 121.—B



THE COOK AND THE PILOT.

I also observed that the personal appearance afforded no indication to my eye of the capacity and prowess of the individual. This heavy, pudding-faced chap, Charley Kotzenberger, is the chief harpooner—the veritable giant-killer—while that handsome, romantic-looking fellow, that served coffee to the pilot, is Edward Lemontaigne, the cook! Thus it is that downright old dame Nature never hesitates to give the lie to Art, as that cold-souled cynic Reality flouts the golden dreams of Romance.

The first mate, a gallant and intelligent fellow, then showed us over the ship, from the seaman's quarters in the forecabin to the captain's cabin table, where the steward had spread us a capital lunch.

About the middle of the afternoon the *Baltic* was moored at the New Bedford wharf, and we went ashore, much gratified at our participation in (what I believe is generally esteemed the most delightful part of a whaling voyage) the coming into a home port.

Since this adventure Dick Dashaway has appeared a trifle more thoughtful than usual, and he occasionally asks me questions like the following:

“Do sailors sleep all the year round in those black-looking bunks below deck? Is sea-biscuit and salt junk their usual fare? How do they



THE STEWARD.



CHARLEY KOTZENBERGER, THE HARPOONER.

do about climbing those ropes and reefing top-sails on cold and stormy nights? Don't they sometimes fall overboard?"

I answer these questions as satisfactorily as

possible, and then he falls to thinking again. He has, however, said nothing more about shipping, but wants to know when we are going to start for the Vineyard and Nantucket.

ONE YEAR AGO.

WHAT stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die!
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er
Forever lost the hues they wore!
How like a death-bell, sad and slow,
Tolls through the soul "one year ago!"

Where is the face we loved to greet,
The form that graced the fireside seat,
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That bless'd our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents, soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago?"

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there;
From door and hall, from porch and lawn

The echo of that voice is gone;
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "one year ago!"

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps o'er her lowly bed;
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led;
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "one year ago!"

C. C. Cox.



1.—VIEW OF "HOPETON WORKS," OHIO.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

[Second Paper.]

IN a preceding article I have given a general and rapid outline of the ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley, from which it will be seen that they resolve themselves into several well-defined classes, which should be treated of in the order of their importance and dependence. To this end the following classification will probably prove sufficiently exact and convenient:

- I. INCLOSURES FOR DEFENSE.
- II. SACRED INCLOSURES.
- III. SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS.
- IV. SACRED, ALTAR, OR TEMPLE MOUNDS.
- V. ANIMAL-SHAPED MOUNDS.
- VI. MOUNDS OF OBSERVATION.
- VII. IMPLEMENTS AND UTENSILS.
- VIII. ORNAMENTS.

In the present paper I shall treat of the first two of the above classes, leaving the other for a subsequent and concluding article.

I. INCLOSURES FOR DEFENSE.

[Often of vast size; occupying elevated, commanding, or defensible positions; irregular in outline, conforming in this respect to the nature of the ground; ditch usually exterior to the walls; embankment usually double or treble; entrances often intricate, and defended by traverses and horn-works; often have sentinel mounds or look-outs, and natural springs or artificial reservoirs within their walls, occasionally built of stone.]

Those works which are incontestably defensive always occupy strong natural positions. To understand their character and capacity for the purpose assigned to them we must consider the predominant features of the country in which they occur. The Valley of the Mississippi, from the base of the Alleghanies to the ranges of the

Rocky Mountains, is a vast sedimentary basin, and owes its general aspect to the powerful action of water. Its rivers have worn their valleys deep in a vast original plain, leaving in their gradual subsidence broad terraces, marking the different eras of their history. The edges of the table lands, bordering on the valleys, are cut by a thousand ravines, presenting bluff headlands and high hills with level summits, sometimes connected by narrow isthmuses with the original table, and sometimes entirely detached. The sides of these elevations are always steep and difficult of ascent, in some cases precipitous and absolutely inaccessible. The natural strength of such positions, and their susceptibility of defense, would certainly suggest them as the citadels of a rude people having hostile neighbors or pressed by foreign invaders. Accordingly, we are not surprised at often finding these heights occupied by strong and complicated works, the design of which is indicated no less by their position than by their peculiarities of construction. In such cases it is always to be observed that great care has been exercised in their selection, and that they possess peculiar strength and adaptation for the purposes to which they were applied. While rugged and steep on most sides, they have one or more points of comparatively easy approach, in the protection of which the utmost skill of the builders has been expended. They are guarded by double, overlapping walls, or a series of them, having sometimes an accompanying mound, designed perhaps as a "look-out," and corresponding to the *barbican* in the system of defense of the Middle Ages. The usual defense is a sim-

ple parapet thrown up along and a little below the brow of the hill, varying in height and solidity as the declivity is more or less steep and difficult of access.

Other defensive works occupy the peninsulas formed by the streams, or cut off the bluff points formed by their junction with each other. In such cases a fosse and wall are carried across the isthmus, or diagonally from the bank of one stream to that of the other. In certain instances the wall is double, and extends along the bank of the stream for some distance inwardly, as if designed to prevent an enemy from turning the flank of the defense.

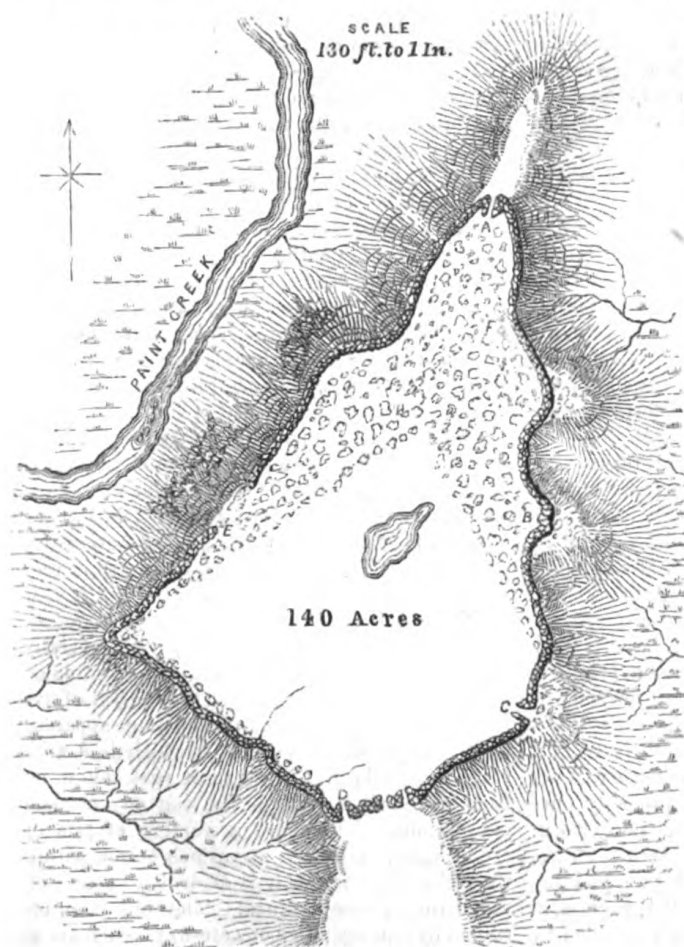
To understand clearly the nature of the works last mentioned, it should be remembered that the banks of the Western rivers are always steep, and where these works are situated invariably high. The banks of the various terraces are also steep, ranging from ten to thirty feet and upward in height. The rivers are constantly shifting their channels, and frequently cut their way through all the intermediate up to the earliest formed or highest terrace, presenting bold banks from fifty to one hundred feet high. At such points, from which the rivers have receded to the distance of half a mile or more, works of this description are oftenest found.

These preliminary remarks will serve to introduce examples of the various kinds of defensive structures alluded to, and which will illustrate the characteristics pointed out in the classification. Figure 2 is an accurate plan of a remarkable stone work, which occupies the summit of a lofty, detached hill, twelve miles westward from the city of Chillicothe, Ohio, near the village of Bourneville. The hill is not far from 400 feet high, and remarkable for the abruptness of its declivities, which, in places, are absolutely inaccessible. This promontory is the advance point of a range of hills situated between the narrow valleys of two small streams, and projects boldly into the broad valley of Paint Creek, so as to constitute its most prominent natural feature. Its summit is a level and fertile area, with some considerable depressions, which receive and retain the water collected from rains for the entire year.

The defenses consist of a wall of stones, which is carried around the hill a little below its brow; but in some places it rises to the general level of the summit, so as to cut off projecting spurs of the hill, and is furthermore carried across the neck of land or isthmus which connects the hill with the table land behind. By the term *wall* must not be understood a wall of stones laid up

with regularity, as in a modern fortification, but rather a line of stones heaped together, with but faint evidences of artificial arrangement, and best described as presenting the appearance which might be expected from the falling outward and downward of a wall of stones placed, as this was, on the declivity of a hill. On the western, or steepest face of the hill, the stones have slipped down, in the course of time, so as to cover a line from thirty to fifty feet broad, and resemble the "retaining walls" of our railways and canals. But for the amount of stones it might be taken for a natural feature—the *débris* of the outcropping sand-stone strata. But this impression would be speedily corrected on reaching the points where the supposed line of *débris*, rising over the spurs of the hill, forms a series of gate-ways, and then subsides and resumes its course as before.

On the eastern face of the hill, where the declivity is least abrupt, the wall is heaviest, and from fifteen to twenty feet base, by from three to four feet in height. Where it crosses the isth-



2.—STONE WORK IN VALLEY OF PAINT CREEK, OHIO.

mus, at *D*, it is heavier still; and although stones enough to build a stout division-wall between two proprietors have been removed from it, yet the diminution is not discernible. This isthmus is 700 feet across, and the wall is carried across it, in a right line, at its narrowest point. Here are three gate-ways opening into the work from the continuous terrace beyond. These were formed by curving the ends of the walls inward for forty or fifty feet, leaving narrow passages between, not exceeding eight feet in width. At other points, indicated in the plan by the letters *A* and *C*, where there are jutting spurs or ridges from the main body of the hill, are similar gate-ways. It is at these points that the hill is most easy of access. At *B* seems to have been a similar gate-way, which, for some reason, was closed up. A like feature may be observed in the line of wall at *D*. At these gate-ways the amount of stones is more than quadruple the quantity at other points, constituting broad, mound-shaped heaps. They exhibit strong marks of fire, which in some specimens has vitrified their surfaces and fused them together. Light, porous, scoriaceous material is also abundant in the centres of some of these piles. Indeed, the evidences of great heat are visible at many places on the line of the wall, particularly at *F*, the point commanding the widest expanse of country. Here are two or three small mounds of stone, which appear to have been burned throughout. Nothing can be more certain than that powerful fires were maintained, for considerable periods, at numerous prominent points on the hill; for what purposes, except as alarm signals—"fire-towers"—it is impossible to conjecture.

It will be observed that at *E*, where the hill is precipitous and inaccessible, the wall, elsewhere continuous, is interrupted, evidently because none was needed there for purposes of protection. There are also, as has already been remarked, several depressions on the hill, possibly artificial, which retain a constant supply of water—an indispensable requisite in a fortified work designed to resist a prolonged assault. One of these covers about two acres, and furnishes a supply of water estimated by the proprietor of the hill, who resides near the reservoir, as sufficient for the wants of a thousand head of cattle.

The area of this singular work is something over one hundred and forty acres, and the line of wall is upward of two miles and a quarter in length. Most of the works, and a large portion of the area, are still covered with a primitive forest. Trees of the largest size grow on the wall, twisting their roots among the stones, some of which are firmly imbedded in their trunks. That this work was designed for defense will not admit of doubt. The wall was probably once regularly laid up, and, if it does not now present any clear evidence of that having been the case, we must consider that it was built on a yielding and disintegrating declivity, and that successive forests in their growth and prostration, aided by the action of the elements, would have been ade-

quate to the total ruin of structures much more solid and substantial than we are justified in supposing any of the stone works of the mound-builders to have been. The stones, it may be added, are uncut, of all sizes, and probably sufficient to have constructed a wall eight feet high and of equal thickness. It can readily be perceived that, on a steep declivity such as this hill presents on every side, so large an amount of stones, even though simply heaped together, must have proved a serious impediment in the way of an assailant, especially if crowned by a line of palisades.

In the magnitude of area inclosed, this work exceeds that of any other hill-work now known in the United States; but the wall is considerably less in length than that of the hill-work popularly known as "Fort Ancient" on the Little Miami River, thirty-five miles above Cincinnati. The valley which it overlooks was a favorite spot with the mound-builders, who have left in it numerous mounds of large size, and several extensive works, of the class denominated *Sacred Inclosures*. It is the only work of a defensive character within a radius of many miles; and we may not unreasonably infer, from its large size, and the amount of labor expended on it, that it was the citadel or place of last resort of a large, and fixed, and therefore agricultural population, surrounded by hostile neighbors, or liable to sudden interruptions from abroad.

It may be observed here that works of stone are very rare, not more than three or four having fallen under the notice of the writer in the whole course of his investigations. Figure 3, therefore, may be taken as a better type of the "Hill Forts" or defensive inclosures than the work last described. It is situated in Butler County, Ohio, on the west side of the Great Miami River, about three miles below the town of Hamilton. It illustrates, in a special manner, some of the most interesting features of this class of works, and on that account merits a particular description. The hill itself is half a mile distant from the present bed of the river, and is not far from two hundred and fifty feet high, being considerably more elevated than any other in the vicinity. It is surrounded at all points, except a narrow space toward the north, by deep ravines, presenting steep and almost inaccessible declivities. The slope toward the north is very gradual, and from that direction the hill is easy of approach. It is covered by a primitive forest.

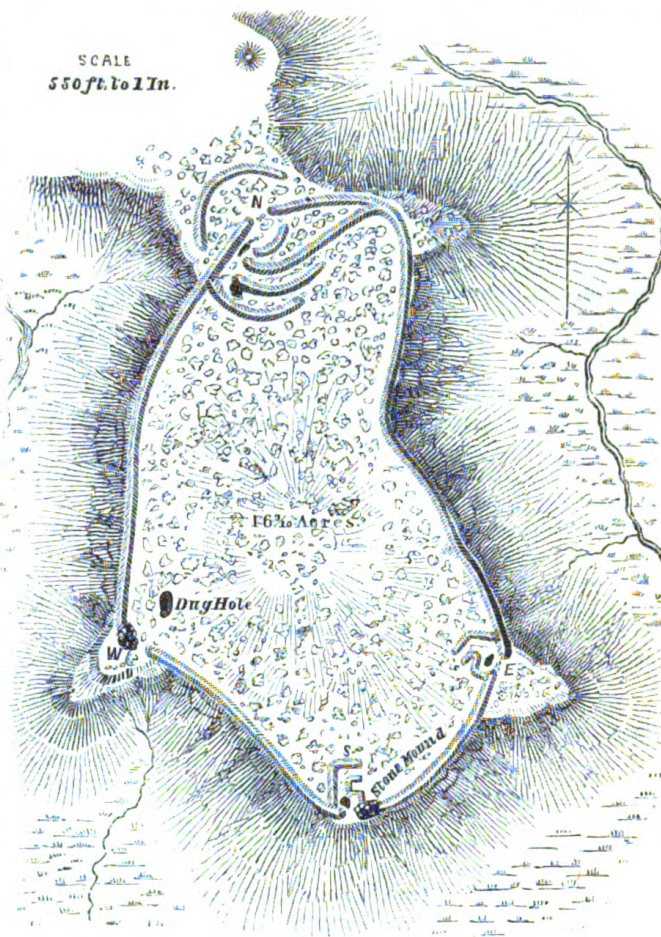
Skirting the brow of the hill, and generally conforming to its outline, is a wall of mingled earth and stone, having an average height of five feet by thirty-five base. It has no apparent ditch, the earth composing it, which is a stiff clay, having been for the most part taken up from the surface, without leaving any marked excavations. There are a number of pits or "dug holes," however, at various points within the walls, from which it is evident a portion of the material was obtained. The wall is interrupted by four openings or gate-ways, each about twenty feet wide; one fronting the north, on the

approach above mentioned, and the others occurring where the spurs of the hill are cut off by the parapet, and where the declivity is least abrupt. They are all, with one exception, protected by inner lines of embankment of a most singular and intricate description. These are accurately delineated in the plan, which will best explain their character. It will be observed that the northern or great gate-way, in addition to its inner maze of walls, has an outwork of crescent shape, the ends of which approach within a short distance of the brow of the hill.

The excavations are near the gate-ways: none of them are more than sixty feet over, nor have they any considerable depth. Nevertheless they all, with the exception of the one nearest to gate-way *S*, contain water for the greater portion if not the whole of the year. A pole may be thrust eight or ten feet into the soft mud at the bottom of those at *E*.

At *S* and *H*, terminating the parapet, are mounds of stones, thrown loosely together, eight feet in height. Thirty rods distant from gate-way *N*, and exterior to the work, is a mound ten feet high, on which trees of the largest size are growing. It was partially excavated a number of years ago, and a quantity of stones taken out, all of which seemed to have undergone the action of fire. The ground in the interior of the work gradually rises, as indicated in the section, to the height of twenty-six feet above the base of the wall, and overlooks the entire adjacent country. In the vicinity of this work are a number of others occupying the valley—no less than six, of large size, occurring within a distance of six miles down the river.

The character of this structure is too obvious to admit of doubt. The position which it occupies is naturally strong, and no mean degree of skill is employed in its artificial defenses. Every accessible avenue is strongly guarded. The principal approach, the only point of easy access, or capable of successful assault, is rendered doubly secure. A mound, used perhaps as an alarm post, is placed at a short distance in advance, and a crescent wall crosses the isthmus, leaving but narrow passages between its ends and the steeps on either hand. Next comes the principal wall of the inclosure. In event of an attack, even though both these defenses were forced, there still remained a series of walls so



3.—FORTIFIED HILL, BUTLER COUNTY, OHIO.

complicated as inevitably to distract and bewilder the assailants, thus giving a marked advantage to the defenders. This advantage may have been regarded as more considerable than we, in our ignorance of the military system of the ancient people, would suppose. From the manifest judgment with which their military positions were chosen, as well as from the character of their intrenchments, so far as we understand them, it is safe to conclude that all parts of this work were the best calculated to secure the objects of the builders under the modes of attack and defense then practiced. On the assumption that the embankments were crowned with palisades, it is easy to believe that it afforded entire security against rude or savage foes.

The devices resorted to in this work for protecting the principal entrances to it are repeated with slight modifications in other works, and are found also in some of the military structures of the Mexicans. Figure 4 is a plan of the great entrance to a defensive work, in the same valley with that above described, seven miles distant to the northward. As they approach each other, on either side, the walls curve inwardly, on a radius of seventy-five feet, forming a true circle interrupted only by the gate-ways. Within the area thus formed, is a small, complete circle,



4.—PLAN OF ENTRANCE.

one hundred feet in diameter; outside of which, and covering the gate-way, is a mound, *e*, forty feet in diameter and five feet high. The passage between the mound and embankment on each side is about six feet wide. The gate-way, or opening, *d*, is twenty feet wide. The letters *f f* indicate the fosse or ditch which surrounds the work, but which is interrupted at the entrance. The wall which Cortéz encountered in his march on the city of Mexico, covering the eastern approach to the Tlascallan territories, is described by Bernal Diaz as six miles long, with an entrance formed by the ends lapping round on each other in the form of semicircles having a common centre. And De Bry, in describing the defenses of the Floridian Indians, affirms that they were constructed of palisades, which "at the entrance were drawn in, after the fashion of a snail's shell." Similar devices were resorted to by the Romans, in their *castra stativa* or field forts, as shown in the following examples (Figure 5), after Polybius.



5.—ENTRANCES TO ROMAN FIELD FORTS.

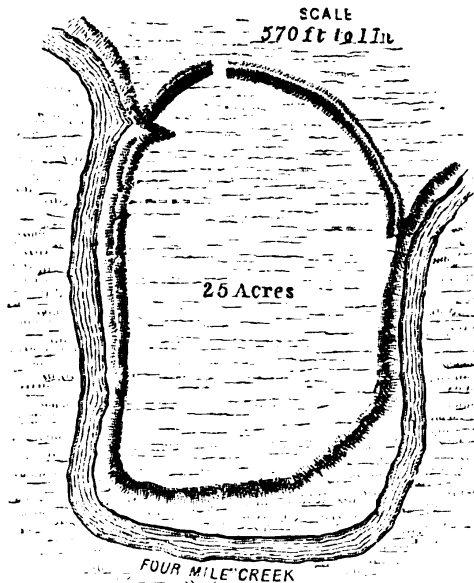
Examples of "Hill Forts," similar to those here given, and each perhaps possessing some peculiar and interesting feature, might be greatly multiplied. Our purpose, however, is only to illustrate the general character of the ancient works, and not to exhaust the subject, which would require volumes to its complete elucidation. We turn, then, to another class of defensive structures, already alluded to as "occupying peninsulas or bluff points of land," naturally protected on most sides by streams or bold and inaccessible banks, or deep ravines. Of this variety of works Figure 9 is a good example. It is situated on Massey's Creek, a tributary of the Little Miami River, seven miles east of Xenia, Green County, Ohio, occupying a high promontory bounded on all sides, except an interval on the west, by precipitous limestone cliffs. Across the neck of land where the cliff is interrupted is carried a wall of earth and stones, from which the ground subsides toward the adjacent plain with almost the regularity of an artificial glacis. This wall is now about ten feet high by thirty feet base, and is continued for some distance along the edge of the cliff, where it is least precipitous, on the north. It is interrupted by three narrow gate-ways, exterior to each of which there was formerly a mound of stones; now, however, in great part removed. Still exterior to these are four short crescent walls, together extending quite across the isthmus, constituting an outer line of defense. These crescents are rather slight,



6.—MASSEY'S CREEK FORT, GREEN COUNTY, OHIO.

now not much exceeding three feet in height. The cliff, which protects the position on the remaining sides, has an average height of twenty-five feet, and is steep and almost inaccessible. At *d d* there are breaks in the limestone, where the declivity is sufficiently gentle to admit of ascent on horseback; and at *e* is a fissure, through which a man may ascend on foot. The valley, or rather ravine, *C C*, is three hundred feet broad. Massey's Creek, a considerable stream, washes the base of the promontory on the north. The area, bounded by the cliff and wall, is not far from twelve acres, and is covered with the primitive forest. The natural strength of the position is obviously great; and if a line of palisades were carried along the brow of the cliff and summit of the wall the work would be almost impregnable to savage assault.

A simpler form of this class of works is afforded in Figure 7, which occurs in Oxford township, Butler County, Ohio, at a point on Four-Mile Creek, where that stream takes a remarkable bend, forming a peninsula 1060 feet across its neck, and 1320 feet deep. This peninsula is elevated sixty feet above the waters of the creek, with precipitous banks, and overlooks the low "bottoms" which surround it. Across the neck of this peninsula is carried a crescent-shaped wall, with an outer ditch; the former is now only about three feet high, and the latter of corresponding depth. Formerly the wall was much higher, precluding cultivation; but the present occupant of the land has plowed along it longitudinally, throwing the furrows into the ditch, and will soon obliterate it entirely. A single gate-way, twenty feet wide, leads into the inclosure, which has an area of about twenty-five acres. The creek, at one time, unquestionably ran close under the banks of the peninsula; but whether or not the recession of the stream, leaving the intervening low "bottom," *A*, took place subsequently to the erection of the work, it is now impossible to determine. In this work will be remarked a *lapping round* of the wall, on the



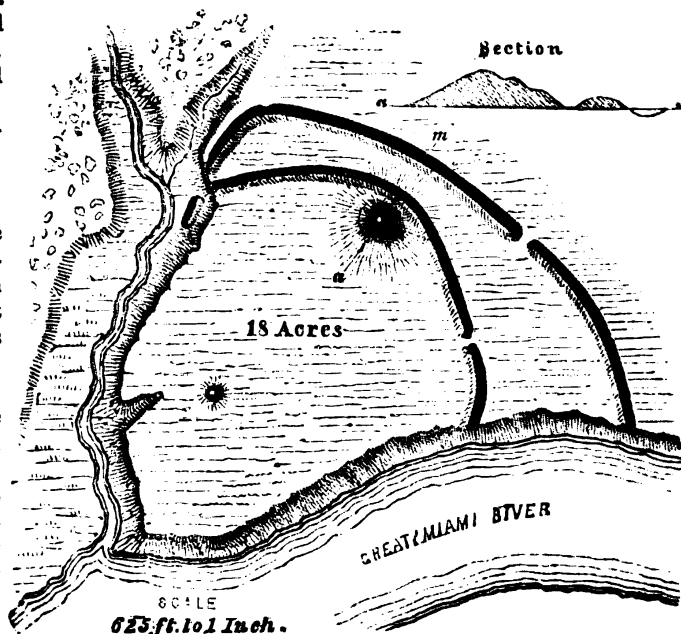
7.—DEFENSIVE WORK, BUTLER COUNTY, OHIO.

natural bank of the stream at *b*, a feature heretofore mentioned as probably designed to protect the flank of the defense.

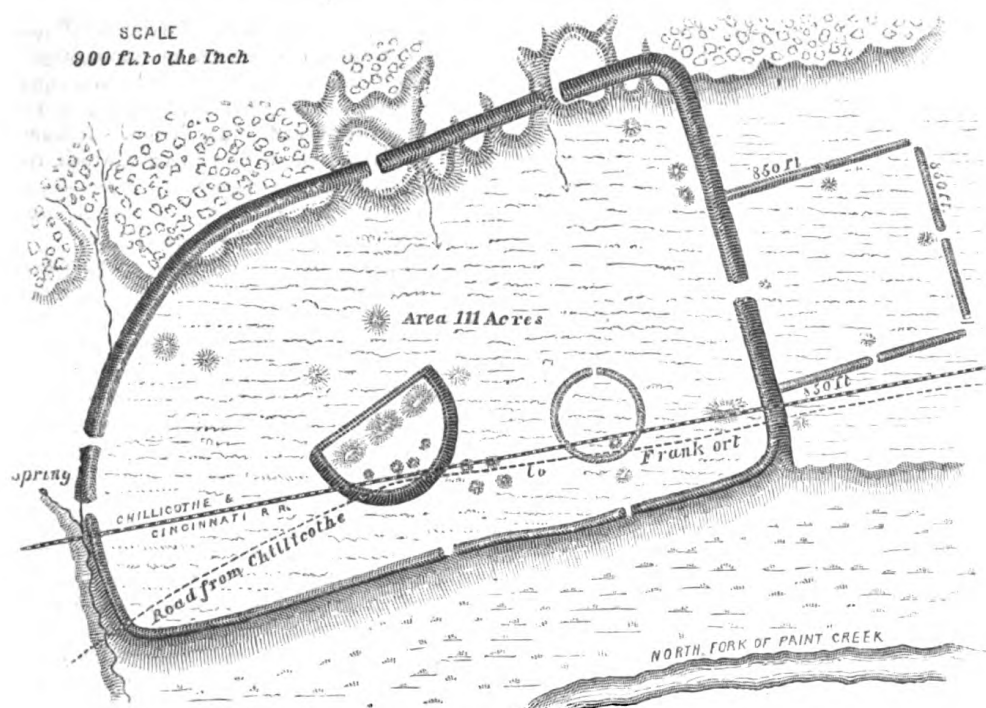
Another example of this class of defensive structures will sufficiently illustrate their character. Figure 8 is a plan of a work, with a double line of walls, found on the Great Miami River, four miles southwest of the town of Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio. The outer line of defense consists of a simple embankment five feet high, with an exterior ditch four feet deep. It has a single gate-way fifteen feet wide. There are two apparent entrances where the ditch only is interrupted. Interior to this line of embankment is another, of less dimensions, having also but one opening. At *a m* is a broad mound, over which, and somewhat below its summit, on its outer side, the second line of embankment is carried. The ditch is also continued uninterruptedly over the mound, which is thirty feet high. From its summit a view of the entire work and of the surrounding country is commanded. Another mound, ten feet high, occurs at the point indicated in the plan. It is composed of stone and gravel, apparently taken from the river, and probably belongs to the class of mounds denominated "sacrificial," the characteristics of which will appear further on. The outer wall appears to have been formerly extended down to a lower level; but it has been much obliterated by the washing of the bank. The natural banks on

the sides toward the river and next to Big-Run are inaccessibly steep, and between sixty and seventy feet high. The area embraced within the exterior line of wall is a trifle less than eighteen acres. The defensive purposes of the work will hardly be called in question. It seems probable that the high mound over which the inner wall is carried was designed as a *look-out* or alarm post, as well as a kind of citadel, commanding the second line of defense.

There remains to be considered another variety of works in which defensive features predominate, but which seem rather to have been fortified towns or villages than strongholds or citadels for final resort in case of danger. The natural conditions favorable for structures of the latter description, high hills, difficult of access, away from grounds most fertile and easy of cultivation, etc., etc., are not those most favorable for permanent residence in time of peace. It is not impossible, therefore, that in places admitting of it, the villages of the mound-builders were occasionally fortified, if not in a way to afford most effectual resistance, at least sufficiently to guard against surprise or sudden assault. Such, at any rate, appears to have been the case with the large and interesting work of which Figure 9 is a plan. It is situated on the North Fork of Paint Creek, in Ross County, Ohio, about five miles northwest of the city of Chillicothe, occupying the entire width of the second terrace of the valley, which is here a broad and level plain of exceeding beauty and fertility. Its general form is that of a parallelogram, 2800 feet long, by 1800 feet broad. On the side next the creek it is bounded by a wall of earth four feet high, running along the very edge of the terrace bank, which is about thirty feet in height, and conforming to its irregularities. Its remaining sides are defined by a wall and exterior ditch, the



8.—ANCIENT WORK NEAR HAMILTON, OHIO.



9.—ANCIENT WORKS ON NORTH FORK OF PAINT CREEK, OHIO.

former six feet high by thirty feet base, and the latter of corresponding dimensions. The lines ascend the acclivity of the table-land back of the terrace, and extend along its brow, dipping into the little ravines and rising over the ridges into which it has been cut by the action of water. Wherever these ravines are of any considerable depth the wall has been washed away—in all cases, however, leaving traces which favor the belief that it once extended uninterruptedly through them. The table-land referred to has a general elevation of about fifty feet above the terrace on which the work is principally situated. The area inclosed is one hundred and eleven acres. To the right of the principal work, and connecting with it by a gate-way, is a smaller work of sixteen acres area, a perfect square, its sides measuring each 850 feet. It has gate-ways thirty feet wide at the middle of each side, covered by small mounds, placed fifty feet interior to the walls. There are also gate-ways at its two exterior corners; but these are not covered by mounds like those at the sides. The opening or gate-way between this and the principal inclosure is double the width of the others. The walls of the smaller inclosure are much lighter than those of the large one, and are unaccompanied by a ditch.

Within the area of the great work are two small inclosures; one of them is a perfect circle, three hundred and fifty feet in diameter, consisting of a single light embankment, with a gate-way opening to the west; the other is a semi-circular inclosure, two thousand feet in circumference, consisting of a slight wall and ditch, as shown in the plan. Embraced in this last-

named inclosure are seven mounds, three of which are of large size and joined together, forming a continuous elevation thirty feet high, five hundred feet long, and one hundred and eighty feet broad at the base. These are shown in the plan. The ground within this subordinate inclosure appears to be elevated above the general level of the plain, probably from the wasting away of the inclosed mounds. There are other mounds both in this and the ground inclosure, at the points indicated in the plan, most of which have been explored, with very interesting results. Nearly all of these were found to belong to the class denominated altar or sacrificial mounds.

Where the walls of the great inclosure descend from the table-land to the left is a gully or bed of a small stream, which, before the construction of this work, kept the course indicated by the dotted line, but was turned by the builders from its natural channel into the ditch, through which it still flows for a considerable distance. In one place it has broken over the wall, obliterating it for a distance of nearly two hundred feet. It is dry at most seasons of the year, and, unless much swollen, keeps within the ditch, which terminates in a deep ravine formed by the flow of water from a copious and unfailing spring, toward which opens a gate-way. This artificial change in water-courses has been observed in other works in various parts of the country.

The gate-ways of the main work are six in number, one opening into the smaller square inclosure, two leading out on the table-land, one to the spring just mentioned, and others toward

the creek to the southward. Two considerable springs occur within the work; but it is not necessary, on the hypothesis advanced as to its purposes, to suppose that its ancient occupants were wholly dependent on these sources for their supply of water, since it is very evident that many centuries may not have elapsed since the creek, now a hundred rods distant, washed the base of the terrace on which it stands on the south.

The slight wall along the terrace bank is chiefly composed of smooth, water-worn stones taken from the creek and cemented together by a tough, clayey earth. The wall of the square is wholly of clay, which contrasts strongly, when plowed, with the dark loam of the terrace. In common with the embankments of many similar works it appears to have been slightly burned. This appearance is so marked as to induce the belief, in some minds, that the walls were originally composed of half-burned bricks, which, in the lapse of time, have lost their form and subsided in a homogeneous mass. That in some instances they have been subjected to the action of fire is too obvious to admit of doubt. At the point in this work indicated by the letter *z*, stones and large masses of pebbles and earth, much burned, and resembling a ferruginous conglomerate, are frequently turned up by the plow. This feature may perhaps be accounted for by supposing the walls to have been originally surmounted by palisades, or wooden structures of some kind, which were destroyed by fire.

As bearing upon the probable character of the work, it should be observed that the points of the table-land on which the gate-ways at *T* and *S* open are natural bastions, in great part detached from the general level of the table.

Such are some of the features of this most interesting work, and if their detail has been somewhat tedious, it must be remembered that minute circumstances are often of first importance in getting at correct conclusions. The comparative slightness of the walls, and the absence of a ditch at the points naturally protected, the extension of the artificial defenses on the table-land, overlooking and commanding the terrace, the abundant supply of water, as well as the large area inclosed, with its mysterious circles and sacred mounds, all go very far to show that this was a fortified town of the ancient people—a conclusion further sustained by the abundant fragments of pottery, large quantities of calcined bones, burned stones, ashes, and other evidences of occupancy scattered all over its area. The amount of labor which was expended on this work, in view of the probably limited means at the command of the builders, must have been very great. The embankments taken together measure nearly three miles in length, and a careful computation shows that not less than 8,000,000 cubic feet of earth were used in their construction and that of the inclosed tumuli. In this work have been made some of the most interesting discoveries in the way of ancient art with which we are acquainted, to which further

reference will be made when we come to treat of that branch of our subject.

These examples are sufficiently numerous to convey a very clear notion of the ancient works classified as defensive; and no one can rise from an examination of them without being impressed with the degree of judgment and skill which they exhibit, and which seems very clearly to have surpassed that common to most of the North American Indian tribes at the period of the Discovery. Their magnitude must also impress the inquirer with enlarged notions of the power of the people commanding the means for their construction, and whose numbers required such extensive works for their protection. It is not impossible that they were, to a certain extent, designed to embrace cultivated fields, so as to furnish the means of sustenance to their defenders in event of a protracted siege. There is no other foundation, however, for this suggestion than is furnished by the size of some of these defensive inclosures. The population finding shelter within their walls must have been exceedingly large, if their dimensions may be taken as the basis of a calculation.

The vast amount of labor necessary to the erection of most of these works precludes the notion that they were hastily constructed to check a single or unexpected invasion. On the contrary, there seems to have existed a *System of Defenses* extending from the sources of the Alleghany, in New York, diagonally across the country, through central Ohio to the Wabash. Within this range those works which are regarded as defensive are largest and most numerous. If an inference may be drawn from this fact, it is that the pressure of hostilities was from the northeast; or that, if the tide of migration was from the south, it was arrested on this line. On the other hand, on the hypothesis that in this region originated a semi-civilization which subsequently spread southward, constantly developing itself in its progress until it attained its height in Mexico, we may suppose from this direction came the hostile savage hordes, before whose incessant attacks the less warlike mound-builders gradually receded, or beneath whose exterminating cruelty they entirely disappeared—leaving these monuments alone to attest their existence, and the extraordinary skill with which they defended their altars and their homes. Upon either assumption it is clear that the contest was a protracted one, and that the race of the mounds were for a long period constantly exposed to attack. This conclusion finds its support in the fact that, in the vicinity of those localities, where, from the amount of remains, it appears the ancient population was most dense, we almost invariably find one or more works of a defensive character, furnishing ready places of resort in times of danger. We may suppose that a state of things existed somewhat analogous to that which attended the advance of our pioneer population, when every settlement had its little fort, to which the settlers flocked in case of alarm or attack.

It may be suggested that there existed among the mound-builders a state of society something like that which prevailed among the Indians; that each tribe had its separate seat, maintaining an almost constant warfare against its neighbors, and, as a consequence, possessing its own "castle," as a place of final resort when invaded by a powerful foe. Apart from the fact, however, that the Indians were hunters, averse to labor, and not known to have constructed any works approaching, in skillfulness of design or in magnitude, those under notice, there is almost positive evidence that the mound-builders were an agricultural people, considerably advanced in the arts, and possessing great uniformity, throughout the whole territory which they occupied, in manners, habits, and religion—a uniformity sufficiently marked to identify them as a single people, having a common origin, common modes of life, and, as a consequence, common sympathies, if not a common and consolidated government.

II.—SACRED INCLOSURES.

[Frequently of immense size; situated generally on level ground; regular in outline, usually circular, square, or octagonal, or with all these figures combined; sometimes with a long *cursus*, or ranges of parallel walls, combined with or dependent on them; generally with no ditch, but if a ditch, interior to the walls; entrances at regular intervals, in the circles commonly opening to the east; often with a mound in the geometrical centre, and others in a certain fixed relation to the principal features of the work.]

There is another and more numerous class of inclosures in the West, which it is evident, from their structure, not less than from their form and position, were not designed for defense. For reasons which will appear more clearly as we proceed, they have been classified as Sacred Inclosures, in some way connected with the religious notions, rites, and ceremonies of their builders. They are generally exceedingly regular in their design, frequently geometrically so, and occupy the broad and level river bottoms, seldom occurring on the table-lands, or where the surface of the ground is undulating or broken. Their usual form is that of the square or the circle—circular works being, however, most numerous. Occasionally we find them isolated, but oftenest in groups. The greater number of the circles are of small size, having a nearly uniform diameter of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet. These have always a single gateway, opening oftenest toward the east, but by no means observing a fixed rule in this respect. It frequently happens that they have one or more small mounds interior to their walls, of the class denominated *sacrificial*. These small circles occasionally occur within larger works of a defensive character. Apart from these, numerous smaller circles, from thirty to fifty feet in diameter, are observed in the vicinity of large works, consisting of a very light embankment of earth, and destitute of a gate-way or entrance. It has been suggested that these are the remains of the ancient lodges or of other buildings. It sometimes happens that we find small circles around the bases of large mounds; but these probably

can not be regarded as of the same character with that numerous class already referred to.

A characteristic feature of all these works, and that which distinguishes them from works of defense, is the almost invariable absence of a ditch, or its occurrence *within* instead of *exterior* to the walls. Another circumstance favoring the same conclusion, apart from the small size of many of them, is that they are often completely commanded from adjacent heights. We must therefore seek, in the connection in which these works are found, and in the character and contents of the mounds, if such there be, within their walls for the secret of their design. And it may be observed that it is here that we discover evidence still more satisfactory and conclusive than is furnished by the small dimensions of these works, or the position of the ditch, that they were not intended for defense. Thus, when we find inclosures containing a number of mounds, all of which, it is capable of demonstration, were *religious* in their purposes, or in some way connected with the superstitions of the people who built them, the conclusion is irresistible that the inclosure was esteemed sacred, and thus set apart as consecrated ground.

But it is not to be concluded that those inclosures which contain mounds of this description were alone designed for sacred purposes. We have reason to believe that the religious system of the mound-builders, like that of the Mexicans, exercised among them a great, if not a controlling influence. Their government may have been, for aught we know, a government of the priesthood; one in which the priestly and civil functions were jointly exercised, and one sufficiently powerful to have secured in the Mississippi Valley, as it did in Mexico and Central America, the erection of many of those vast monuments, which for ages will continue to challenge the wonder of men. There may have been certain superstitious ceremonies, having no connection with the purposes of the mounds, carried on in inclosures specially dedicated to them. There are several minor inclosures within the great defensive work, already referred to, on the banks of the North Fork of Paint Creek (Figure 9), the purposes of which would scarcely admit of doubt, even though the sacred mounds which they embrace were wanting. It is a conclusion which every day's investigation and observation has tended to confirm, that most, perhaps all the earth-works, not manifestly defensive in their character, were in some way connected with the superstitious rites of the builders, though in what manner, it is, and perhaps ever will be, impossible satisfactorily to determine.

What dim light analogy sheds upon this point goes to sustain this conclusion. The "ring forts" of the ancient Celts are nearly identical in form and structure with a large class of remains in our own country; and these are regarded by all well-informed British antiquaries as strictly religious in their origin, or connected with the rites of the ancient Druidical system. This con-

clusion is not entirely speculative, but rests in a great degree upon traditional and historical facts. Borlase observes, "The grandeur of design, the distance of the materials, the tediousness with which all such massive works are erected, all show that they were the fruits of peace and religion." "That they were erected," says Hoare, "for the double purpose of civil and religious assemblies, may be admitted without controversy. They were public edifices, constructed according to the rude fashion of the times, and at a period when the Deity was worshiped in the most simple and primitive manner, under the open canopy of heaven."

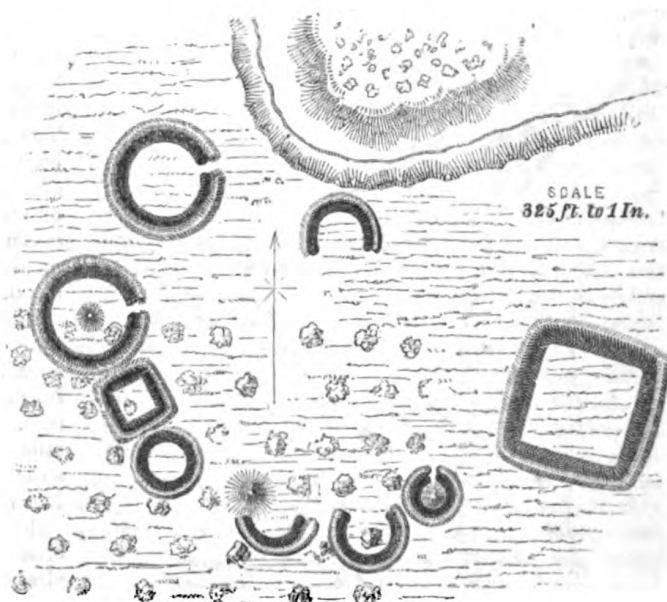
Cæsar, writing of the Druids, is understood to allude to their sacred structures in the following terms: "Once a year the Druids assemble at a consecrated place. Hither such as have suits depending flock from all parts, and submit implicitly to their decrees." It need not be added that the Druids were priests and judges, the expounders of religion and the administrators of justice; they were intrusted with the education of youth, and taught the motions of the stars, the magnitude of the earth, the nature of things, and the dignity and power of the gods. They officiated at sacrifices and divinations; they decided controversies, punished the guilty, and rewarded the virtuous. Their power was superior to that of the nobles, over whom they wielded the terrors of excommunication from a participation in the imperative rites of their religion. They centred in themselves the occult learning of the day, which seems to have been closely allied to that of Phœnicia, if not, indeed, mainly derived from the East.

The small circles to which we have alluded, as well as others of large size, are often found in combination with rectangular works, connecting with them directly or by avenues. In some instances these circles embrace fifty or more acres, and, as in the case of the squares or rectangular works with which they are attached (and which, it is believed, *never* have ditches, exterior or interior), the walls are usually composed of earth taken up evenly from the surface, or from large pits in the neighborhood. Evident care seems, in all cases, to have been exercised in procuring the material, to preserve the surface of the adjacent plain smooth, and as far as possible unbroken. The walls of these works are, for the most part, comparatively slight, varying from three to seven feet in height. Sometimes they are quite imposing, as in the case of the great circle at Newark, Licking County, Ohio,

where, at the entrance, the wall from the bottom of the ditch has a vertical height of not far from thirty feet. The square or rectangular works attending these large circles are of various dimensions. It has been observed, however, that certain groups are marked by a great uniformity of size. Five or six of these now occur to the writer, placed at long distances asunder, which are *exact* squares, each measuring one thousand and eighty feet side—a coincidence which could not possibly be accidental, and which must possess some significance. It certainly establishes the existence of some standard of measurement among the ancient people, if not the possession of some means of determining angles. The rectangular works have almost invariably gate-ways at the angles and midway on each side, each of which is covered by a small interior mound or elevation. In some of the larger structures the openings are more numerous. A few of this description of remains have been discovered which are octagonal. One of large size, in the vicinity of Chillicothe, has the alternate angles coincident with each other, and the sides equal.

Another description of works, probably akin to those here described, are the parallels, consisting of light embankments, seven or eight hundred feet in length, and sixty or eighty apart.

Indeed so various are these works, and so numerous their combinations, that it is impossible to convey any accurate conception of them without entering into a minuteness of detail and an extent of illustration utterly beyond the limits of this paper. If we are right in the assumption that they are of sacred origin, and were the temples and consecrated grounds of the ancient people, we can, from their number and extent, form some estimate of the devotional fervor or superstitious zeal which induced their erection, and

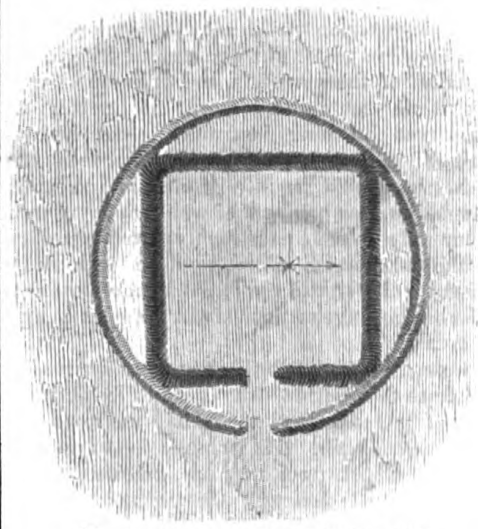


10.—GROUP OF WORKS ON FAINT CREEK, OHIO.

the predominance of the religious sentiment among their builders.

Figure 10 affords a good illustration of the simpler forms of the structures under notice. The group occurs on the banks of Paint Creek, about two miles to the southwest of the city of Chillicothe, Ohio, and consists of four circles, three crescents, two square works, and four mounds. The inclosure *A* is the largest, and, in common with all the rest, consists of a wall three feet high, with an interior ditch. The walls at its sides are each two hundred and forty feet long, much curved, so as to give it exteriorly somewhat the form of a circle. The area bounded by the ditch is, however, an exact square of one hundred and sixty feet side, entered from the south by a gate-way twenty-five feet broad. A little to the south and left of this inclosure is a mound, *B*, three feet high, surrounded by a ditch and exterior embankment, the ditch and wall being interrupted for a narrow space on the north, so form a gate-way or level approach to the mound. The peculiarities of the other works of the group are sufficiently obvious from the plan. The mound *E*, in which one of the crescent-shaped works terminates, is seven feet high by forty-five feet base, and was excavated in 1845. It was found to belong to the class denominated *sacred*. That these works were not defensive is obvious; and that they were dedicated to religious purposes seems more than probable.

A group somewhat analogous to that last described occurs on the east bank of the Scioto River, eight miles north of Chillicothe (Figure 11). It is, however, distinguished by two singular parallels, *A* and *B* of the plan, each of which is seven hundred and fifty feet long by sixty broad, measuring from centre to centre of



12.—ANCIENT WORK, PIKE COUNTY, OHIO.

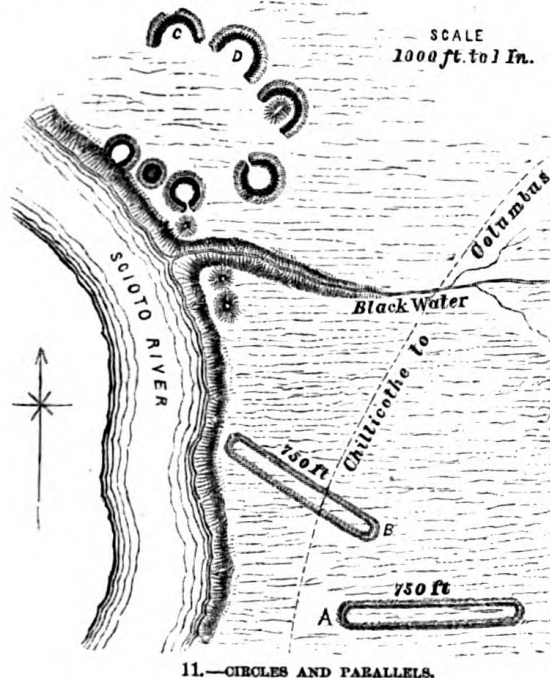
the parallel embankments. They are in cultivated grounds, and the walls are much reduced, being scarcely two feet high. A gate-way opens into the southern parallel from the east, and a corresponding opening may have existed in the other; but, if so, it is no longer traceable.

In some cases a square is defined by means of a ditch inside of a circle, as shown in Figure 12, which occurs in connection with a large and singular group of ancient works in Pike County, Ohio. The circle consists of an embankment five feet high, and is three hundred feet in diameter; the ditch is three feet deep, and the square which it forms is two hundred feet on each side.

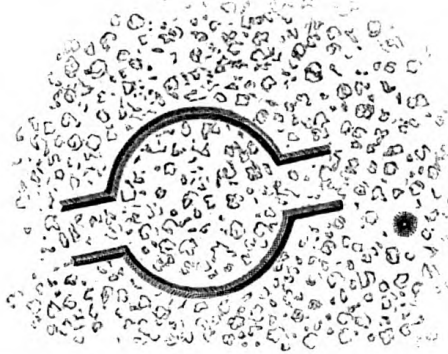
A little more than a mile to the northward of the work last described is another quite unique, of which Figure 13 is a plan. Its walls are about four feet high, and its outlines beautifully distinct, having as yet escaped the encroachments of the plow.

Figure 14 is an example of an isolated circle, of large size, on the right bank of the Great Miami River, seven miles below the town of Hamilton. The embankment is about two feet high, composed of earth taken up evenly from the surface, terminating on either hand in small mounds, between four and five feet high. The inclosed area is level, and covered with forest. Area about twenty-six acres.

Figure 15 is a plan of an elliptical work, one of the best preserved and most beautiful in the State of Ohio. It is situated on the highest river terrace, directly facing, and about one mile distant from the great defensive structure already described (Figure 2). It consists of a wall of earth between eight and ten feet in height, with a broad and shallow exterior ditch. As already stated, it is elliptical, having a transverse diameter of seven hundred and fifty feet, and a conjugate diameter



11.—CIRCLES AND PARALLELS.



13.—ANCIENT WORK, PIKE COUNTY, OHIO.

of six hundred and seventy-five feet. It has but a single gate-way, one hundred and twenty feet wide, opening to the southwest, on a small spur of the terrace which seems to have been artificially rounded and graded, so as to make a regular and easy descent to the lower level. On both sides of this graded declivity the banks are steep and irregular. A small circle and a couple of mounds are situated in the next lower terrace, at the points indicated in the plan. This work is remarkable as being the only one known of a circular form with its ditch exterior to its wall. As already stated, this ditch is broad and shallow, and does not show design; in other words, instead of bringing the earth for the embankment from holes and at a distance, or collecting it evenly from the adjacent plain, the builders—from haste, or other cause—gathered it on the spot, the ditch being only the accidental result of their excavations.

While detached circles of various sizes are frequent, there are very few detached square or rectangular works. As elsewhere stated, these

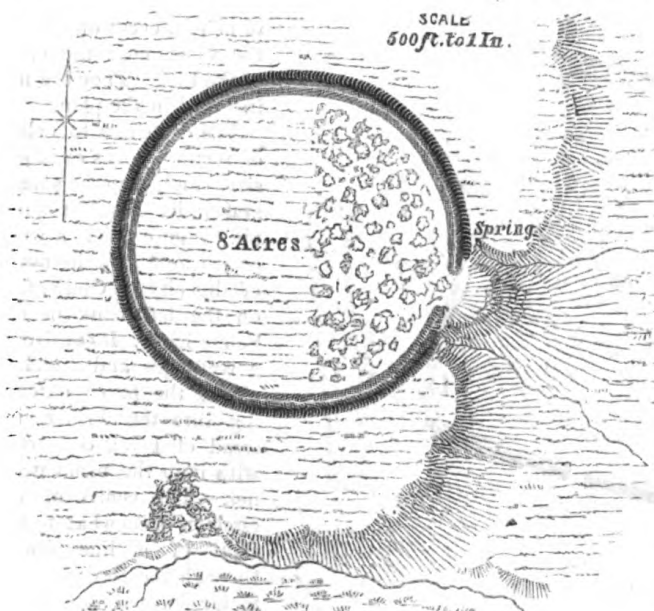
almost invariably occur in combination with circles. Figure 16 is, nevertheless, an example of a great rectangle of remarkable beauty and regularity, near the town of Winchester, Randolph County, Indiana. Its character is sufficiently indicated from the plan. The walls, it will be observed, are unaccompanied by a ditch, excepting the lighter wall covering the entrance from the left, which has a ditch on its inner side. A work precisely similar to this, but of smaller size, occurs a few miles distant, on the upper waters of Sugar Creek. Between the two is a copious spring, surrounded by a ring or circle of earth—suggesting an analogy with the sacred and protected springs and trees of the ancient Celts and the Sandwich Islanders.



14.—CIRCULAR WORK, ON GREAT MIAMI RIVER.

Another rectangular work—which, however, has some characteristics of a defensive structure—is found five miles to the north of the city of Chillicothe, on the left bank of the Scioto River. Figure 17 is a plan. It has a wall and outer

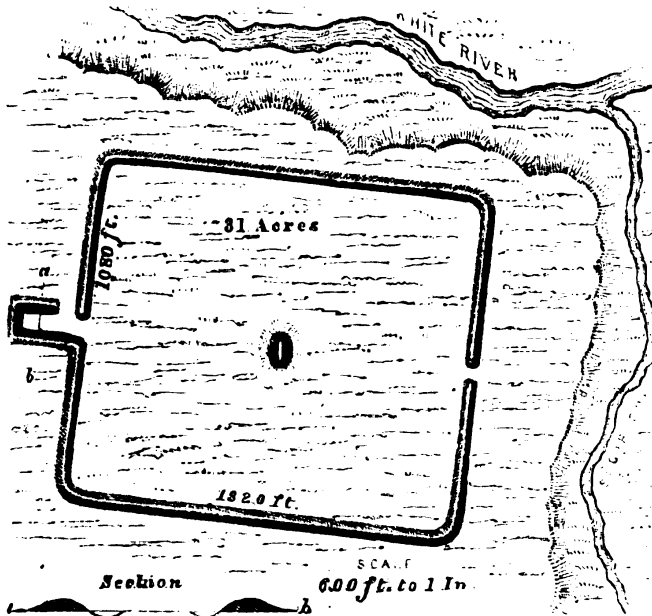
ditch, forming three sides of a parallelogram; the fourth side being protected by a natural bank seventy feet high, close at the foot of which flows the river. The walls are six feet high by forty feet base, and the ditch five feet deep and forty feet wide. This ditch, on the eastern side, is formed by a water-way or gully, between eight and ten feet deep—in part, perhaps, artificial. There are gate-ways, each sixty feet wide, at the centres of the northern and southern sides. Two hundred feet interior to that on the north, and covering it, is a square mound, two hundred and forty-five feet long and one hundred and fifty broad; four feet high, with graded ascents at the ends, thirty feet wide. To the right of the main work, and about three hundred feet distant from



15.—ELLIPTICAL WORK NEAR BOURNEVILLE, OHIO.

it, are singular parallel walls, resembling those previously described (Figure 11), eight hundred and seventy feet long and seventy feet apart, joined at the ends. These walls have no ditch, and have been partially obliterated by the Chillicothe and Columbus turnpike, which runs through them. About a third of a mile to the southward of the principal work are the singular circle and truncated pyramid represented in Figure 18.

The latter is one hundred and twenty feet square at the base, and nine feet in height; the former is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and has an entrance on the south thirty feet wide. It has a ditch interior to the embankment, and also a broad embankment, of about the same elevation with the outer wall, interior to the ditch, on the side opposite to the entrance. This feature, which is observable in many of the smaller circles, is well exhibited in the plan and section. Two sides of the pyramidal structure correspond with the cardinal points. It has been excavated, but no remains were found in it. It is difficult to determine the character of this group of works. The principal work partakes of the nature of a defense; but the broad gate-ways, the rectangular elevation within the walls, and the adjacent parallels, are hardly consistent with the hypothesis of a military origin, and seem rather to connect it with



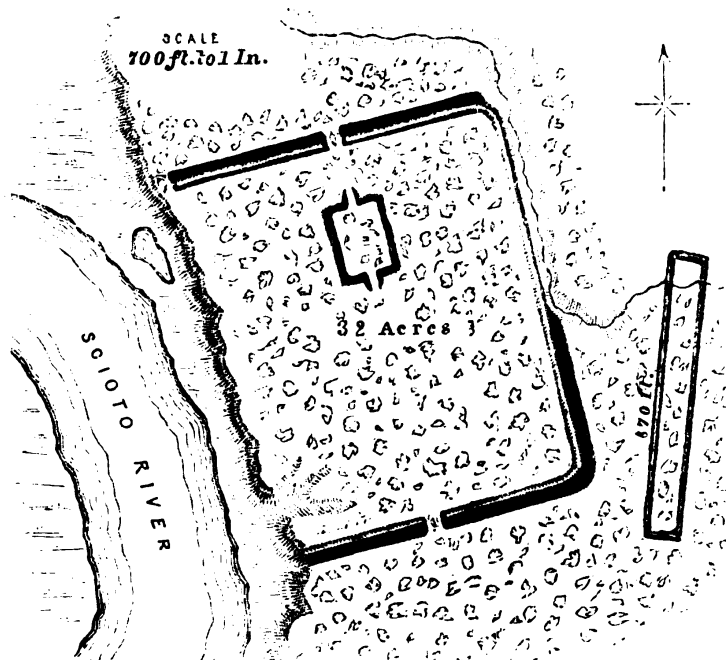
16.—RECTANGULAR WORK, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA.

the class of works devoted to religious purposes, games, or other observances, of which we can only conjecture the nature.

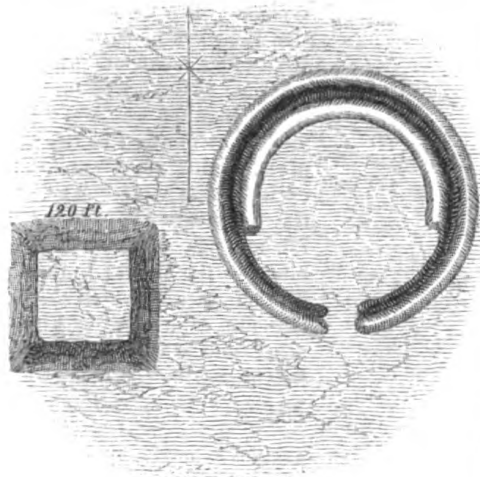
The comparatively small work which is represented in Figure 19 is found in Fairfield County, Ohio, seven miles from the town of Lancaster, on the road to Columbus, near a place known as "Hocking River Upper Falls." It is remarkable as being situated on the level summit of a hill, two hundred feet above the river. Advantage is taken of the slightly undulating character of the ground, so that the small circle inclosing the mound overlooks every part of the work, and

commands a wide prospect on every hand. Two elliptical terraces, a few feet in height, occur outside of the work, near the brow of the hill. They are not included in the plan.

We come now to a class of regular works of larger size, combining the square and circle. The first example (Figure 20) is a work occurring four miles north of the city of Chillicothe, on the left bank of the Scioto River. It consists of a rectangle and attached circle, the latter extending into the former, instead of being connected with it in the usual manner. The centre of the circle is somewhat to the right of a line drawn through the centre of the rectangle, parallel to its longer sides. The gate-



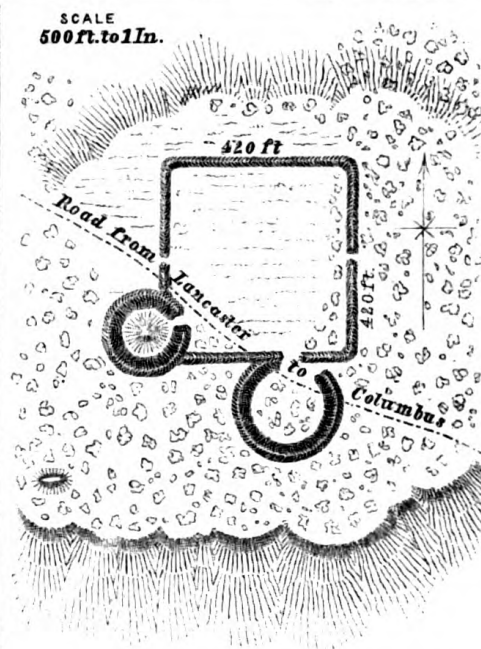
17.—CEDAR BANK WORKS, OHIO.



18.—WORKS NEAR CEDAR BANK.

ways are twelve in number, and have an average width of about twenty-five feet. The walls of the rectangular work are composed of a clayey loam, twelve feet high by fifty feet base, without exterior or interior ditch, and broad enough on top to permit the passage of a coach. The wall of the circle was never as high as that of the rectangle; but notwithstanding that the greater part of it has long been under cultivation, it is still about five feet in average height. It is without ditch, and composed of clay, which contrasts strongly with the dark color of the surrounding soil. To the right of the rectangle, and between it and the bank of the next superior terrace, are two small circles, the walls of which are about three feet high, with interior ditches. About two hundred paces to the north of the great circle is also another small one, two hundred and fifty-five feet in diameter. Leading off from the work, to the southwest, are parallel walls, a small portion of which are represented in the plan. They are one hundred and fifty feet apart, nearly half a mile long, reaching to the edge of the terrace on which the principal works are situated. Near the southeastern angle of the work, and also on the bank of the superior terrace, are great pits, or "dug-holes" (*d, d, d*), from whence large quantities of earth have been taken, though much less, apparently, than enters into the embankments. There are no mounds of magnitude connected with this work—none, in fact, except the small el-

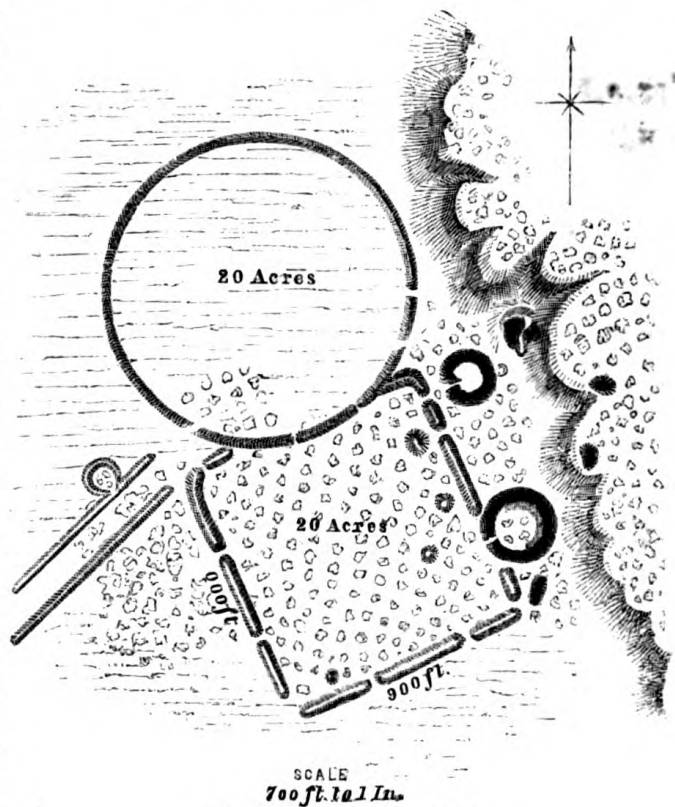
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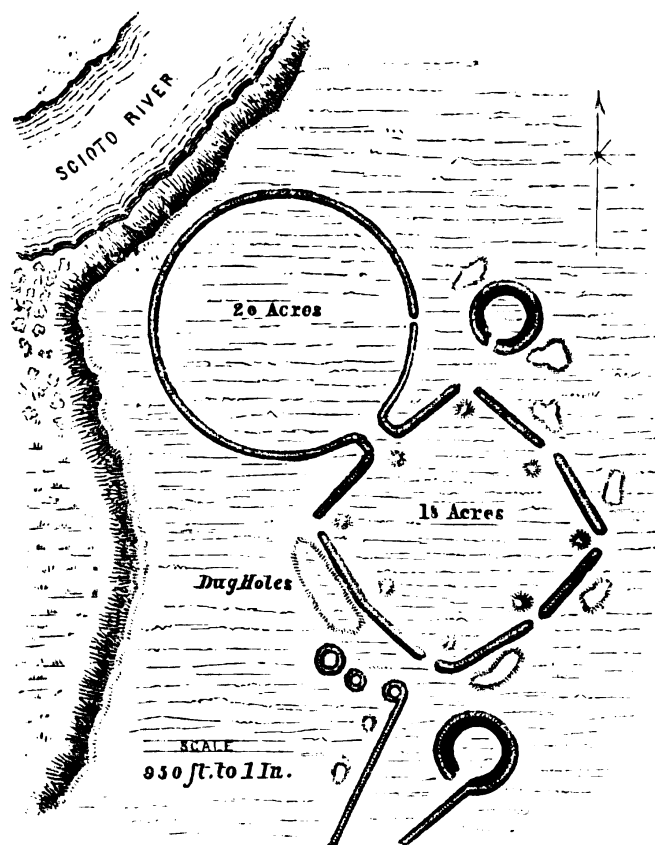
19.—SQUARE WORK, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, OHIO.

evations indicated in the plan. On the opposite bank of the Scioto River, however, in the direction pursued by the parallels, there are several large groups.

Five miles below the city of Chillicothe, on the right bank of the Scioto River, is found the



20.—"HOPETON, WORKS," OHIO.



21.—"HIGH BANK" WORKS, OHIO.

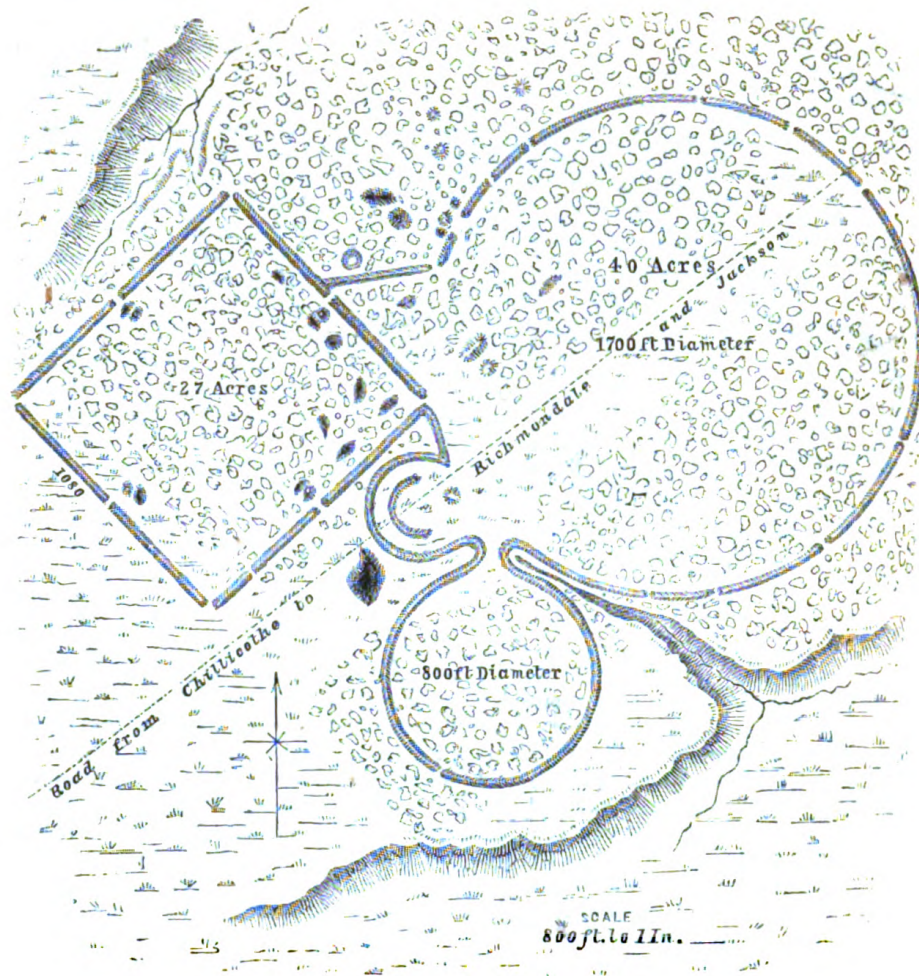
beautiful work represented in the plan (Figure 21). It occurs at a place where the river has cut its way up to the third terrace, which, in consequence, presents a bold bank between seventy and eighty feet high. The principal work consists of a combined circle and octagon, the former 950 feet and the latter 1050 feet in diameter—the dimensions precisely coinciding, it will be observed, with those of the work last described (Figure 20). The octagon is not strictly regular, although its alternate angles are coincident and its sides equal. The circle is perfect in form, as are also the smaller and dependent circles observable in the plan. Near the lower left-hand angle of the octagon are two circles—one quite small, the other 300 feet in diameter—from which lead off two converging lines of embankment, connecting with a series of circles of varying sizes, half a mile distant to the southwest. Still beyond these, on the bank of the terrace, is a large truncated mound, 30 feet in height. A number of small circles, each about 50 feet in diameter, with walls two feet in height, occur a hundred rods to the southward of the principal work, in the midst of a forest.

Of the class of regular or sacred works under notice Figure 22 is nearly a perfect example. It is situated on the third river terrace, on the east bank of the Scioto River, eight miles to the southeast of the city of Chillicothe, on the road to Richmondale and Jackson. The terrace is

here beautifully level and unbroken. It will be observed that the work consists of three circles and a square, the latter measuring 1080 feet on each side. Its walls are interrupted at each corner and at the middle of each side by gate-ways, each 30 feet wide. The central gate-ways are covered by low mounds, placed 40 feet interior to the line of the walls. The manner in which the circles are connected with each other and with the square is best shown by the plan, which precludes the necessity of a description. It will be observed that, while the embankment of the large circle is interrupted by numerous gate-ways, the walls of the smaller circles are entire throughout. Besides the small mounds at the gate-ways, there are three others within the work, the largest being 160 feet long by 20 feet high. It was excavated in 1846, and found to contain two sepulchral chambers. Numerous dug-holes, or places whence earth had been taken for its construction, exist in its vicinity, as also in various other places within the square—a circum-

stance rather unusual. In fact, the whole work appears to have been but partially finished, or hastily built. The mounds near the gate-ways, and those exterior to the walls, seem to have been formed by carelessly scooping up the earth at their bases, forming irregular pits of various depths. It is difficult to conceive the uses of a religious work of these vast dimensions; but it is still more difficult to believe that it has a military design. That there is some hidden significance, and probably some symbolical design, in the first place in the regularity, and secondly in the arrangement of the various parts of this work, can scarcely be doubted.

Figure 23 is only another illustration of the same class of works, of which that just described furnishes so complete an example. It differs from that in no essential respect, except that its walls are higher and heavier. It occurs on the right bank of Paint Creek, 14 miles above Chillicothe. The gate-ways are considerably wider than in most other works of this class, being not less than 70 feet across. A large, square, truncated mound occurs at some distance to the north of this work. It is 120 feet square at the base, 50 feet square at the top, and 15 feet high. Other works of precisely the same character and dimensions, but in which the square and circle are variously combined, are found in different parts of the Scioto Valley, of which numerous examples are given in the first vol-



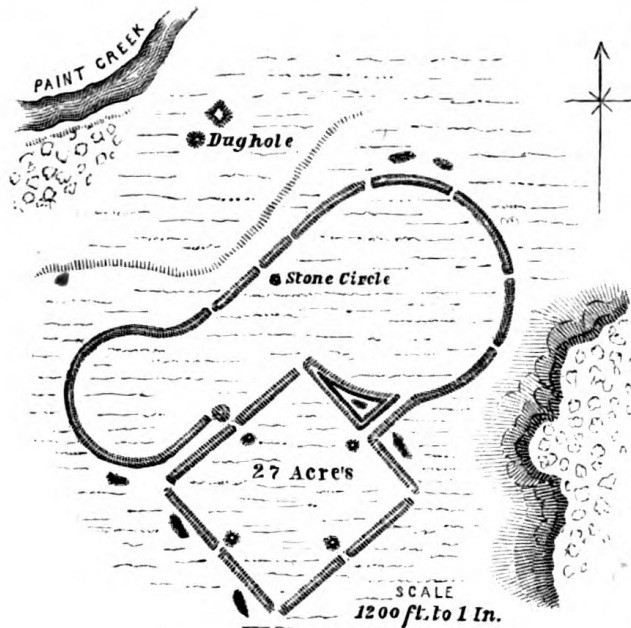
22.—ANCIENT WORK, LIBERTY TOWNSHIP, ROSS COUNTY, OHIO.

ume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

Before dismissing this class of ancient works it will be indispensable to notice a subordinate variety of the class, less common, but not less interesting, of which Figure 24 is an example. It occurs on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, near the mouth of the Scioto River, at Portsmouth. The river terrace on which it is situated is much cut up by ravines; but it is carried across them, notwithstanding, at right angles. The site of the square or main body of the work, nevertheless, is level and unbroken. It is an exact rectangle, 800 feet square, the walls about 12 feet high, by 35 or 40 feet base, except on the east, where advantage is taken of the rise of ground to elevate them about 50 feet above the centre of the area. The hollow way between the southeastern wall and the terrace bank seems artificial, or, at any rate, adapted by art. On this side the gate-way is entered by a slightly elevated causeway. At the southern angle is what appears to be a bastion, probably natural, but modified artificially, which commands the hollow way or ditch. On the southwestern side is a kind of run-way, or ditch, which loses itself

in a deep gully toward the river. There are no traces of ditches elsewhere about the work. A narrow gate-way, 30 feet wide, opens in the middle of each side of the square, and at both the northern and western angles, as shown in the plan.

The most singular features of this work are its outworks, which consist of parallel walls leading off at right angles to the square, to the northeast and southwest, each 2100 feet long. The parallel to the southwest has its outer wall in line with the northwestern wall of the main work, and starts from it at a distance of 30 feet. It is broken by a deep ravine near its extremity, beyond which the walls curve inward on a radius of 100 feet, leaving only a space of eight feet between their extremities. Converging walls start from the point of curve, but lose themselves after running 300 feet, without meeting. Just beyond, on the plain, are two clay mounds, also a small circle 100 feet in diameter. The remaining parallel starts nearly from the centre of the northeastern wall of the main work, and is in all respects similar to that just described, except in the mode of its termination, which can only be explained by the plan. The left wall of this



23.—ANCIENT WORK ON PAINT CREEK.

parallel bends to a right angle as it approaches the main work.

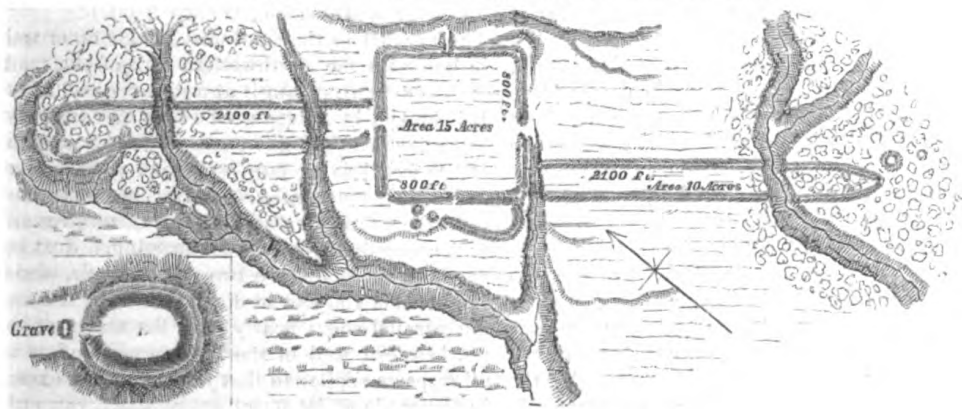
At the point indicated by the letter *N*, and 450 feet to the left of the second parallel, on a high peninsula or headland, is a singular redoubt, of which the supplementary figure, *B*, is an enlarged plan. At its left is the bank of the second "bottom," or terrace, 50 feet high, and very steep. At its right is a ravine with steep banks. The embankment of this work is heavy, and the ditch, which is interior to the wall, is wide and deep. The inclosed oval is only 60 feet wide by 110 long. It has a gate-way to the northeast 10 feet wide. The object of this inclosure is difficult to divine. Its position and the dimensions of its walls would seem to indicate a defensive purpose; but this hypothesis is combated by its small size.

The entire main work, the greater part of the lower parallel, and a portion of the upper one, are now in open, cultivated grounds. The walls of the square are too steep to admit of cultiva-

tion, and now form fence lines to the inclosure, which has an area of 15 acres. From the dimensions of the walls, and other circumstances, it has been supposed that this was a fortified place. But the parallels seem to be without a military design; and we are forced to consider it, from interior evidence, and from the relation which it sustains to a certain class of structures in the Old World, as of sacred origin.

Such is the character of a considerable portion of the ancient works of the Mississippi Valley. How far a faithful attention to their details has tended to sustain the position assigned to them at the outset the intelligent reader must determine. Their general great size is, perhaps, the strongest objection which can be urged against the hypothesis of a religious design. It is difficult to comprehend the existence of religious

works extending, with their attendant avenues, like those near Newark in Ohio, over an area of little less than *four square miles*! We can find their parallels only in the great temples of Abury and Stonehenge in England, and Carnac in Brittany, and associate them with a mysterious worship of the Sun, or an equally mysterious Sabianism. Within the mounds inclosed in many of these sacred works we find the altars upon which glowed their sacrificial fires, and where the ancient people offered their propitiations to the strange gods of their primitive superstition. These altars also furnish us with the too unequivocal evidence that the ritual of the mound-builders, like that of the Aztecs, was distinguished by sanguinary observances, and that human sacrifices were not deemed unacceptable to the divinity of their worship. It is of course impossible in this connection to go into the details of the evidence upon this or kindred points of interest. These belong to works of a more purely scientific character.



24.—ANCIENT WORK NEAR PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

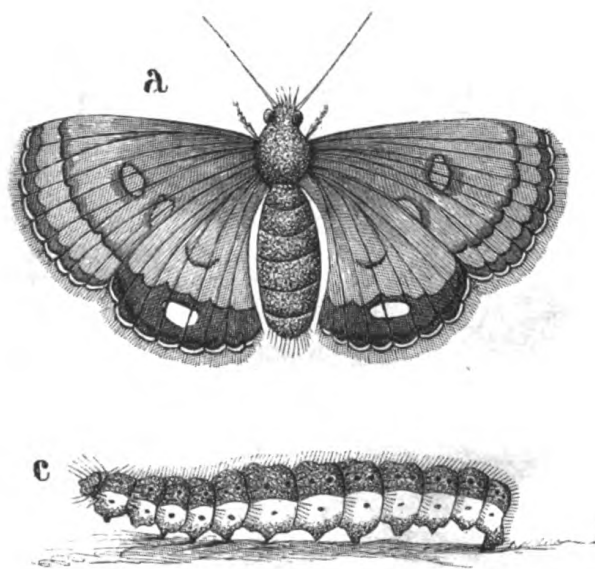


FIGURE 1.—HELIOTHES AMERICANA.

a. The Imago.—c. The Worm.

INSECTS BELONGING TO THE COTTON PLANT.

AMONG all the fabrics necessary to the comfort of man in every clime there is no other that can compete with cotton. Cotton floats on every breeze, is whispered by the winds from every shore. Men turn pale when the quantity fails; they tremble in high places at the very surmise of a pound the less; and if, from the inscrutable decrees of Providence, it should ever happen that the crop of cotton should fail, the most vivid imagination is too feeble to portray the dismay, ruin, and despair which would overwhelm more than a third of the civilized world.

"The *Gossypium Herbaceum* is a shrub three or four feet high, branched, spreading, and flexible like a dog-rose. It is planted on plains, in rows like the vine"—so says Aristobulus, one of Alexander's generals; and the plant and the manner of planting have remained unchanged amidst the whirl of progress since those ancient days.

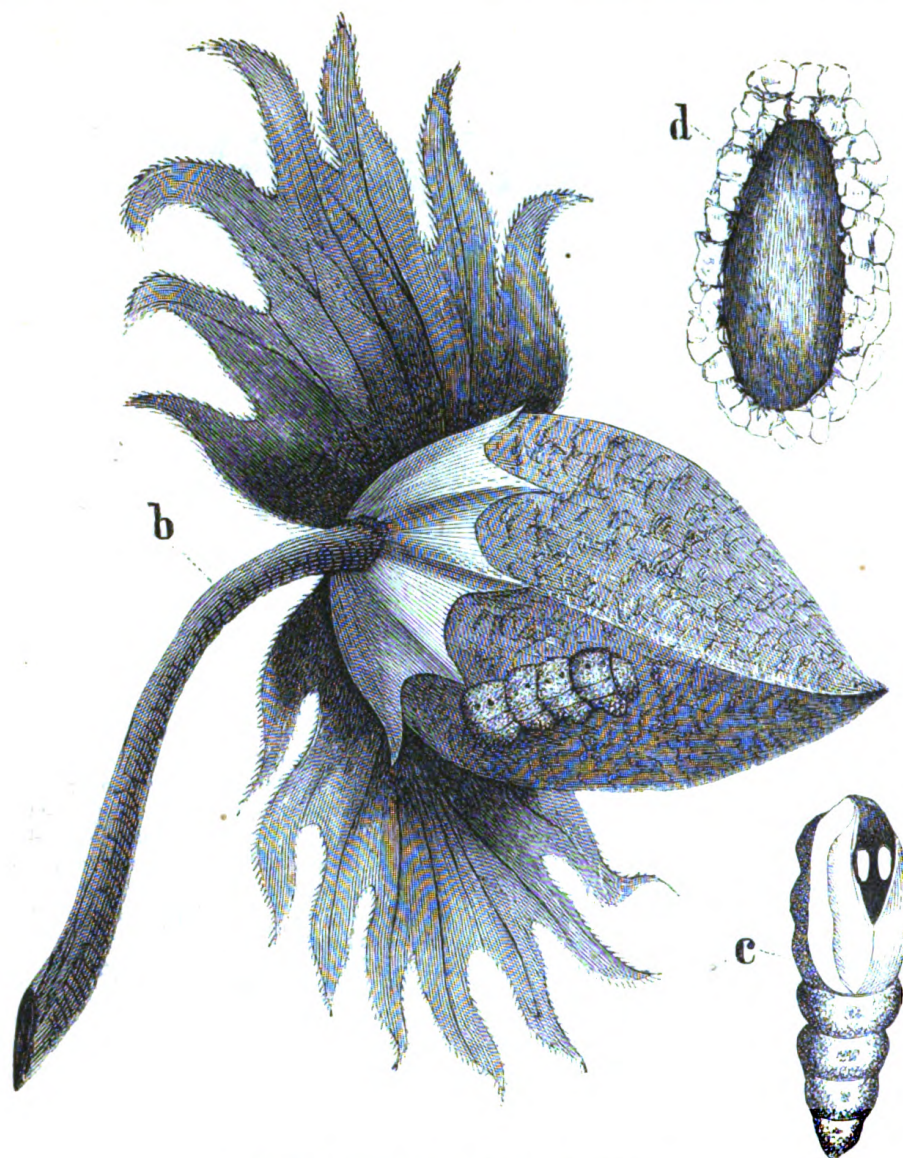
There are two varieties, "Short" and "Long staple;" or, in modern phrase, "Upland" and "Sea Island." There is no shrub which shows care, nourishment, and cultivation like this. Consequently we are ever hearing of new varieties, called in the market "fancy cottons." These are only exponents of the planter's industry, practicability, or judgment. The value of the cotton is estimated by the length of the staple, which you perceive in the centre of the two connecting fibres (Figure 15, page 50); this, when drawn slowly away from each end, proclaims its length and the value placed on the cotton. The average is nearly two inches in length.

The most superior cotton in the world is produced on the belt of islands running along the shores of our Southern States. It is unapproachable for texture, softness, and beauty; and from it alone can be made the fine laces and muslins

of modern commerce. A species of long staple is cultivated in the Dependency of Bengal, but can only be made to produce the requisite results in manufacture under the patient manipulation and with the primitive loom of the Hindoo. There is little doubt that, in course of time, cotton will be cultivated with success in countries whose climates are genial to its growth; but there can never arise a formidable competitor to our Sea Island staple. Here, only, on the globe, must it continue to be cultivated; for here alone can the atmosphere be found necessary to the full exhibition of those sterling qualities which are produced from the soil and climate of these charming islands, the fabled gardens of health, youth, and beauty.

Those sunny isles that laugh beside the sea,
Where the bright orange and the citron grow,
From whose green groves despair and sorrow flee,
And where the dance and song forever flow;
Bright sunny isles kissed by that summer sea,
Where young Love lives and sings so joyously!

The soil of these islands is a gray sand, mixed with a rich loam, whose largest constituents are silica, peroxyd of iron, and carbonaceous matter, not differing very materially from the lands on the main, but sufficient, when combined with the atmospheric influences arising from their proximity to the Gulf Stream, to produce so entire a change in the nature of the cotton plant as to form a distinct variety. It is marvelous when we consider the effects diffused over these islands by this glowing river as it wends its way north, carrying warmth and gladness to cold countries draped in the icy mantle of winter. It dispenses a soft current of caloric full of saline qualities, which, meeting the colder land-breeze, descends in gentle dews, enriching vegetation and consti-

FIGURE 2.—*HELIOTHES AMERICANA*, OR BOLL WORM.

b. The Worm entering a large Boll.—c. The Chrysalis.—d. The Pupa Case.

tuting the most enviable and enchanting climate in the world.

The cotton plant, nourished under this genial dispensation, becomes deprived of all its harsh and wiry qualities. The staple lengthens in its fibres to the silvery, soft, and fleecy snow-ball, transported as if by magic from some frozen land to glow and palpitate beneath the summer's warmth and dewy winds, breathing forever from that silent and wondrous river. So palpable is this influence that the cotton cultivated on the islands deteriorates in quality the farther it is planted from the influences of the Gulf Stream; and less than forty miles back, on the main, remote from the sea-breeze, it returns again in the second year to "Upland," or its original nature.

Such are the favorable circumstances which

produce that most valuable and important part of the cotton crop of the world, the "Sea Island Cotton." But there are drawbacks as well as favoring circumstances. There is not a single part of the cotton plant, from the tiniest rootlet, through roots, stalk, leaves, flower, and pod, which does not form the favorite food of some insect depredator. All through its growth, from the tender germ to the matured plant with its fleecy wool spread to the wind, in every stage it is assaulted by enemies, who prey upon its life, and from whose devouring fangs a kind Providence rather than the labors of the planter save sufficient for the great crop which adds so much annually to the wealth of this country and the comfort and prosperity of the civilized world.

To one who has watched closely all the dan-

gers which attend the growth of the cotton plant it is a matter for surprise that such crops can be grown as every year sees; and to the planter, and also to the country at large, it becomes a matter of importance to know how to combat these tiny enemies to a greater prosperity—how to meet and defeat the advances of these devastators, but for whom, it is not too much to say, we might annually double our present cotton crop.

Herewith I present to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* the results of many years' close and accurate observation of these important insects.

I will commence with one whose

"——step is as the tread
Of a flood that leaves its bed
Its march wide desolation."

The *Heliothes Americana*, or Boll Worm (Figs. 1, 2), belongs to the nocturnal family of moths, and to the order of *Phytophagites*, or half loopers. The female moth is stout, wings deflexed, antennæ filiform; her colors vary very much in individuals; the most common specimen found

is of a tawny yellow. A dark band runs irregularly across the wings; marks of a crescent shape—sometimes oval—are near the centre, inclosing white spots; the under wings are yellow, with a shade of red; broad black bands encircle them, in the centre of each of which is a large yellowish brown spot, visible in every specimen. She comes forth on the approach of mild weather, and deposits her eggs carelessly (for she knows there is an abundance of food), but always near a young boll. The worm hatches in a few days, and commences eating into it. It emerges often, as it increases in size, so as to have free space for its frequent moultings, enlarging in bulk each time astonishingly. You may easily tell where this worm has been feeding. It exhausts the sap so entirely that the capsules burst with dryness and the ground becomes covered with decayed and blackened forms. The worm varies as it changes its skin. At first it is greenish, but becomes at last brown, spotted with black. It has on it a very few hairs, being what is termed a naked larva. In its early stages, when it

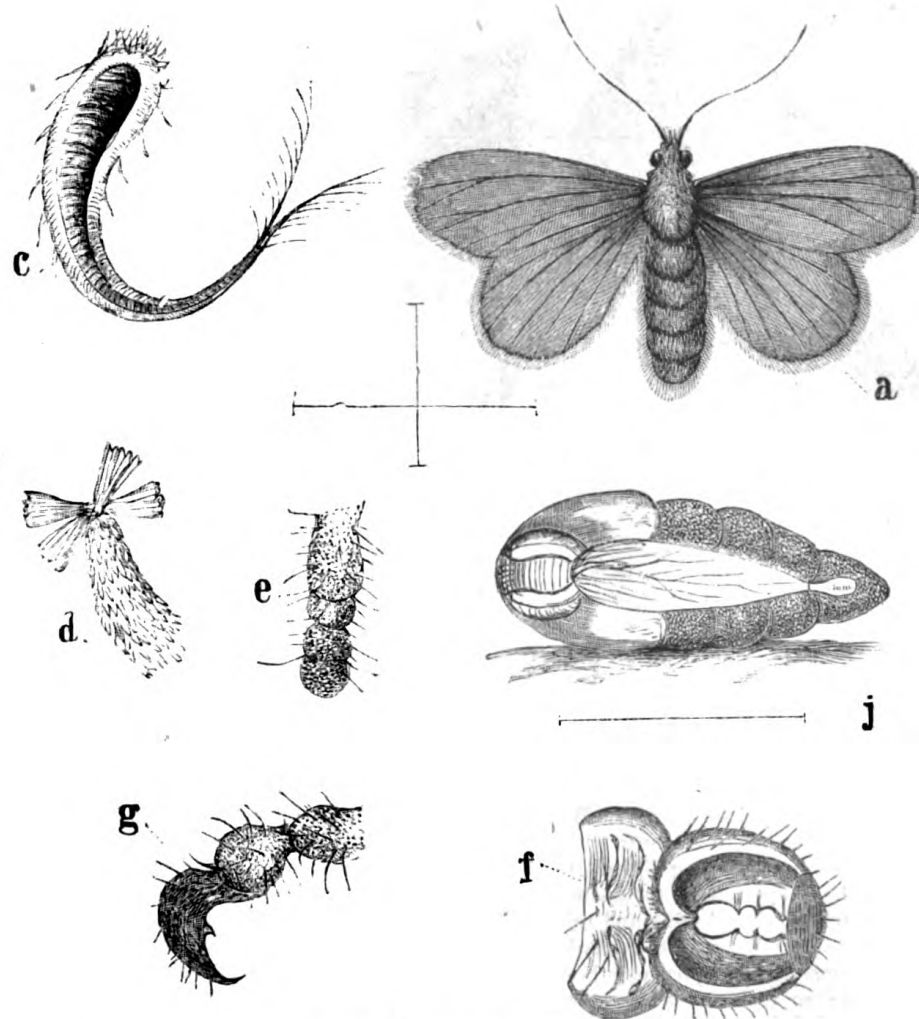
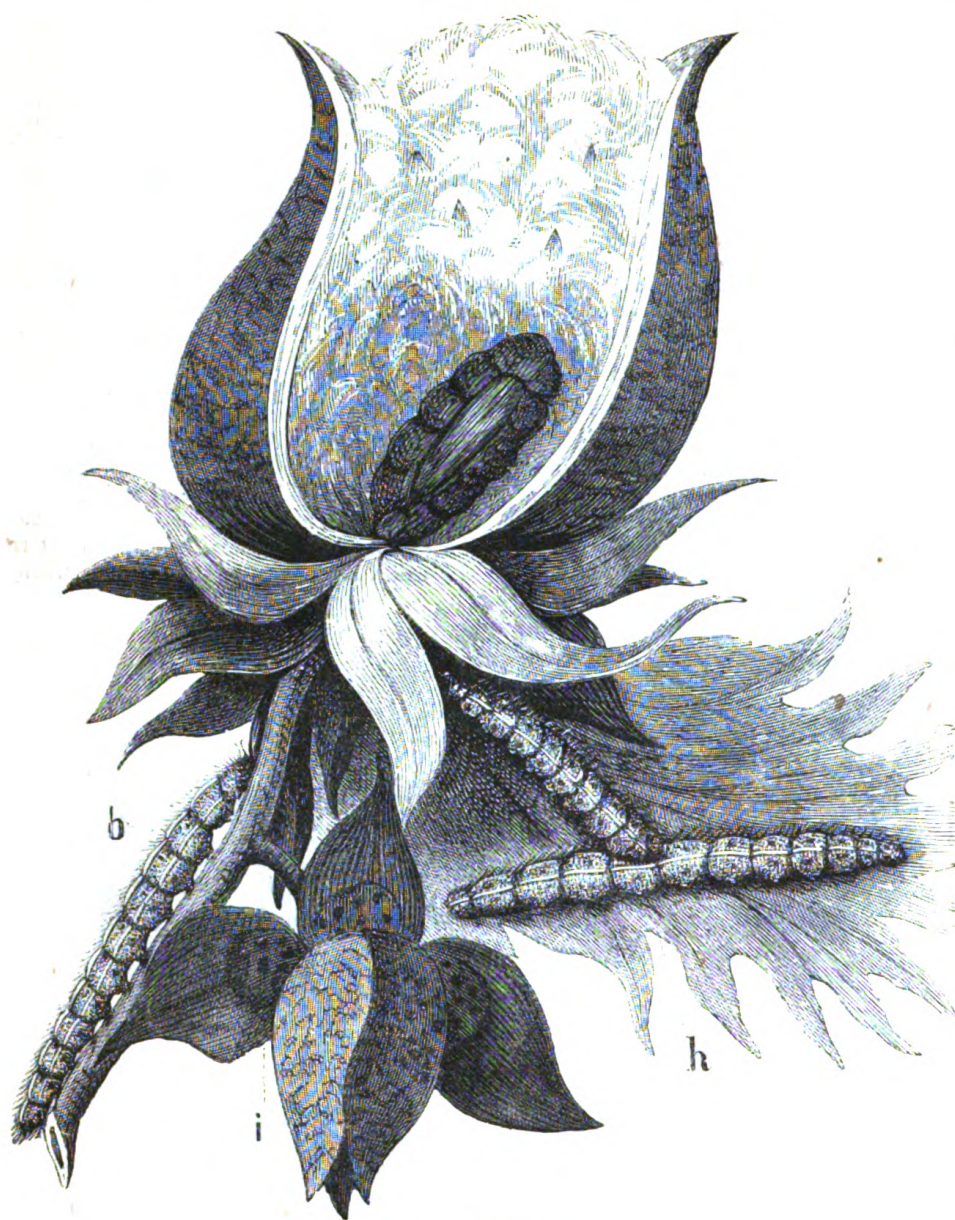


FIGURE 3.—*PHALENA GOSSYPION*.

a. Imago.—b. Haustellum, or Sucker.—c. Palpus.—d. Antenna.—e. Mandibles.—f. Claw of Worm.—g. Chrysalis.

FIGURE 4.—*PHALENA GOSSYPION*.

b. The Worm.—a. Moulting.—i. Deposit of Eggs.

walks, it partially loops itself, which movement will distinguish it to unexperienced eyes from the corn-worm, for which it has often been mistaken. As it grows old and stout, it trails itself along, having lost its elasticity. When sufficiently fed it descends to the earth with a great deal of circumspection, being difficult to please with a location; and this is fortunate for the planter, for while it is selecting and rejecting a place to descend, an ichneumon of the *Ophion* family may be observed darting her eggs between its fat segments; so that out of five caterpillars three will perish, being used as the abodes of the ichneumon. Herein is the salvation of the crop.

This ichneumon fly is of a lead color, with

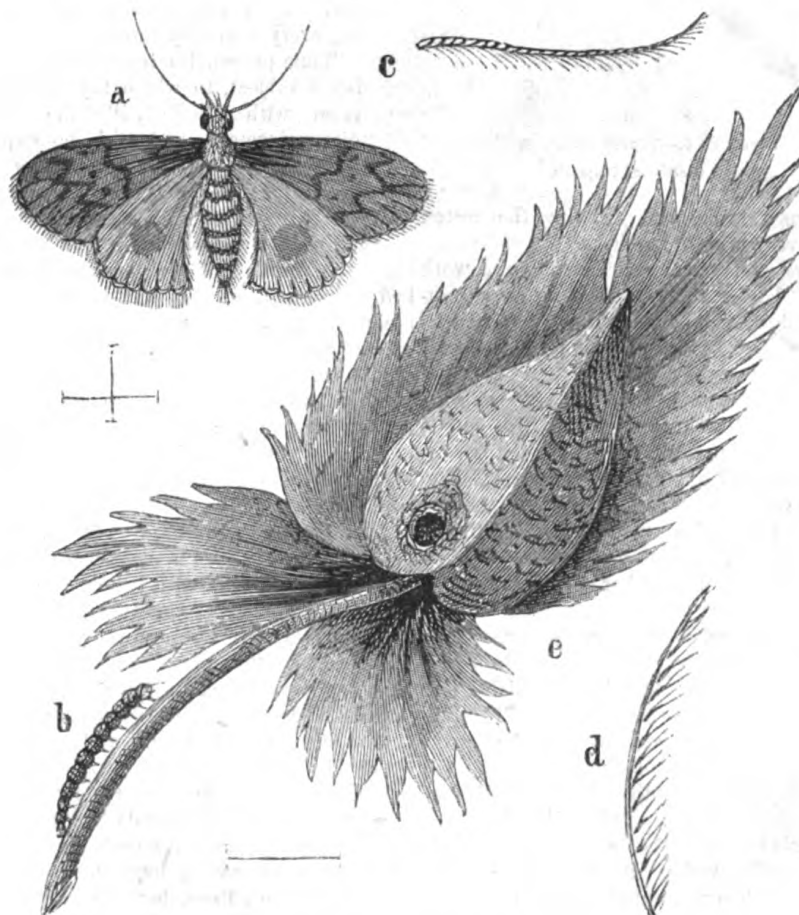
black legs and smoky wings. Some seasons another fly appears, banded with yellow on the abdomen and legs. They are small, and fly low, knowing exactly where to find what they require; and it is almost a miracle for a worm to escape.

The worm is a long time in descending, but when this is accomplished it forms a pupa-case of grains of sand, lining it nicely in the interior with a fine silk, and changes gradually into a bright brown chrysalis, remaining in the ground until the next season, when her proceedings are repeated more or less detrimentally, according to the industry of the ichneumon and state of the weather.

This boll worm belongs principally to the Upland cotton, but is often found on the sea-board in company with another boll worm, which far surpasses her in mischief and destruction. This latter, the *Phalena Gossypion* (Figures 3, 4), is a very singular insect. The moth is full and stout; wings deflexed; antennæ filiform; palpi covered with deep scales; and around the first joints are four, sometimes six, long fan-like feathers, which stand out around the eyes when elevated. The *haustellum*, or sucker, is never bent or wound spirally, as those of other moths, but curves down among the soft scales on its breast. It has a number of long hairs at its tip, being, as it were, split into points, which join into one when the insect is imbibing its nourishment.

The *Oblinita* (of Abbot and Smith's *Lepidopten*, of Georgia), another cotton moth, is said to have this same kind of sucker. A black and gray nocturnal moth, belonging to this plant, has one still more hirsute than that of the *Gossypion*. This last is of a uniform tawny yellow; no marks or spots designate her except the moth is much rubbed or old, when the nervures of the wings become bare. On the thorax is a naked red spot. This moth is never seen except at

early dawn and at twilight, flying with sudden jerks and long sweeps of the wings. She deposits her eggs always on the small leaves surrounding the capsule. If you will examine these, you will find, when they are dry, deep recesses in their centres; here her eggs lie safe from every injury. These leaves, when the form is young, stand off from it to give it light and air. The worm hatches on them, and crawls into the form, eating the skin of the pericarp and the tender filaments. In a very short time the bolls turn black and fall off. It leaves these to change its skin four times. Its manner of doing this is very singular. It glues the old skin by its prehensile legs to the underpart of a leaf, and taking hold of a stem or a neighboring leaf draws itself out of the centre of the old skin by main force. When full grown it is soft and velvety—in some lights quite black—or sometimes of a dark purplish hue. It has yellow stripes running longitudinally. It is a naked larva. When sufficiently grown it creeps into the half-ripe boll, either between the divisions of the capsule or at the tip of the boll, and works itself down to the lower end, where it remains, destroying the interior of the pericarp, devour-

FIGURE 5.—*TORTRIX CARPAS*.

a. Imago.—b. Caterpillar or Larva.—c. Antenna of Female.—d. Antenna of Male.—e. Hole in the Boll, Place of Exit.

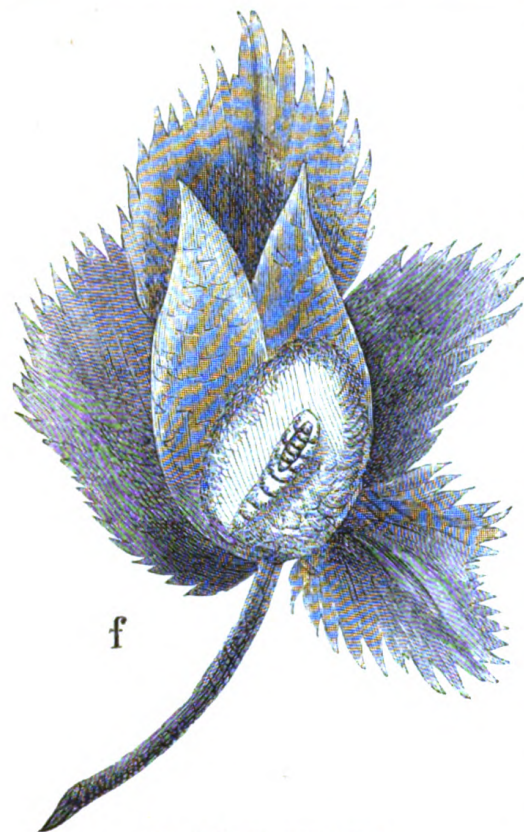


FIGURE 6.—*TORTRIX CARPAS*.
f. Cocoon and Chrysalis.

ing the green seeds, and gnawing the cotton fibres into very minute particles.

The jaws, you perceive, are strong and work like saws. Under the glass the bitten cotton-fibres resemble chopped hay. The boll exteriorly appears very inferior in quality, but not sufficiently so to be rejected entirely.

At last the caterpillar, ready to repose itself, twists and rolls itself about until a nice cell is made in this chopped fibre, which it gums over with a secretion of silk and gradually turns into a clear brownish red chrysalis. When ready to emerge the lid of this cradle bursts open like the valve of a seed; she pushes aside the cotton and comes forth to deposit her eggs for the same career of destruction the next season.

It is now the greatest injury is done to the cotton. From the body of this moth is discharged an acrid yellowish red fluid which stains and ruins the cotton wherever it falls. This discharge is immense in quantity considering the size of the insect, and fully proves that insects are nourished by and digest the qualities of juices found in plants. This pod, when thus stained, yields in its ashes a great increase in iron, lime, soda, and potash over those of the healthy boll. There might be a small amount of cotton saved from the pods even now were it not for this destructive fluid.

The moth comes forth always at early dawn, concealing itself until the sun has risen, when

its warmth may reach and dry it in its hiding-place. Fifteen years ago, for three seasons in succession, I watched at early dawn and at nightfall, day after day, to satisfy myself of the manner of metamorphose followed by this moth, but without any results. It would be found hid away under leaves and in dark places, the cotton of the pod wet and stained, the outlines of the gummed and silky cell traced in the pod; but where were the chrysalis and pupa-case? Open the pod and out of it would scamper several beetles belonging to the family of *Scarabaeians*, nearly allied if not belonging to Latrielle's subgenus *Coprobius aquartis*, each an inch long, no scutellum, body ovoid, thorax angular, not highly burnished but covered with a yellow down, and very shy and difficult to catch. They rise from the ground early in the morning, run with haste and great swiftness over the shrubs, seeming to scent where the boll worm is about to come out. To their carnivorous propensities I attributed my ill-luck in tracing this moth. They evidently devoured the *débris* whatever it was. I never saw these beetles before August, and never after October. They were good scavengers, devouring every skin they came across.

Time passed, leaving this moth an unfinished subject, to which my memory would revert with a baffled, ill-defined feeling of disappointment, and with no expectations or hopes. I sat last fall pulling to pieces boll after boll, searching among ruins for a clew to read me this mystery, when, to my great joy, I found a pod in which were deposited the remains of the chrysalis here presented (Figure 3, j). It had been the abode of ichneuma. A vast number of perforations intersected it; and it was only with much time, patience, and labor I could get the whole together as you see it. I do not vouch for its entire correctness; but the question, I think, is decided of the mode of its transformation. There are several parasites always attending these worms.

This small moth (Figures 5, 6), the *Tortrix carpas* (the last word is the proper Oriental name for "cotton"), may with justice be called a boll worm. It makes its appearance from eggs scattered on the leaves around the young forms. It eats in where the stem of the form joins the form, causing it to shrivel and turn brown as if it were blighted, drooping and withering slowly for the want of rain. Open one, and you will find a pretty little chrysalis, nicely embedded in a silk envelope near a hole eaten through the capsule, over which the web extends like a curtain. In time there issues from it an ash-gray moth sprinkled with black atoms, sometimes forming regular points and lines, but generally a confused dotting. The lower wings are often distinctly marked with circles of darker gray and black in the centre. It is quite a small moth, and if you feel inclined you may take them by hundreds

around your lights at night, from spring until fall. They destroy the boll just at the time the capsule is forming. The whole transformation from egg to *Imago*, or perfect insect, consumes only about twelve days. Thus they are always on hand, hunting round for every young form coming forth from a late flower. The antennæ of the female have rows of small hairs along their inner side; those of the male are pectinated. The head and body are covered with gray and black scales. The worm is a common one, small and slender, pale yellow, rather watery at first but changing its skin four times. It attains at last a more firm and horny appearance, with short black hairs bristling over it. It is sluggish, but if much teased drops down on a thread of silk and conceals itself until the annoyance has passed. Small and insignificant as they are these worms do more serious injury to the cotton crops than the larger and more conspicuous boll worms. Besides, they are present every season; whereas with the other two the planters have some respite. They are actively pursued by a small black ichneumon, for whose presence the planter can not be too grateful.

Figures 7, 8 represent an exquisitely painted

moth, the *Phalænæ Gossypiella*, or cotton-bud moth. It belongs to the family of *Tortricidæ*. It is small, of a most delicate green, marked with bands of pale yellow on the upper wings; the under wings are white, with a dash of green prevailing. The head, thorax, and abdomen have a mingling of white, green, and yellow. I have seen two varieties; but there may be more. In the first the green is darker and the yellow bands very slight; the other has more yellow, and the bands are greenish. It may be that the last are simply older and more roughly handled by the winds and rains. The antennæ are filiform. She places her eggs on the delicate leaves adjacent to the young bud. Soon the caterpillars come forth and present to you a practical illustration of that often quoted simile "the worm i' the bud." Like many other poetical licenses, it sounds more agreeable to the ear than it appears to the eye to have it worked out before you. It is a very sad spectacle to see the fair young buds, entirely eaten out, cumbering the earth, and the empty calixes dangling on the stems waiting their appropriate destroyers. In the mean time some buds have escaped and become flowers; and the worms having also changed their skins, can bear

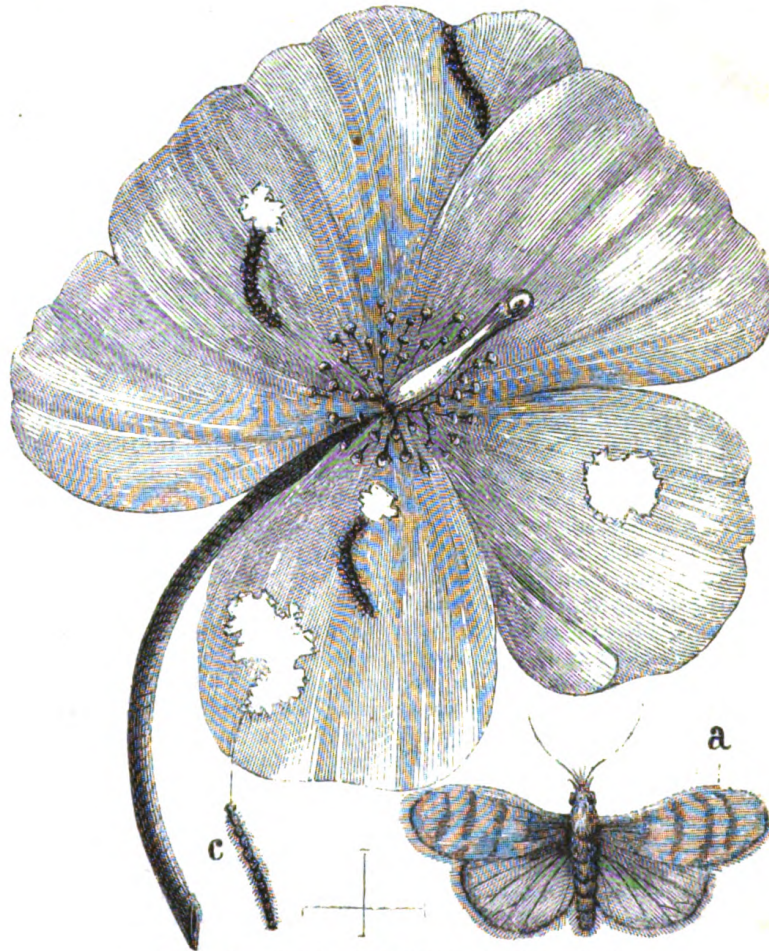


FIGURE 7.—*PHALÆNÆ GOSSYPIELLA*, COTTON-BUD MOTH.

a. Imago.—c. Larva.

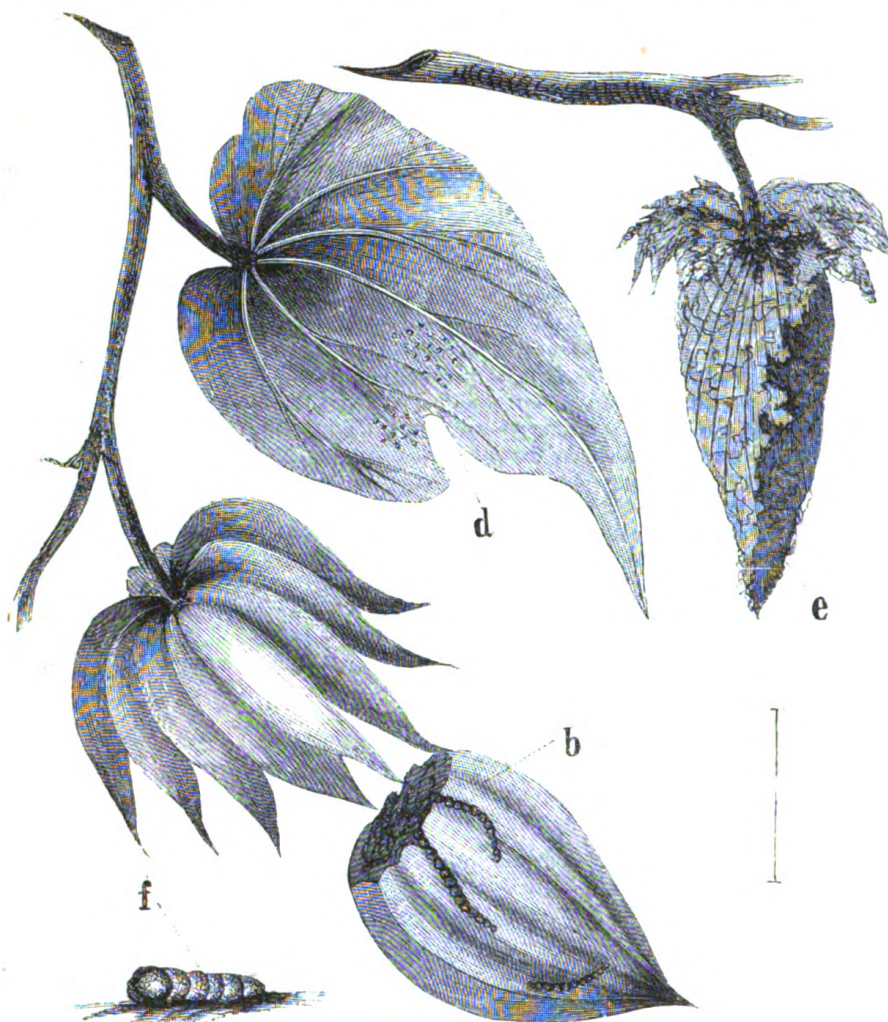


FIGURE 8.—COTTON-BUD MOTH.

b. Young Larvæ in a Bud.—d. Eggs on a Leaf.—e. Cocoon.—f. Chrysalis.

exposure, and hasten to revel upon the petals and leaves of the beautiful flowers. A few days of this work and then they travel away each to the smallest and most tender green leaves, which they fold around them with masterly expedition and taste, confining them with bands of silk. In this cradle the worm spins itself a fine silky envelope, and turns gradually into a small delicate pale brown chrysalis. Here it is rocked by the winds upon the withered stems until the flowers return with the spring. The worm, in its early stages, is of a pale sickly green with a brown head. As it grows older it becomes tawny red, with small rough spiracles, from each of which springs a bristle which is not perceptible without a magnifier. The body is about half an inch long.

The moth seldom flies during the heat of the day, but can often be found about lights at night. It is sometimes seen in very dry, long, warm summers, in the Middle and Eastern States, upon plants of the *Hibiscus* family.

Figures 9, 10 show you one of the cotton-leaf

devourers, the *Clostera Cothonisia*. It is a larger insect than the last two, the wings expanding an inch and sometimes more. The moth is of an amber color; the bands and lines on the upper wings are of a dark brown sprinkled all over with dark atoms. The under wings are brown near the body, shading lighter to the edges. The body is of a much darker brown; and on the thorax the scales are elevated until they form somewhat of a crest. The antennæ, in both sexes, are rather short, somewhat curved, with rows of hairs branching out. The moth deposits her eggs on the veins of the leaves. They are a dark brown with a bluish gray ring around each. The worm, when full grown, is more than an inch long. At first it is black, with white dots and lines upon the segments. It moults several times, and after the last change it shows two rows of yellow spots, and sometimes two bright yellow stripes, between two black bands running the entire length of the body. On the fourth segment it has a large black hump from which springs a tuft of hair. On the eleventh segment

there is a smaller hump with a similar tuft. These humps serve inexperienced eyes to distinguish these worms from the larvæ of two sawflies which feed in the same manner. When it has attained its growth it spins a yellowish silken web for a cocoon on the under side of the leaves; in which it changes into a small brown chrysalis. The web is so transparent that the worm can be seen distinctly through it; and I know no better opportunity a person can have to watch this marvelous metamorphose than with this little worm. It is an everyday occurrence, but not the less wonderful or suggestive.

The moth crawls from the broken sides of the chrysalis, and slowly makes its way to a twig or leaf, from which it will hang suspended by its claws several hours with its wings drooping and wet. As they dry in the warm air they are at intervals raised and expanded; at the same time, when each trial is made, there is discharged from

the abdomen a dull copperish red fluid which, later in the season, when the second brood comes forth, assists in ruining the planter's expectations by staining the cotton around where they may be suspended. You may conceive the amount of injury done some seasons when this pest is very numerous. Fortunately there intervene periods when they are comparatively few, being kept under by their natural enemies. Their place, however, is taken by the larvæ of sawflies, who devour the leaves, but without further annoyance. An ichneumon attending this moth is a very pretty bright violet-winged creature, and may often be seen in numbers resting in the flower-cups. They are well worth seeing, being exquisitely shaded in violet, gray, and black.

Figure 11 represents the *Egeria Carbasina*, a borer or pith moth. The name is obtained from *Carbasis*, the term used by the Latin authors for "cotton." This is the most serious

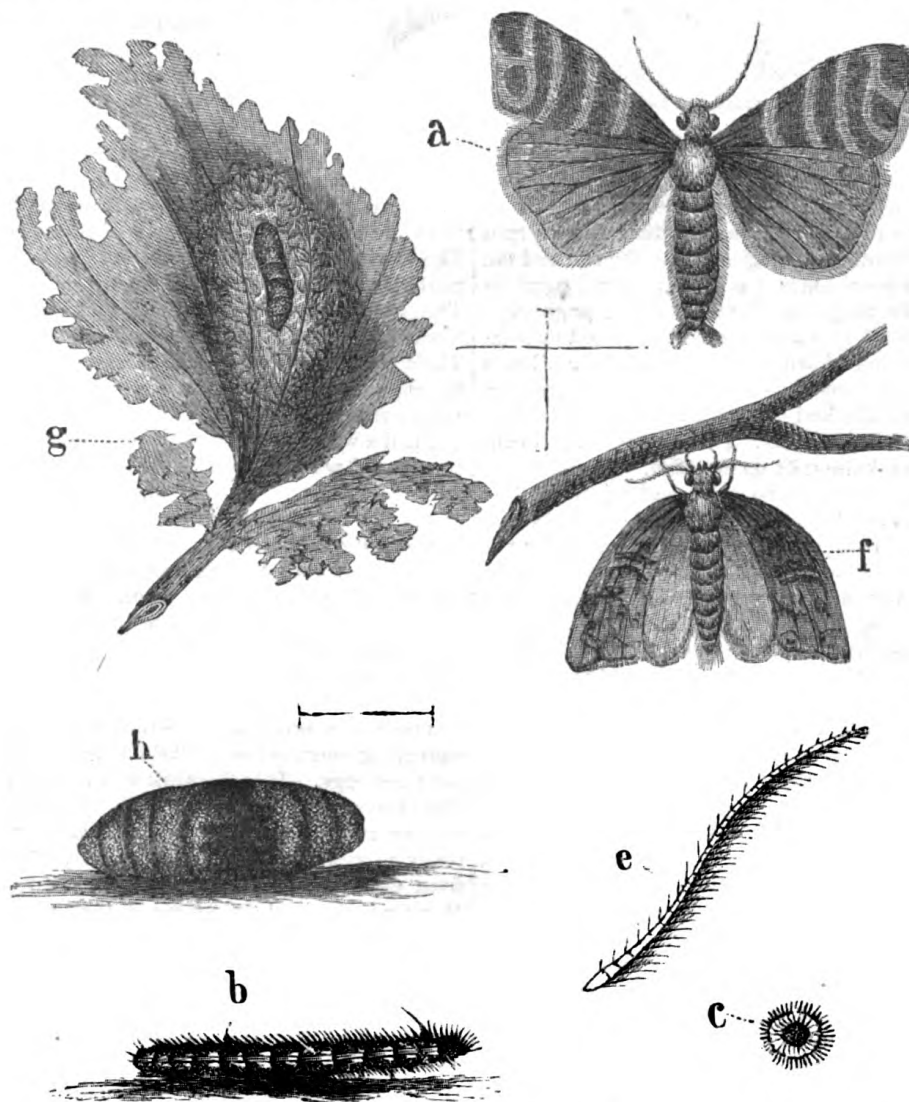
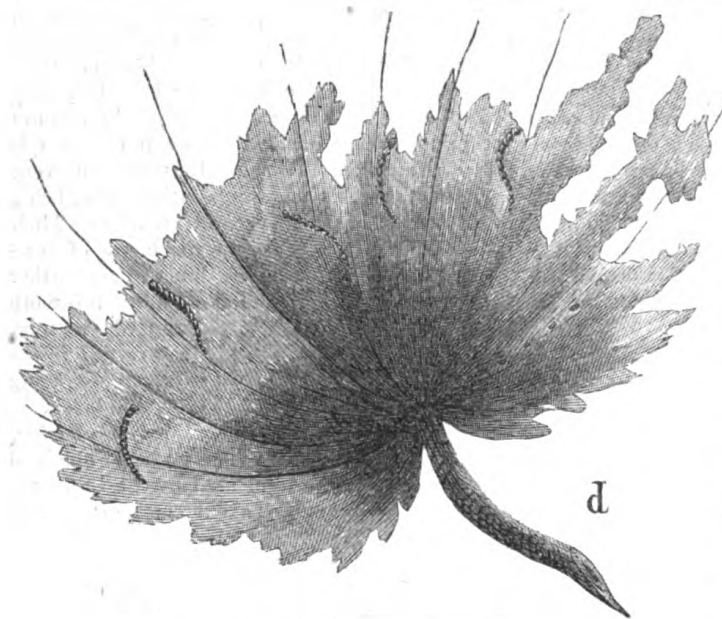


FIGURE 9.—*ROSTERA COTHONISIA*.

a. Imago.—b. Caterpillar.—c. Egg, highly magnified.—d. Antenna.—e. Moth suspended, drying itself.—f. Moth suspended, drying itself.—g. Cocoon, on a Leaf.—h. Chrysalis, after its exit.

VOL. XXI.—No. 121.—D

FIGURE 10.—*CLOSTERA COTHONISIA*.

d. Young Larvæ, feeding.

enemy of the cotton planter. His fields may look bright and charming; the shrubs stand up strong and healthy; the beautiful flowers turn their delicate and fragile lips to the sun and the dew for nourishment; and the rich and gorgeous leaves fan the young blooms into a higher growth: but, presto! as if some demon had passed through the air and blown his hot breath over all this beauty, a mysterious *blight* begins; decay soon pervades all; and the blackness of death is upon flower, form, and leaf. Pull up a stalk, and with your pen-knife split up the stem. There, nicely hid away, is the cause of this sad mystery. Not at all times, however, is "blight" caused by this insect. It may be caused by others, or by the state of the soil. But the pith-moth has other work to do, at a later period. A small rill runs meandering up the soft pith, at the end of which is a most fanciful piece of workmanship. Place this under the magnifier, and behold those nicely clipped fragments, joined together with such exquisite art, interwoven with threads of silk. In the interior is a small pale-brown chrysalis, from which, in time, will proceed the parent of all this insidious and blighting mischief.

The female moth is unlike, in shape, the usual members of this family, having long and narrow opaque upper wings and lower wings. There are two transparent spots in those of the male. Both are very small insects. The prevailing color of the upper wings of the female is a bluish black, sprinkled faintly with white, with dashes here and there of yellow spots over them. The under wings are black and white, with long yellow hairs near the body. The thorax and body are thickly covered with yellow scales, the tuft at the tail is yellow, and the under parts of both wings and body are bright yellow. I have had described to me several varieties of these borers,

belonging to the cotton plant, whose colors are very bright, with segments of orange-red on the abdomens, and tufting the heads and tails. The antennæ are incrassated externally; the tips have slightly recurved hooks, consisting of a few bristles. Those of the males are ciliated.

This moth is some seasons plentiful in Georgia, on plantations near the Savannah River. She places her eggs just where the leaf is connected with the trunk at the base of the middle vein. As soon as it hatches the worm begins working in, boring its way slowly and surely onward, eating, as it goes, the pith, which is the muscle, as it were, of the plant. When satisfied, it forms the pretty cocoon mentioned above.

The eggs are oval, yellow, with an indentation which has a bluish tinge. Sometimes the down from the mother insect conceals them entirely. The larva is naked, soft, and white; its head is yellowish at first, becoming darker with age. The jaws are strongly notched, forming equal teeth. The breathing pores are very distinct. Their cast skins are sometimes interwoven with the clippings to form the cocoon. They always ascend the stalk; and, singular enough, if every leaf had a worm to proceed upward from it their runs would never intersect. They never accommodate each other. It is wonderful the instinct shown by these little, insignificant creatures. But oh! the mischief they can do! That word "blight" has a most fearful and expansive meaning when it proceeds from them. Fortunately the egg is so much exposed, and its enemies are so numerous and active, it is rarely that it ruins a whole field. Some rows may be dreadfully infected while others are scarcely touched.

There is a small weevil which can be often seen going over the leaves like a hound, scenting out these eggs. It is the work of an instant for this little glutton to empty a shell. The planter is under great obligations to it. The moth, when ready to come forth a perfect insect, emerges from the same hole it entered when a worm. Many remain over the winter in their cocoons, particularly if much rain falls.

Figures 12, 13 represent a cut-worm, the *Agrotis Xylina*. It is an insidious and most destructive little creature. It is quite clear that this moth finds access to the seed and deposits her eggs on it. The small root and the worm make their appearance simultaneously. I have watched the growth repeatedly, with the same result. Now mark the wonderful instinct of this creature: if it should cut the root off entirely when it first

begins to feed, there would not be nourishment enough for it until it had attained its designed growth. Therefore it eats only outside of the root and stem, and the small fibres growing around it. Meantime the leaves of the plant above ground turn yellow, sickly, and faded. The plant struggles on, however, and the worm continues to penetrate deeper into the seed. The tap-root remaining untouched, the plant manages to survive, and the planter wonders what can make his crop appear so sickly and indifferent.

At length, the worm being satisfied, it crawls off some inches, and commences a pretty little pupa-case of grains of sand, confined with silk, and nicely lined with the same, and turns into

a pretty brown chrysalis. At this stage, should fine showers fortunately prevail, the plants will gather strength and revive. Now here is often the mistake. The planter's hopes revive with his freshening plants, and he allows to slip away that precious time which, if he knew the cause of the deterioration of his crop, he would seize to remedy the evil. Plants surviving such attacks never succeed in producing any thing but fibre and leaf. Probably a whole field would not yield ten bushels of cotton. Had he ascertained the cause sufficiently early he might have replanted and secured a good crop, as far as this worm is concerned, for it will not reappear until the same period the next season.

Other larvæ of moths and other insects de-

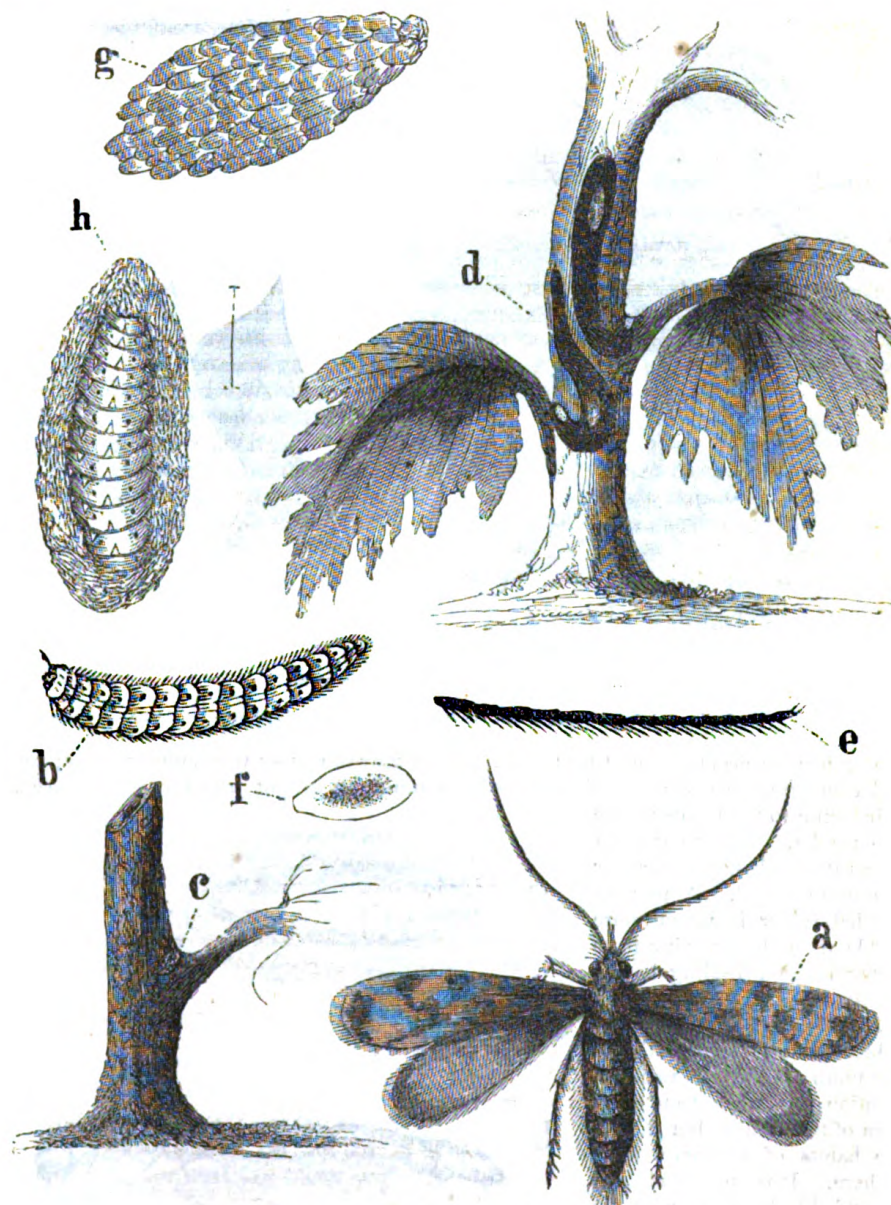
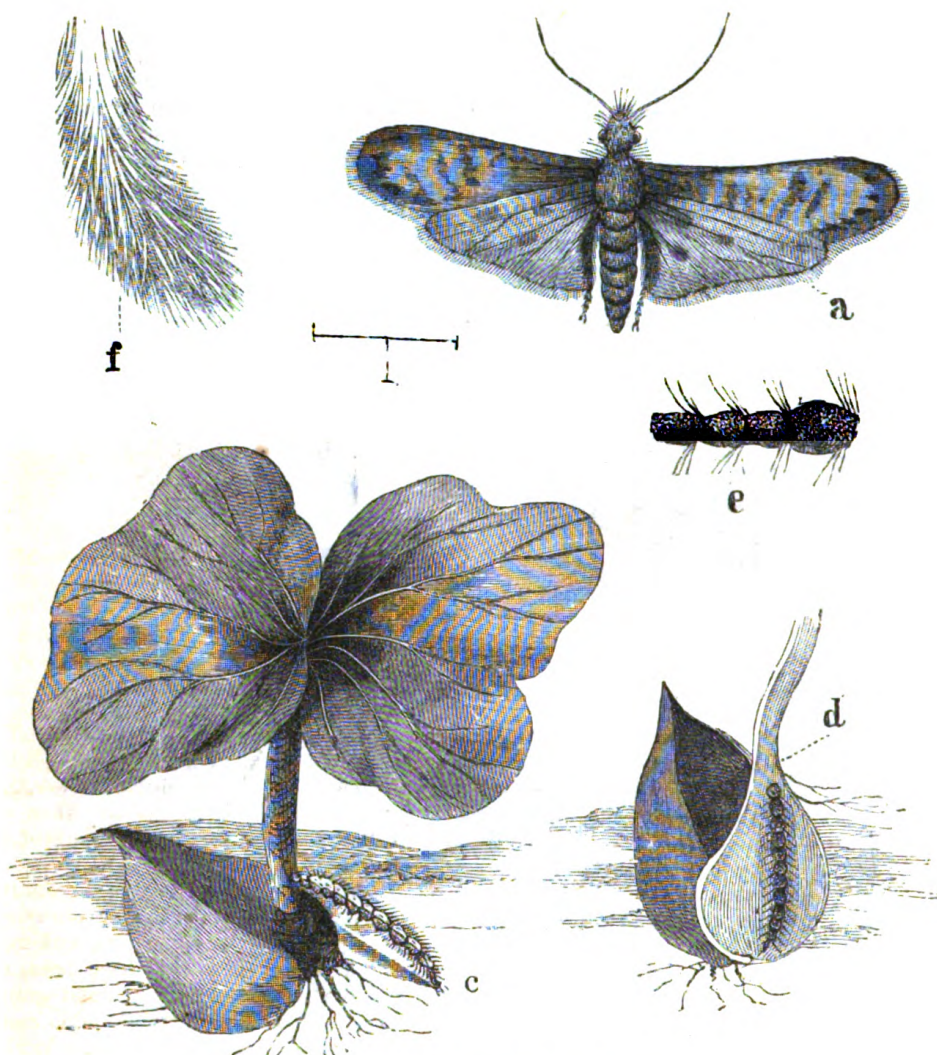


FIGURE 11.—*EGERIA CARBASINA*.—BORER, OR PITH MOTIL.

a. Imago.—b. Caterpillar, or Borer.—c. Egg.—d. Runs in the Stalk and Cocoons.—e. Antenna.—f. Egg, magnified.—g. Pupa-Case.—h. Chrysalis, inside.

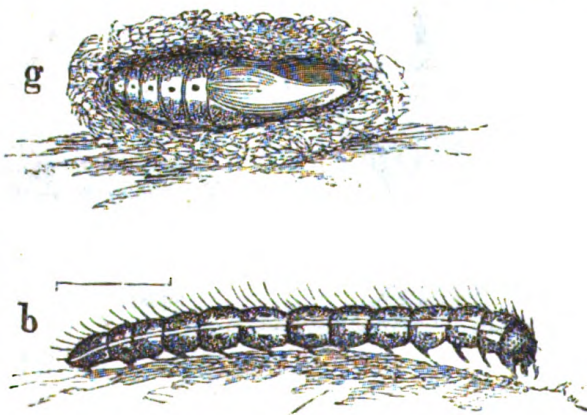
FIGURE 12.—*AGROTIS XYLINA*.—CUT-WORM.

a. Imago.—e. Worm feeding.—d. Worm nearly grown, showing state of fed and Tap-Root.—e. Antennæ.—f. Palpus.

stroy the crop more decidedly, cutting the stem clean off, compelling the planting of fresh seed, thereby insuring to the planter more favorable results. And so it is in this case as it usually happens, as far as men are concerned. A positive and decided injury is much more supportable than the creeping fears of an apprehension leading to the same results.

The *Agrotis* moth is strictly nocturnal, belonging to the *Agrotididæ* or *Owlet* moth family. It varies in the formation of its wings from other subgenera of this family, but the destructive habits of its larvæ must place it here. It is an insignificant grayish and black moth, with no very distinctive marks on the upper wings. The under wings are delicately shaded in white and gray, but

they always appear very much rubbed; and out of hundreds caught round a light I have never

FIGURE 13.—*AGROTIS XYLINA*.

b. Larva, or Worm, magnified.—g. Pupa-case and Chrysalis.

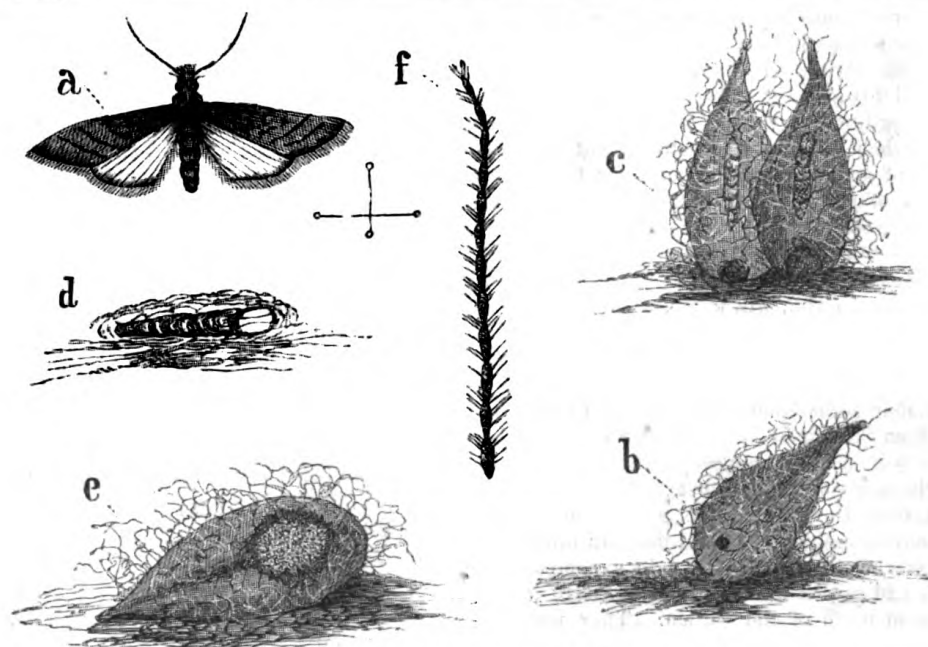


FIGURE 14.—TINEÆ SATA—SEED-MOTH.

a. Imago.—b. Entrance Hole.—c. Larva in the Seed.—d. Chrysalis.—e. Hole of Egress.—f. Antenna.

seen them otherwise. The antennæ are filiform, the palpi are heavily scaled, and on the under side they have long white hairs, protruding sometimes very thickly, then, again, only one or two. The worm is a dull brown when full grown, with a red head, several black dots on it, several black lines running longitudinally, if it is healthy and strong; otherwise there are no distinctive marks, except the breathing pores, which are in some specimens very distinct. I have been told that, at the West, this worm is found very destructive to the young corn. The pupa-cases sent me have never matured; and not being able to obtain the perfect insect I could not ascertain this fact. Last season the chrysalis certainly corresponded with that of this *Agrotis Xylina*.

At Figure 14 you have a small moth, the *Tineæ Sata*. The upper wings are of a dark olive green, sprinkled with white, and flecked here and there with black dots; the under wings light, with a shade of dull green; antennæ filiform. She deposits her eggs among the cottony fibres of the seed. The worm bores in as soon as it has hatched, and feeds on the interior of the seed. When this is consumed it weaves itself a cocoon of silk, occupying nearly the whole of the seed, and is transformed in time into a pretty dark-brown chrysalis. Before doing this, however, it takes the precaution to gnaw the hole through which it entered the seed larger, so as to allow an easy egress, weaving over it a fine gauze curtain. There are few things in nature prettier than this little chamber with its pure white upholstery. Its silvery sheen, doubtless caused by its food, is peculiarly dazzling. The little worm I have never seen. It has caused me much labor to obtain a sight, and

almost exhausted patience inexhaustible. You may examine a hundred seeds under the best magnifier and you can not discover the egg, it is so well concealed. Consequently, when you discover that the seed has been perforated the worm has become a chrysalis. You may see them in countless numbers hovering in the twilight over waste seed and in the gin-house. If the seed is scarce and doubtful, soaking it will soon discover where they have been, the light grains floating, while the sound grains, after a while, sink. There are two other moths I have found at times in the same locality among seeds—one a very delicate brown, and the second a pale green; but I was prevented from following them through their metamorphoses, and can not, therefore, determine their missions.

Now the question arises, Are there no remedies—no counteracting force by which we can circumvent, if we can not overcome, these destroyers? You must not permit your fields to remain, until required again for planting, covered with the withered stalks and leaves, as the pickers left them, then running the plow over and casting in new seed, leaving your enemies to take their time to come forth from the decaying vegetation in the runs between the rows, beside the fences, and from among heaps in corners. You can perceive the moths I have here presented for your consideration are to be found on and near the plant. Then, if the withered stalks and leaves are removed, it stands to reason you lessen the host most materially.

The cotton plant exhausts the soil most completely wherever it grows, consequently it must contain fine qualities to return to the earth when made into manure. This is easily done by gath-

ering them into heaps and covering them with lime or wood-ashes—a commodity never missing on a plantation, and as valuable to the planter as gold dust, if he would but think so and try it. There will come a day, and not very distant now, when the stalks of cotton plants will become of great commercial value for the manufacture of paper. Its fine fibrous tissues must, in course of time, render it a valuable substitute; but in the mean time to make them into manure, and thus destroy an incredible number of insects obnoxious to you, will increase your crops ten-fold.

Let me tell you of an experiment I once tried, though on a very small scale I must admit. I took four seeds from a pod of Sea Island cotton from St. Simon's—none better in the world. They were planted subject to the same atmospheric influences. The first seed was buried in mud from the marsh; the second in manure made from cotton-stalks laid down in lime from the previous year; the third in a compost of ashes and garden mould; and the fourth in the common earth of the garden. They were attended and watered at the same time and in the same quantity. The tallest shrub—nearly three feet high—was the fourth; the second—the shortest—a foot and a half high. The first bore twenty-seven *full* and handsome pods, the second thirty-one, the third fifteen, and the fourth six. The longest and finest staple belonged to the first; the shortest and most inferior was that of the last. On this the boll worm—the *Gossypion*—made its appearance quite late, while the others remained untouched. Here she found the juices of the plant uninterfered with by any foreign ingredients, suiting her taste with her native food.

The suggestion offered here is, whether extraneous juices, being thrown into the plant from foreign ingredients, will not give it qualities so highly disagreeable to the insects that instinct will teach them to look out for a substitute more agreeable to feed upon. Of this there is no doubt, that by manuring very highly you will improve the plant, and in time render it obnoxious to many, if not all, that beset it.

The succeeding year I planted some of the seed from the year previous in a manure of wood-ashes and lime, watering the plants with soap-suds. At the appointed time I placed upon these plants a number of caterpillars of different insects (belonging to the cotton), raised for the purpose to different stages of growth, when they could do the most injury. Among the number were each of the boll worms here represented. Not one went through its usual transformations. They fed as usual, but soon became sickly. They all died before arriving at maturity except a hardy little leaf-eater, rightly belonging to the *Hibiscus* family. My crop of a score of bolls was superb in quality if not great in quantity.

Again, I wish planters could be convinced that to the earth we must look for most of these evils. For one insect undergoing its transformations above ground there are a hundred buried

under it. Thus they would see how necessary it is to eradicate these evils. They must commence by throwing up the earth around tree and shrub, exposing it to the action of intervening forces always at work. These pupa-cases are the natural food of the wild hog. They never are buried too deep for his experience. How much good every planter would derive from confining his herd within his cotton-field would soon be seen by making the trial.

These suggestions arise more from the experience of the naturalist than from that of the planter, and if there is any presumption in them

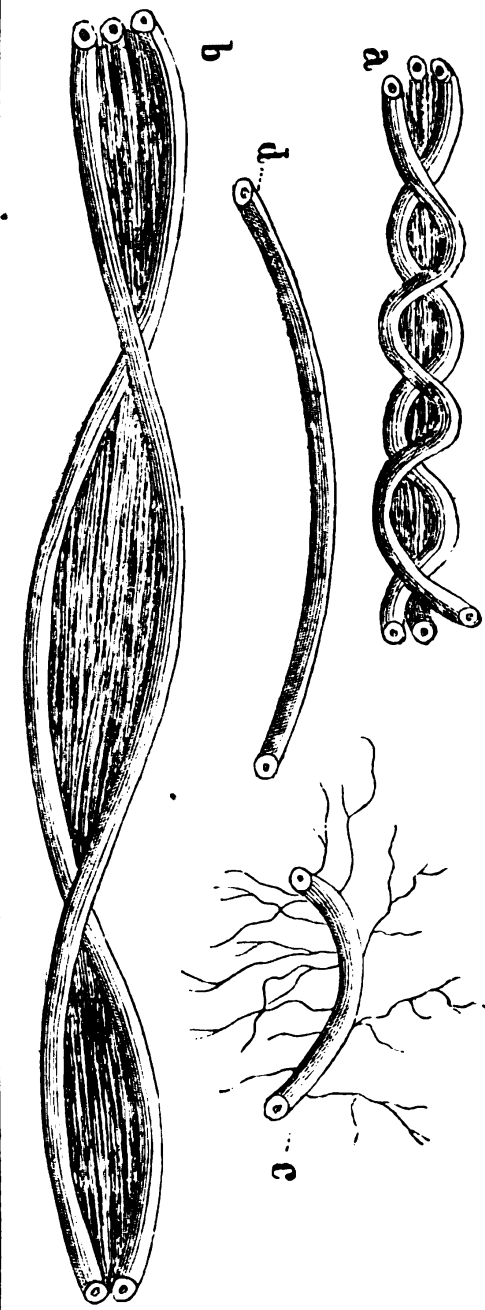


FIGURE 15.—COTTON FIBRES.

a. Short Staple.—b. Long Staple.—c. Fibre of Short Staple.—d. Fibre of Long Staple.

the intention must plead as an excuse. It is well worth the trouble to convince one's self of the host of insects the planter has to contend against. Go forth on a warm night in July or August, between the hours of eight and twelve; take a bright lantern; spread down on the border of your cotton-field a sheet; place thereon the lantern, and a plate filled with water, and at intervals drop in a little ammonia or ether—the basis of many of Nature's most delightful perfumes—and then watch and receive your guests. See the beautiful and destructive things which will soon visit you; then take courage, and think what might happen if a restraining Power was not always active. I invited a planting friend to join me once in such a revel. He soon fled in fright to the house, declaring he would never grumble again, even at the loss of a third of his crop. In this is wisdom: "for even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress," even so must we wait upon the Lord our God, and He will show us his mercies at all times.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

I.

AMBER BELL lived with her uncle. I find that in novels it is very much the custom for young ladies to live with their uncles. Yet Amber Bell was original in this one respect, namely, that her uncle was Captain Golorum Grimm, late of U.S.N.; that is, not lately at all, but a good while ago, before he had thrown up his commission and retired to his own private competency. Original was Amber Bell, because no other young lady ever lived with Captain Golorum Grimm. I might pursue the verb and say—might, could, would, or should live with Captain Golorum Grimm.

For usually these uncles, and especially these Captain uncles, are the most delicious bits of old-boyhood that were ever sketched into the landscape of Human Romance. They are always awasting somebody, or shivering their own timbers, or haul-taut-and-belay-there-ing something; and in the evening they sit drinking punch made from arrack brought home on the last cruise of their own *Jolly Polly*, an unlimited amount of which never makes them drunk, but only more felicitous in the spinning of admirable Sindbad yarns and the bestowing of an uncounted and unaccountable number of ducats out of a private bottomless salt-bag on dowerless maidens, with a lover who turns up just at the right time and gets slapped on the back with a "Lash fast, my hearty, and old Jack 'ill stand by you till he's scuttled!"

I am sorry to say that all this is a description of what Captain Golorum Grimm was not. He was a very handsome man, but far from a jolly one. His hair was jet black, his face was dark, sallow, Roman in its features; to the first Time had not come with any grandfatherly grizzle,

nor to the last with any jovial mellowness. His eyes were so black that when he looked down, in shadow, there seemed to be no eyes there; when he looked up, if it were at you, and you were doubtful whether your last sentence was acceptable, you wished he would look down again, for you felt *bored*, though not in the vulgar signification of the term. I have understood that his reefers would tumble up with the greatest alacrity to the main-top-gallant mast-head the blackest night that ever saw a beams-end gale blowing, rather than have Captain Golorum Grimm look at them a second time. The Captain was a man of few words, and those few he spoke in a tone and manner which would have sustained the interest to the end of the fifth act in the stupider tragedy that was ever written by—well, no matter, there are a number of people who write that variety. When Amber Bell asked him what he would have for dinner, the simple, quadrilateral "Beef" was answered in such a style as to be memorable; and his request for less sugar in his tea would linger in the minds of hearers by the side of "Oh that Blucher or night would come!"

It was not dyspepsia. It was not obstruction of the liver. It was not inherited from a dark baronial ancestry. It was not constitutional with him. It had not been so always.

For when, far away in Lisbon, where she had gone for a recovery which still fled before her to sunnier skies, and, at last, up to the sunniest of all, his sister and Amber Bell's mother lay dying, she called the little girl, then eleven years old, to her bedside and said:

"Amber, in a few days your mamma will leave you, and go alone to a country where she will be quite well, and will not cough or have this hard pain of the head, that you feel so sorry for, any more. Oh how she wishes she could take you with her! By-and-by you *will* be with her—very soon, but not quite yet; and till then you will go and live with your mamma's brother—your uncle, Golorum Grimm. Don't cry, dear; he will take good care of you—"

But the little girl did cry, and clung around her poor sick mother's neck as if she would never let her go. So her mother called the Portuguese maid who waited on her, and bade her bring from the corner of one of the bureau drawers a large locket of bright red Guinea gold. The maid did as she was bidden, and when the mother had it in her hand she said to little Amber:

"Look, dear; here is a picture of your uncle, that was painted when I was just as old as you are now, and he was fifteen—in the days when he used to harness our old Carlo to my little wagon and draw me to school—see, Amber!"

The little girl's curiosity was excited; she stopped crying, and still keeping one hand about her mother's neck, with the other she took the locket, and there she saw a very beautiful boy, with rich dark-brown hair waving almost down to his shoulders—as was the cut for boys' hair then, a ruddy brown complexion, clear, loving

eyes of the deepest hazel, and such a gentle, almost woman-like expression about the shapely, half-opened mouth that Amber kissed it instinctively, and patting its cheek, said, "Pretty, pretty Uncle Golorum!"

"It is a good many years since I have seen him, and he may have changed a little since that picture was painted; but he always was a dear, dear brother to me, as kind and gentle as a sister, and he will love my little Amber very much, and be very good to her. And Amber must love him too."

"Yes, yes—I will love my pretty little Uncle Golorum," said the child, still patting the ivory cheeks of the portrait.

"And my Amber must be very kind to him, for he has had a great deal of sorrow; he has not been happy in the world, and perhaps very seldom laughs and looks as light-hearted now as he does in that picture. Can you keep a secret, Amber?"

"Yes, mamma, *always*," said the child, earnestly.

"Now remember, darling, you will not tell it to any body, not even let your uncle know that you know it, but only think of it once in a while to make you kinder to him than ever. It's an old story for such a young heart as Amber's; but I guess I can make my little daughter understand it. There was once a young lady, who lived far across the big blue sea, in the same city where your grandpapa's house was—Baltimore, where there are a great many very pretty girls; but this one was the prettiest—at least your dear Uncle Golorum thought so—and he wanted her to be his wife, and go and live with him where they would both be very happy together, for ever and ever."

"What was the name of the pretty girl, mamma?"

"Do you want to know very much, and will you never, never tell?"

"Very much indeed, dear mamma—oh, I'll never tell—never!"

"Her name was Flora Balcom. She had one of the sweetest faces I ever saw in my life—a face that looked as if it would never grow old. Her eyes were as blue as yours, and her hair was nut-brown and wavy. Very well, as I said, your uncle loved her dearly, and she loved him. But while he was gone away—on his ship, where he was a young officer—a very rich man, old enough to be Flora's father, came and asked her papa—who, I'm afraid, was not a very good man, but perhaps a very silly one—if he might have Flora; and her papa said, 'Yes, to be sure, she shall marry you immediately.' So he took Flora alone one night, and nearly frightened her to death, telling her that if she didn't marry Mr. Rinkleby she should never be his daughter any more, but he would put her right out of his house into the street, and let her go where she could, with nothing but the clothes she had on. The poor girl was only sixteen years old, and didn't know that her father wouldn't dare to do what he said, and would be very severely punished if

he tried it; so the end of it all was, that by ten o'clock of the next day she was the wife of Mr. Rinkleby—almost before she could draw her breath or understand what an awful thing had happened."

"Oh the wicked, wicked men! I shouldn't think God would let them do it!"

"God lets a great many dreadful things happen in this world, dear, because it is a very short world; and, though it seems long to us, passes away before His wise eyes like a dream, and melts into the other life, where all wrong things are set right in a moment, and the good are happy, and the loved and the loving are given to each other, so that Rinklebys can not separate them. And in that world we will see plainly why all the hard things which the dear, loving God would have made easy for us if he could, had to be, and in the long-run were better for being. But to go on with the story. Your uncle came home, found that Flora had been carried away many, many hundred miles into a country called Louisiana, where she was Rinkleby's wife. I do not dare to tell you how he felt, or how we all felt and feared for him, nor what he thought at first of doing to punish the people who had been so wicked to him and Flora. But at last—after he had passed through a dreadful time of sickness and pain of head and heart—he seemed to gain strength: he got stronger than we had ever known him before, and never seemed tired nor unable to do any thing he put his hand to. Yet he seldom spoke a word, except when we spoke first, and then he answered very kindly. In about a month after he rose from his sick-bed he sailed away again on his ship, on his twenty-third birthday, and I have never seen him since. But he became a great man and a Captain. That strength we saw him getting at home increased more and more, and every body bowed before it. So he rose, and rose, till he became as high an officer as he is now. That is all the story. Now, will my Amber be very, very kind to her uncle?"

"*Poor, poor* little pretty Uncle Golorum," said the child, crying on the face of the portrait, and then kissing the tears away from it. "I will be very kind to you, *poor* little pretty Uncle Golorum!"

"I mustn't talk to my dear Amber much more this afternoon, for I feel very weak, and it will hurt me; but I want to tell her just one thing more. She will grow up, I hope, and become a lovely, good young lady. Her mother will not be by her side, where Amber can see her then; but I think the Lord will let her see her daughter, and be happy in knowing how good and lovely she is, and perhaps whisper a few words in her ear, so softly that Amber will think it is her own heart speaking. And this will be what Amber's mamma will say to her—it's what she says to her now. If any man asks you to marry him, when you have grown up, and feel able to be a wife, unless you love him so dearly, my Amber, that you could go to the loneliest place in the world and live with him alone—un-

less you could die with him rather than live without him—unless you feel toward him so that the thought of being any body else's wife is a bitter pain in the very heart of your heart—say 'No!' Amber—say 'No!' my darling, though the dearest friend, or the strongest, cruelest, wickedest man in the world tried to make you say 'Yes.' For if you did say 'Yes,' my Amber, you will be grieving God, and the good angels, and the mother who will be looking down on you, so that they could weep even in heaven. You are a little girl now, my Amber, but always lay up these words of your mamma's in your heart as long as you live. There is no greater sin than to marry any one whom you do not love, as I have been telling you.

"And if any man who loves you in that way, and who proves it by being good, and manly, and unselfish for your sake and his own, and whom my Amber loves in that way too, comes to you, when you are grown, and asks you to marry him, say 'Yes!' my darling, darling child, and keep your word, though every human being try to stop you. Marry him, dear Amber, though every body else should give you up and forget you. Marry him, if he has only just enough money to keep you and him from being cold and hungry. You will be happy if you do; God will love you; and in heaven your mamma will sing for joy.

"Do not feel sorry because I go away from you for a little while, dearest daughter. I loved your dear papa just as I have told you to love, and he loved me so too. And now I am going to be with him forever—only think, Amber dear, forever—in a home where the sky is sunnier, and the fruits are more golden, and every thing is more beautiful a hundred times than even this beautiful Lisbon. And in that home your papa and I, with dear little brother Willie, will be waiting for you, keeping a place for you with us, and for any body whom you love. Remember what I say, darling, and you will surely come to us, for all who love each other are together there.

"Now take this locket, darling, and put the chain around your neck, and always look at it, and think of the secret I have told you whenever you want to be very kind to your poor uncle."

So the mother put the locket into little Amber's bosom, and gave her a letter which she was to hand to the Captain when he came to take her home with him. That letter commended the little child to his tenderest care, and confided to him all the property in trust for her which should be left behind when she herself died.

II.

Mrs. Bell never saw her brother again. In a few days after her conversation with Amber she went home to her husband, and the weary, worn-out lodging in which she had been kept away from him for her child's sake for eight years fell to the earth again, and blue forget-me-nots, set by little orphan hands, watered by orphan

baby tears, grew up over the ruins in the foreign burying-ground of sunny Lisbon.

A month after that the sloop of war *Siren* touched at Lisbon, and little Amber was brought on board. The Captain had business with the consul, and could stay in port only long enough to take in fruit and water, as he had just been ordered home; so that he was obliged to send up to San Joas, the country seat, just out of the city, where Amber and her mamma had been living, by the son of a brother captain of his—a young fellow of seventeen who had been wintering at Rome, taking painting lessons, and whom he was bringing home as a favor to the father.

James Lyon was a handsome youth, full of that fine, manly enthusiasm of feeling and manner which ought always to belong to the young man who has consecrated himself to a noble art for pure love of it, and in the painter's blouse, with its open, falling collar, which he still wore though on shipboard, and with his long chestnut locks streaming carelessly almost to his broad, manly shoulders, he appeared to the utmost advantage. He found little Amber walking on one of the bright, rosy terraces of the villa garden, accompanied by the Portuguese girl who had been her mother's maid, and talking, in a quiet, low voice that sorrow and her natural gentleness made more musically pensive than that of most children of eleven years, about some subject which he instinctively felt must be very precious near to her heart; for among the many words of the tongue which he did not understand he still distinguished, as he drew nearer, that oft-recurring word, so tenderly the same in all languages, the childhood name for mother. "Mamma—dear mamma," the little girl said frequently. James Lyon approached the two with a gentle step, so as not to startle them, and said, in the kindest of tones,

"Is this little Amber Bell?"

The little girl looked up into his face for a moment with a frank, pleased surprise, studied him wistfully, and then drawing out the locket from her bosom, consulted it without answering. And then she leaped up toward him, and as he stooped to catch her in his arms, threw her own soft, small white ones around his neck, bursting into tears, crying,

"My sweet, pretty, poor little Uncle Golorum!"

He kissed her most fondly, feeling his heart go out toward her in her loneliness in such measure that it seemed to wrap her like a warm, bright cloud. And though he could only half understand as yet why she had mistaken him for her uncle, he let her weep in his bosom, not asking any questions, nor trying to set her right.

"That is right, darling little Amber; tears will do you good. Put your arms around my neck and cry, for I love you very much."

"And I love you, too; and I will be very, very kind to you—just as—dear—mamma—told me to," sobbed the child, clinging closer.

James sat down on the terrace, holding Amber in his lap, while the Portuguese maid gath-

ered up the flowers and the playthings that the child had brought out with her in the small mantle she had been carrying for her—understanding from the few words of recognition she had heard that every thing must now be got together for her little charge's departure. And it did justice to the hearts of every body concerned that she as well as James wept with Amber.

At last Amber looked up again and smiled.

"Do you want to know how I told you, Uncle Golorum? I had your picture—and you've hardly changed at all!"

So saying she drew the locket again from her bosom, and put it in his hand. He regarded it earnestly, turned it over, and read, scratched on the copper guard of the back, "Golorum Grimm, *Ætat* 15. Christmas Gift to Sister Lily."

"Is it possible," thought the youth, "that *he* ever looked like this?"

It was with great difficulty that Amber could be persuaded that James was not her Uncle Golorum. She was not one of those unhappy children world-sharpened before their time and always suspicious of evil; but as she went down to the port on donkey-back on a pillion in front of James (her little goods and chattels following them, slung to a brother of their animal) she could not help wondering whether her guardian were not playing off some trick on her, but rather of the nature of a pleasant surprise. Every now and then she looked wistfully at him, and as he returned her gaze with one of the tenderest protection and admiration, she became more and more puzzled to know why this was not, if indeed it *was not*, her pretty, dear, poor Uncle Golorum, to whom she was to be kind, very kind, for ever and ever.

But when at last they had pressed through the chattering, brown, half-naked water-carriers, and the mules heavy with panniers of figs and grapes and olives, whose strange swart drivers wore all sorts of gay handkerchiefs on their sleek black heads; when at last they had climbed up the accommodation ladder, and stood on the quarter-deck, little Amber's dream was suddenly and not at all pleasantly dispelled. For when her young guide had led her to a tall, stern man, who conveyed the impression of being darker than the darkest of the surrounding Portuguese, and cast such a sense of shadow all about him on the sunshiny deck that he was quite like a mysterious umbrella, James took off his cap with a low bow, and said, gently:

"Captain Grimm, I have obeyed your orders: dear little Amber, *this* is your Uncle Golorum, who sent me to bring you to him, and who will love you very much."

Captain Golorum Grimm cast a dark glance, though not perhaps an intentionally unkind one, at the youth, as much as to say that, for a boy of his years, he was making quite an audacious contract for his superior, considering the fact that that magnate was there to speak for himself. But he took little Amber up into his arms and kissed her on the forehead, to the so great astonishment of a loblolly boy waiting for orders

relative to a pair of boots, and who, in common with all mankind, had not been privy in the course of his previous life to such an act of demonstrative condescension, that that unfortunate lad was detected in staring and ordered to the mast-head till the *Siren* should up anchor. As he went away in extreme agony of mind, revolving the chances of being caught again and catching something worse if he should jump over the quarter instead of up to the mast-head, little Amber burst out anew, crying bitterly, and sobbing brokenly, "Are—you—really—my pretty—U-u-unc-le Golorum?" "Yes, Amber," was the reply of the Captain, "I am your uncle, and if you won't cry you shall be taken very good care of." Not entirely satisfied with accepting protection on such conditions, the little girl choked her heart down, and signifying unmistakably her preference to being set on her feet, ran away to James Lyon and hid her face in a fold of his blouse. The Captain's face grew darker. "Lyon!" said he, "take the child below; she must sleep: you will find my cabin open for her."

The two disappeared, and, as if no new responsibility—such as a dead only sister's little orphan—had just been laid on his shoulders, Captain Golorum Grimm proceeded sternly with the superintendence of his other fresh supplies.

Early next morning the *Siren* weighed anchor and stood out to sea, wind southeast by south, every stitch set, clear to main-sky-sails, and homeward-bound. When Amber came on deck the blue line of the *Estremadura* was melting into the sea, over the starboard quarter, and in another strange sea that rolled around her childish heart, a dear grave, blossoming with forget-me-nots and memories, seemed hopelessly sinking, sinking, sinking out of sight forever. She gave way to her grief in transports of tears. The Captain was too busy to dry them, but his stern kindness left nothing unattended to in the way of preparations for sea-sickness, camp-stools, picture-books, and a variety of other things which she did not want. James Lyon was her only spar in all that tossing, bewildering ocean to which she clung, and as ever and anon the Captain passed by him, holding her on his lap, pointing toward the dear land that was fading, and whispering gentle words of consolation to the poor little girl, till she seemed to hear her dear mamma speaking through him, or half fancied that the Golorum Grimm, *ætat* 15, whom she had hoped for, had stepped out of his picture to kiss her tears away—the actual Captain Golorum, *ætat* 39, felt his own black eyes grow blacker—and was unable to suppress an unconscious dog-in-the-manger feeling toward the young artist, knowing as he did in his silent soul that, whatever love he might have for his sister's orphan was not realized, accepted by its object, nor capable of accomplishing, in the least degree, the good which a young stripling acquaintance of twenty-four hours was doing gradually but effectually for his own sorrowful flesh and blood. And it would go hard with Captain Golorum Grimm, if, within the space of a few hours more, he did

not contract an absolute dislike—yes, even hatred—for that baby-faced rival of him, the unopposed ship-master, and man-master of so many years!

The voyage was a short one—the *Siren* reported herself at Brooklyn Yard in about thirty days from Lisbon; and hardly had the immediate responsibility of sailing the ship fallen from the Captain's shoulders before his crew were gladdened by the intelligence that his resignation had been sent in and accepted by the Secretary of the Navy. Not that the Captain had been a cruel officer, nor a martinet, nor one who exacted excessive labor from his men, but, as the blue-shirted wits of the fore-castle used to whisper to each other over their grog, it was like having a bottled-up Typhoon on board to sail under Captain Golorum Grimm. There was a suspicion of black weather in every latitude through which he steered; he threw a chill on the summer days of Rio, and had a possibility in him of breezing up and blowing the canvas to ribbons in the quiet of the Doldrums.

He went silently—his going, as Apollo's, was *like*, as well as *by* night—and in the morning nobody knew where he was, save the Secretary, the Head of the yard, and James Lyon. There was this difference, however, between those participants of the confidence: the two former did not care to know where he was—the latter was very anxious to know. To little Amber alone he owed his information. She could not be persuaded to leave the ship till she had sought him out, and, weeping on his neck, begged him to come to Baltimore, where her uncle and she were going to live on her grandpapa's place—the old Grimm homestead. And when a black look of Uncle Golorum's unclasped the tiny hands that held him—melting them off like a lightning bolt, whose thundery feet were padded and made no noise—the little heart was like to break, and only held itself together by the band of James Lyon's promise:

"Yes, dear little darling Amber, I will see you again if we both live, you may be very sure."

In the invitation Uncle Golorum gave no sign of acquiescence—in the promise he felt no joy, and showed none. He deigned only a cold, black bow to Lyon—like a tall storm-cloud nodding over a main-truck—and then passed away, with little Amber wrapped in his boat-cloak, leaving a great deal of unobstructed sunshine to the majority of his shipmates, carrying off a still large quantity from a minority of one.

III.

And thus I am brought back to the beginning of my story. Little Amber lived with her uncle at Milletonerre Cottage, the old Grimm homestead, a mile out of Baltimore, up the Patapsco, until she was *little* Amber no more, but a marvelously pretty young woman of sixteen. Her eyes grew bluer and bluer every day, as if they would never stop drinking in that beautiful Maryland heaven that looked into them—her face assumed a more regular oval and clearer tints of

living white and rose, with every change from snow to flowers that her life passed through. But if Amber Bell could possibly have had any thing to blush at, she would have blushed unseen, for she *did* waste her sweetness on the desert air. Yet, perhaps, not *wasted*; for I have my theory that sweetness can not be wasted any where, but even where there are no visible eyes to see it, it gives a greater beauty to the dumb thankful vines it trains, and mignonnettes it sows, and there are viewless shapes of loveliness in the air about it whom it makes glad ceaselessly—little brothers, fathers, mothers, good angels, keeping poise on noiseless wings, and singing in delicate, unheard harmonies, "How good and beautiful hath God made our dear!" Other sympathizing, admiring beholders Amber Bell had not, for Milletonerre Cottage was like a cage into which the free birds outside never try to come. A few black servants, who did Uncle Golorum's work—the butcher, who came daily, dumped his meat at the kitchen-door, and then went off in a flash as if glad that he had got away with his ears—the annual stealthy tax-collector, and some semi-occasional unfortunate peddler, who could not have known the repellant principle of the premises till he learned it by being ordered to tramp, bag and baggage; these were all who ever shared the occupation of the grounds at Milletonerre with Amber Bell and Uncle Golorum. The gentlemen whose places joined the Grimm homestead knew the ex-Captain for a man whom early trouble of some indefinite kind had turned into a misanthropic recluse, and though they also knew that he had a matchlessly pretty niece—knew it either for their now sakes or their marriageable sons—they would as soon have thought of calling down a hollow tree on a bear who had somehow or other segregated to his own uses a similar amount of beauty, as on Uncle Golorum at the cottage of Milletonerre.

There was one, just one exception, to the general rule of this solitude. Amber might have been twelve years old when the first occurrence of the exception made itself manifest. She had finished her French verbs and recited them to Uncle Golorum, who knew them from beginning to end like every thing else without a single touch of that human frailty which betrays itself in making or forgiving mistakes as to the relative position of momentous subjects like *ais—ais—ait—ions—iez—aient*. She had worked just one hour by his \$300 ship chronometer on the embroidery of a fire-screen, and under the superintendence of black Phillis had accomplished, with much fear and trembling, a *matelotte* of Patapsco eels for the duet of dinner, which was to be performed at three o'clock—for Uncle Golorum was positive on the question of women's knowing how to do household work. And then, with as much solemnity as if he were striking the bells for a change of watch, the Captain had said, "Amber! an hour's exercise out-doors!" Not a kiss, not a sign of approbation for her good scholarship did he give her, save the negative one of

not looking blacker than usual, as would have occurred upon the coming to his ear of *ait* before *ais*, a false stitch in the screen, or too much chopped parsley in the *matelotte*. He had not kissed her since the day she came a little nestless orphan bird, to shiver under his dark wing on the quarter-deck of the *Siren*. For he seemed to feel that something had come in between them. And it is unnecessary to repeat that he was habitually undemonstrative, even had nothing come in.

Amber went out to play, or to make believe play, like a little man-of-war's woman going aloft under orders to cast off her gaskets and enjoy a short scud before the wind from the dark, fortified port of Uncle Golorum's study. She had no dolls—never seemed to take to them like other children—but instead of those, she always carried with her on her lonely strayings about the place the pretty portrait her mamma had given her to vary her soliloquy with.

To-day she wandered clear down from the house to the granite gate-posts of the place, each with its stony, Uncle-Golorum-looking big German G carved on it. These had been of use once when Milletonerre had a grandpa, a mamma, uncles, aunts, visitors, old and young, and all cheerful and merry-making, for the comfort of little child inmates like Amber. A stone lodge, with quaint old Dutch gables, standing on one side of the gate-way, had been of use also in those days; but now, as it frowned gloomily out on the silent gravel road, its windows iron barred, its threshold tenantless, its heavy oak door triple locked, it looked like some miniature state-prison, from which the keepers, getting a scare, had run away, leaving their prisoners to starve and turn to white bones in the depths of its unfeeling bowels. It had a porch, but no ivy or any other pleasant vine climbed over it; and like all other things of fresh nature, little Amber would as soon have sat down to play on a coffin as to make that her seat when she diverted herself outdoors. But on the roots of a great white oak which shadowed the gate, a hundred years' old member of the Grimm family, who had become rough and gnarly without getting morbid, it was all the delight which Amber had to throw her little body down and talk to herself, the birds, and the portrait of that ideal pretty, pretty, poor little Uncle Golorum.

To-day she had sad need of the Ideal, for the Real smothered her childish heart more than usual. So she drew forth the locket, and, lying down on the oak-roots, began to study it sadly.

"Oh, pretty picture, how I wish you were alive!" said Amber. "I could be so very, very kind to you—and I'm afraid I never can be to the Uncle Golorum I've got now. I want to be, I try to be, for my darling mamma's sake, who is looking at me—but it's so hard. He won't let me. He takes care of me, and teaches me, and gives me my dresses, and my dinner, and a great many books, and ever so many other things—but he won't let me love him. Oh, my pretty, pretty picture, why won't he? And why doesn't

he love me as mamma did—and as she thought he would—and as you would, pretty little picture-uncle, if you were alive? Well, I suppose it was that bad, bad Balcom and that wicked old Rinkleby that killed *you*, and left somebody that goes by your name but isn't you, to be my Uncle Golorum. Oh, pretty picture, do help me to be kind to *him*—help me to think about all the trouble he's had, and how sorry it makes him to have to stay in this world—help me to be very, very good to him—do, dear pretty picture, and mamma will be so glad and love us both so much. Oh, why wasn't that dear, nice, kind boy that came after me to San Joas my real, sweet Uncle Golorum? I could be so kind to *him*, for ever and ever!"

Poor Amber's blue eyes began to fill with tears. And there is no doubt but a hearty cry would have relieved her, had she not just then been startled by the rattling of the gate, and looked around to see a tall figure, in a gray summer traveling suit, stooping down to examine by what recondite system of bolts and bars the entrance to Milletonerre Cottage was defended. Failing in that discovery, and finding instead a rusty padlock of several pounds weight to which the key was nowhere manifest, the bold assailant pitched a large port-folio and a walking-stick stool over the gate, and then laying his hands on the top bar, followed them with a lithe easy spring, and James Lyon stood on the gravel before Amber Bell. It was as if the ideal Uncle Golorum had suddenly leaped out of the locket and come for her consoling.

"My darling, darling little Amber Bell!" exclaimed the young man, and, picking her up like a little bird, drew her to nestle on his bosom.

Amber could not speak, for this was the first time since she came to Milletonerre Cottage that she had found any body to spend the great riches of her heart upon. She hugged and hugged James Lyon, and put her little face against his, and hid it in his neck, and kissed him over and over again, and cried and laughed, and at last found her tongue sufficiently to say,

"Oh, you dear, dear boy—is it really you, you sweet, dear, good boy?"

"Yes, darling, it is I, and I have come to live very near you, where I shall try to see you very often. I am in Baltimore now; I'm a painter, you know, and I have such a nice little room where I make pictures all by myself, and am sometimes as lonely as your Uncle Golorum would be if he had to stay down here in this old place without any little Amber to love him."

Amber shook her head sadly. "I don't think he'd care much, James."

"Why, Amber! Isn't he kind to you, my darling little Amber Bell?"

"Oh yes, very! I mean he never whips me, or makes me go to bed without my supper; but oh, I don't know! He is kind, but I seem to want somebody to love all the time. Oh, James, I feel so sorry."

And the little heart that had been diverted from its good cry when James came to the gate,

now had its own, and poured itself forth on the bosom of its only comforter.

"Dearest Amber," said the young man, tenderly, "cry, but don't be too sad; hope on, hope ever, darling. I will walk down here just as often as I can, and will come here to see you whenever he will let me. And you can love me, can't you, Amber?"

Amber dried her tears and looked proudly into the fine young face that bent over her so winsomely.

"I guess *I can love you*, you dearest, darling, good boy!"

No such glad day had Amber known since she left the *Siren*. Like a young fawn she frisked about in the green grass, under the old trees, over the gravel walks—now holding James by the hand, now running away from him a little way—now returning to say some affectionate word or to ask some thoughtful question of the many which had been turning about in her child-hermit mind during all the past months of seclusion. And at last she sat down on the old tree roots once more, and was demurely, wondering still, and wondrously pretty too, with a garland of anemones and wild violets around her soft brown hair, while the good boy opened his portfolio and sketched her.

Right in the midst of this loving labor the two heard a great bell booming savagely up at the cottage, and Amber started up, crying,

"Oh dear! it's dinner-time, and they're ringing for me. If I don't hurry Uncle Golorum will sit down all by himself, and I shall be thought so hard of, for a month or two at least." Then, in a timid and embarrassed way, she added,

"You *wouldn't* like to come and take dinner at Uncle Golorum's, *would* you, my dear good boy?"

James smiled involuntarily at the strife between love and candor which was manifest in Amber's invitation, and said,

"I would like to go and take dinner with you, darling, very much indeed, but not at Uncle Golorum's. Perhaps we shall take dinner together some time, just as we used to on the old *Siren*; but I have dined to-day in town, before I walked out here. So just give me a sweet kiss for desert and I will go back, for this afternoon, and come and see my dear Amber another time. Pretty soon, darling—yes, this week once more at least."

The little girl put her small arms around his neck; he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her, and then she ran, with a reluctant swiftness, toward the house, every now and then looking back and throwing kisses to him, as with his portfolio and stool he went slowly down the avenue, leaped the gate, and passed out of sight up the dusty main road to Baltimore.

And this, as I said, was the first occurrence of the exception to Amber's loneliness. After that beginning it happened many and many a time again through the summer and early fall. And if it were not heresy to make such a remark in regard to the apparently perfect and sublime

apathy of that self-gathered mind, we should say that Uncle Golorum *wondered* to see the increased rapidity of Amber's progress in all the branches of her education, from that momentous, fruit-bearing, and all-overshadowing branch—*s'en aller négativement et interrogativement, est-ce que je ne m'envais pas*—down to the manufacture of inscrutable puddings and whips, the secret of whose ethereal composition would have eluded the inductive processes of the Baconian Philosophy.

The Captain was not the man to trouble himself with any queries about the cause of this progress. Results were principally what he had dealt with all his life, not reasons. If on board the *Siren* he had ordered a fourth mast to be stepped in, just one hundred and fifty feet forward of the foremast, he would not have bothered himself with the physical difficulty of the *Siren's* not running any timber so far, but would have expected to see the carpenter, with cap in hand at the hour appointed, soliciting his inspection of the work. His marine habits of mind were prolonged into his education of Amber. He saw—could not help seeing—that he had a very beautiful child—in addition, a very talented, a true genius of a child—to bring up for his dead sister. Furthermore, that all the strength of his own commanding position, assisted, if necessary, by a whole roomful of dunderheaded Retiring-Board men, could not keep that child from growing up, according to rules somewhat antecedent to those of the naval service, into a beautiful and lovely woman. But what he should do with the woman, when he had her—what would be the best, the most advantageous disposition of the product—to all appearances never entered his mind.

His days were spent in the depths of his study reading Navigation articles and Service Reports, old Greek tragedies, resumed from his earlier boyhood, and particularly harmonious with his mind from their element of dark, inexorable Fate, and Byron, pleasant to him for the same reason. His exercise consisted in pacing the long hall of the cottage as if it were a deck, and he the last man on it with the Ancient Mariner's albatross hanging around his neck invisibly. His chief diversion—if diversion that might be called which did not *divert*, but only regularly *proportion* his mind daily—was the education of Amber and the care of a very fine American aloe inherited from his father, and endeared to him because it had blossomed at the only time he ever did—in his boyhood—and like him had been hard, thorny, scentless, flowerless ever since. The legacy of his dead sister—the legacy of his dead sire: their education and well-keeping divided his leisure about equally between them; and it would be hard to say whether he felt more of kinship and sympathy toward the plant of centuries or the plant of teens. There was no physical nor intellectual want of the latter to which he did not attend faithfully, but he let her wither at that root of all girls—the heart. He did not permit this mischance to happen to the century plant.

The little water that it needed he gave it with his own hands, its glossy, long, leathery leaves he examined from axil to spike several times a day, polishing off blight, brushing away cobwebs, firmly but gently cutting out decay. And no doubt thinking in his soul that if metempsychosis were more than a poet's fancy, he himself, some day, would be the vivifying principle of a new sort of century plant—the Aloe Captain-Golorum-Grimmensis.

IV.

This century plant stood at the end of his Ancient Mariner quarter-deck, in the warm south window looking across the Patapsco. By the bronzed iron pedestal of its great oak box, polishing and brushing as usual, stood Uncle Golorum at eleven o'clock of a mid-November morning. Six feet from him sat Amber in her little wicker chair, with Noël and Chapsal's Grammar in her hands, and a very different subject in her heart. She was wondering sadly how, as the weather grew colder, she should be able to meet James Lyon; how the dear, good boy and she should contrive to keep up their plays on the lawn, when its once sunny and shady old face should be covered with snow, and how she could pass a whole winter without so contriving it. Meanwhile the thought that he could ever enter Milletonerie Cottage to see her was as distant from her little head as the idea of a rendezvous on the top of Baltimore Shot Tower or the Battle Monument. And he was *such* a dear, good boy! What should she do without him?

Presently Uncle Golorum turned away from his century plant and pulled a bell-handle. A sound of tumbling precipitately up stairs followed, and the obsequious head of a darkey appeared in the door leading from the kitchen.

"Yessah!"

"Cæsar! put the bays into the single seat rockaway, and let them be at the door in half an hour."

With another "Yessah!" the darkey tumbled as precipitately down the stairs.

"Amber!"

"Yes, Uncle."

"Put away your grammar and get on your things to go into town with me."

"Yes, Uncle."

At the expiration of the half hour the ex-Captain and Amber were on their way to Baltimore behind the bays, sitting side by side. For the first half mile neither spoke a word. Then Uncle Golorum broke the silence by saying,

"Amber! do you like pictures?"

It was the first question to elicit her preferences which the child had heard spoken since coming to Milletonerie Cottage. And it startled her, from a vague impression in her mind that her uncle might thus be introducing a conversation upon the subject of the only person whom she knew who made pictures; a conversation of discovery, censure, and stern commands of some distressing sort. But regaining her self-possession, she answered,

"Yes, Uncle Golorum, I like pictures very much." And at the same time she drew her mother's present, the locket, from her bosom, and showed it to him.

It was the first time he had seen it in her hands or known she had it. A bitter smile came over his features, and he sighed audibly. Then the usual dark impassiveness returned, the cloud settling blacker than before on his forehead.

"Oh, Uncle Golorum! have I grieved you?" asked Amber, anxiously.

"No, Amber," answered the Captain; and then, with the sternness of his face partially relaxed, added: "I am not often grieved nowadays. You are a good girl to keep that picture so well. I like to have you wear it. There was once a young lady who wore one just like it; not your mother—another lady. And *you* are getting to look wonderfully like her every day."

"Flora Balcom?" was just on the lips of the little girl, so completely had she been taken by surprise by this rare communicativeness on the part of her uncle; but the next moment her breath almost stopped at the thought of the dangerous ground she was near treading on, and she remained perfectly silent.

"You like pictures? That is well. If you would like to paint them I will have you taught how. I am going to take you now to the largest exhibition of them that there has ever been in Baltimore."

Because both the riders into town felt that they had been strangely led almost into hopelessly committing themselves they spoke no more till they found themselves in Baltimore Street, at the door of the Art Hall. Cæsar, who on a little tiger's seat behind the two had accompanied them, leaped down, took the reins, and Captain Grimm and his niece ascended the broad staircase to the exhibition rooms.

There was the usual number of flaming sunsets, which but for the catalogue might have been sunrises; of twilights, saved by the same kind of interposition from being hopelessly confused with dawns. A great many "Gentlemen" were there, whose gentlemanly originals would have been unpleasant to meet at night in the lonely part of town near the present Philadelphia dépôt, or whom their hair and neck-ties alone indicated not to be ladies. There was the inevitable sufficiency of family groups; very pink children in very pink sashes, holding on filially to very pink mammas—all quite as smiling as if they had not been doomed for life to sit down on lumps of green paint meaning grass, and tend the woolliest of white-lead sheep in their best ball-dresses. The marine arm of our national commerce received its customary tribute in the one or two dozen representations of the same clipper in various attitudes—now lying on beam's-end on one of the steps of a sea arranged after the fashion of a pair of stairs, upon whose solid support even faithless Peter might have climbed into the distant horizon as fearlessly as if he were going up to bed—now sailing gloriously on with all sail

squared for a wind astern, and the pennants rigorously indicating that it was directly abeam—now performing sundry other marine miracles, the secret of which would have enabled any skipper to shorten the distance to China, in the deadest of lulls, by forty days. There were castles on the Rhine there running neck and neck with residences of the Hon. Augustus B. Swax—farm-houses viewed as interiors, exteriors, posteriors—scenes from Shakspeare—pastorals—and a number of real, genial, natural pictures, which at that day promised the coming, now so nobly fulfilled, of Church, Rossiter, Tait, Richards, Dix, Kensett, Heine, and the others who make an American school for America.

Uncle Golorum wandered from room to room, expressing in his face that it was his watch, therefore his duty to keep a look-out; but not manifesting in any other way that he was gratified more than if he had been an Englishman enjoying himself. Amber, in a very dream of wonder and delight, looked every where, not knowing how to fix her gaze; admiring every thing that looked natural to her—in the most happy, heathen ignorance whether it was depth, warmth, or chiaro-oscuro that gratified her.

At last the two stopped suddenly, and side by side, before a small square picture, in the simplest of plain gilt frames, which hung in an unfavorable light at the end of the last room—stopped and caught their breath simultaneously, and looked at their catalogues: "No. 323—A Young Girl.—J. L." That was all the information it gave them. The young girl was seated on the mossy root of an old tree, with a garland of anemones around her head, a locket in her hand, at which she was gazing intently with a pair of the loveliest blue, dreamy eyes.

Uncle Golorum stood before it as if he had been suddenly turned to stone in the midst of his watch, and his dark face grew unaccountably pale as marble. The only words that he uttered were "Good God!" As for Amber, she knew the original of the picture; understood the initials, J. L.; and was filled with a rapture of surprise and delight. "The dear, good boy!" she whispered to her own heart, inaudibly.

But the picture was not an exact portrait of Amber as she now looked. Rather a loving painter's ideal of what a few more years—with their warmth, their roundness, their womanly discoveries of depth and passion would make her. Amber at fifteen or sixteen fulfilling the promise of twelve; Amber expanded, glorified, grown to her full capacity of loving and being loved. A great compliment to Amber as she now was; yet no one would call it undeserved or exaggerated who could hope for the best and tenderest influences upon her of Nature, Heaven, and kind souls during the next three years of ripening.

Uncle Golorum glanced at Amber; recognized the likeness to the portrait in her face; but did not see *her* in the portrait. The unwonted gentleness with which he had been so rarely communicative on the way into Baltimore came over his face again; and he folded his arms, and

looked, and looked as if he never could turn away.

"Amber"—at last he spoke—"what do you think of this picture?"

Amber blushed, self-consciously, and replied that it was beautifully painted.

"Amber, if I had known how to paint, I could have made exactly that picture myself once! I saw, long ago, that same young girl sitting under just such an old tree, in the lawn at Milletonerre. But I was a boy then."

The gloomy steadiness of look settled on his brow again. "Have you seen all you care to?" he asked, calmly, of his little niece. "Yes, Sir," said Amber, and followed him as he strode silently away to the door. Just inside the threshold the man who took the tickets sat behind his pile of catalogues, gazing abstractedly at the Gorgon head of the same "Gentleman" who had been opposite him ever since the exhibition opened. The effect of that great work upon the man had been to stupefy him, and he was popularly supposed to have gone deranged, harmlessly, on the subject of the wooden-looking neck-tie of the portrait, so that he wore none of his own, confusing the image in the picture with his own seen in a mirror, and therefore unconscious of his deficiency. But he was still able to take the tickets, and give change, and be a sort of supplement to the catalogue, mechanically answering questions as soon as he could be made to hear them.

"Ticket-master!" said Captain Golorum, imperatively, stopping at the table of this person.

"Heh? Ah! Oh! No season tickets sold—pay when you come in—two levies—children half price," said the man, waking from his lethargy.

"I did not speak of season tickets. Who painted 323?"

The ticket-man fumbled over his printed catalogue, then seemed performing the same process with his mental one.

"323," he muttered, laconically; "J. L.—prefers to reserve his real name—picture not for sale—young artist—any thing left at this desk will reach him."

The Captain stooped at the desk, and taking up a pen that lay there wrote hurriedly the following words:

"J. L.:

"SIR,—I have been struck with the picture 323, to which your initials are appended, in the present exhibition. I will pay a very generous price for it if you will let me have it. I should like also to secure your services, if you are in the habit of giving drawing lessons, for a young person residing in my house. Reply personally or by letter to
CAPTAIN GOLOBUM GRIMM,
"Milletonerre Cottage, Baltimore."

He then sealed the note, directed it to J. L., called the attention of the lethargic ticket-man to it, and motioning to Amber, strode out of the exhibition-rooms.

V.

It may have been three days after their visit at the exhibition that Amber was startled from her French Grammar and Uncle Golorum called

away from his Naval Reports by that unusual sound in Milletonierre Cottage—the ringing of the front door-bell. So rare was this occurrence that even before the woolly Cæsar had opened the door there was no doubt in either the older or younger mind that the call was by appointment—that the caller was J. L.

He stood on the threshold—did J. L., for it was he—refusing to enter until he had sent in his card, marked with the initials, to the Captain's study. The door, half-closed, hid from him little Amber, trembling (in her little wicker seat at the other end of the hall) with painful speculation how she should manage her recognition of him before her uncle. But Cæsar returned presently, and saying that the Captain would see J. L. at once, led him into the study, which stood on the right hand of the front door. To prevent any mistake, Amber at the same time jumped up and ran down stairs to take her morning lesson in puddings from Phillis.

The Captain received the young man standing, and with his usual impressive sternness. But as James drew nearer Uncle Golorum's brow contracted into darker severity, and the bow with which he signed him to a chair was bleak enough to have frozen him there—if he had been frozen easily.

"I perceive that you recognize me, Captain Grimm," said the young man.

"I do—Mr. James Lyon. I supposed you were with the Captain, your father, who is now, if I mistake not, in the South Pacific."

"It has escaped your mind that I some time ago resolved not to follow the sea. I am a painter, and in Baltimore permanently."

"I considered that an error at the time I first heard of it. I have not changed my opinion since then. But your father of course is right in not being led by me. You are the painter of No. 323, then, it seems?"

"I am."

"I have sent for you to ask that you will sell me that picture. It resembles very much a young person in whom I once took some slight interest—she was at one time likely to become the wife of a brother officer of mine. She is dead. He has been dead also for many years. But the coincidence of looks is striking, and I should like to become the purchaser of the picture, having been rather an intimate friend of both the parties. Name your price for it, Mr. Lyon, and I will give you my check for the amount." And at the same time the Captain marched to his desk, opened his check-book, and stood ready with pen in hand.

"I prefer to name no price for it. I do not wish to sell it. I intended it as a sort of reminiscence of one still living, who is connected with you—that little niece of yours, whom I brought to the *Siren* at Lisbon. It is, therefore, of interest to you in two ways. So that—I will give it to you. I ask its acceptance as a favor to myself—not to you."

The Captain's face did not assume the gratified look of one who is receiving a welcome pres-

ent. On the contrary, he grew darker, and bleaker, and sterner, and took several quarter-deck paces across the room. Then returning he stopped in front of the young man.

"I can not consent to any such arrangement, Mr. Lyon. I am not used to incurring obligations, even with my equals, and—"

"Perhaps it may be managed in another way, then. You spoke in your note to J. L. of wishing my services as instructor for a young person resident in your family. If your wishes still remain unchanged, let me teach your young friend till he, or she—which is it?—is capable of copying 323. I will then take the copy in exchange for the original, meanwhile leaving the latter on your wall. That looks fair to me; does it contravene your views, Captain Grimm?"

The Captain commenced his march again, with an impenetrable darkness of face which concealed a great struggle within. The one black shadow of his life wrapped him in closely. Was it his destiny—so he mutely thought within himself—forever to have some other man intervening between him and his love? Far back, in the hard, cold, bitter past, how had it been with that young person who at one time might have become the wife of that brother officer of his? There were blood-spots before his eyes as this memory revived—spots which might have been on his hand had he but cleared accounts with the spoiler, instead of drifting away to sea, an iceberg, before his own sweeping, relentless will. He had become a captain—but what of that? Every where he had sailed with the shadow over him—the ice around, within him—no light of kind eyes, no Mediterranean summer had ever melted him—and now, in spite of himself, he was a peak, standing alone, unthawed, unapproachable by any sun. The blood-spots passed from before his eyes; in their place came scales of ice; he seemed looking at the world through a lurid, glacial prism.

How had it been on the quarter-deck of the *Siren*? Scarcely had his arms enfolded the only remnant of his love that Time and Death had left him, when his touch froze her, and she slipped away as from the glary bosom of some great icicle, to become the pet, the darling of that new-found, stripling friend. Again the blood-spots came before his eyes: *he hated that boy, hated him as the representative of all the evil that his life had ever done him—as the present form which the Balcom and the Rinkleby male were taking for his destruction, as the incarnation of the Shadow.*

How was it now? For the first time in years and years the old tenderness had come back to him, flowing in through his eyes from No. 323. Out of that simple frame the young person who might have been a brother officer's wife peered wistfully at him through the icy mists of many days and nights; she was sitting again as he had loved to see her, in the midst of all her sweet girlhood's glorious prophecies, on the oak roots in Milletonierre lawn; and for the first time since that long ago sunny day, he was a tender,

passionate, spontaneous boy! But the inevitable shadow intervenes. He owes this one moment of rest, of hope, to the stripling who stole the love of little Amber from him; and thus does every living being, every memorial thing which could speak to him of Flora Balcom float away from his grasp and attach itself to another man!

Well for you, J. L., that passionate gentlemen no longer wear broadswords at their sides, stilettes in their bosoms, in the quiet of private life! Well for you that this darkened mind long ago made the great struggle which kept the blood-spots before his eyes from clinging forever to his hands—which made all future and lesser struggles and self-crucifyings possible! Well for you, too, that just in the midst of his fierce silent march the Captain was interrupted by the timid knock of little Amber at the door; that he knew it, opened to her, and saw her standing with downcast eyes, her mother's locket in her hand.

"Uncle Golorum, Cæsar told me that the gentleman, Mr. J. L., whom you wrote to, was in the study; and I came to ask if I might learn to copy this portrait of you into a big picture that I can hang in my room?"

"Come in, Amber," said the Captain, quietly. "This is Mr. James Lyon, whom you saw on board of the *Siren*. If you wish to learn drawing and painting he may be your teacher, on conditions which I will tell him in a moment. Speak to him, Amber, and then go out to play."

It was nearly a week since the little girl had seen her best friend; but there was that in the Captain's face which, to the instinct of them both, showed that any warm recognition would be unadvisable. So she just laid her small white hand in his, gave him a smile full of meaning, and tripped silently out of the room.

"The conditions which I lay upon our compact I will tell you now," sternly spoke the Captain. "This child is my ward. She is growing up into a woman who will be called very beautiful and fascinating. The influence of any young man upon her passionate nature will then be very great. I have seen the injury which results from the fostering of feelings in young persons which circumstances render it desirable to keep ungratified. I ask you therefore to promise me, that my permission to become the teacher of my niece shall never in any way be construed, should our connection be kept up till she reaches womanhood, into any thing like my consent to your offering the assumption of a nearer relation. You hear my condition. You are not bound to make the promise; but if you do, I shall require it to be kept to the letter. What do you say?"

"I am not in the habit," answered the young man, somewhat dryly, "of making promises which I can not keep. Your niece is still young—very young—but at present very beautiful, and bids fair to become still more so. I do promise that I will never infer your consent to marry her from any thing you may do or say in our acquaintance, short of words to that very effect."

"You may then enter upon your duties as her

teacher to-morrow. Come, if you please, three times a week, at this hour, unless some other suits you better, and consider me agreeing to pay your usual charge to pupils, and the hire of your horse from Baltimore."

"As for the horse, thank you, but I prefer to walk. And this hour will suit me very well. I wish you a good-day, Captain Grimm."

"Good-day, Sir. I will take 323 on the terms you mentioned, to hang in this room for the present. You may send it out at your earliest opportunity."

And the Captain bowed his guest through the door.

VI.

With very little change in that part of her life which looked toward the outer world Amber Bell came to be sixteen years old. I have said this before, I recollect; but *then* it was necessary to sketch, at least, the influences under which she grew to that age. This time, however, I say it without any intention of going back.

She had become a very good artist. She excelled particularly in taking portraits; and if she had possessed a wider field of objects for her skill, and had known any thing of the necessity of earning a livelihood, she might have become very famous as a likeness-painter. But her uncle never entered society; she was fortunate enough in the midst of some misfortunes not to be sent away to boarding-school; she therefore had no girl friends to sit to her: so her labors just amounted to a sort of exhaustive analysis of Milletonerre. She copied her mother's locket, with various back-grounds, on canvas of various sizes, in different frames: there got to be as many copies of it extant, I was going to say, as there are of the Madonna of the Chair. She took all sorts of views of Phillis and Cæsar and the other servants; of the horses and farm-cattle in general, the poultry, the lawn. James sat to her many times, and became preserved for posterity in every attitude which it is possible for a young man of pliant muscles to take. And once, during the period in which Amber was growing up to her sixteenth year, her Uncle Golorum condescended to be perpetuated on canvas, in a full-length portrait, speaking-trumpet in hand and the wheel of the *Siren* directly on his right. So that the young girl's pencil was never idle, though her field was small.

Amber and her teacher were standing one morning in May—the May in which she became sixteen years old—before an easel on the front veranda. J. L. was giving her some hints for the light and shade of a great tree that she was painting, and at the same time illustrating his views by the original, which could be seen clearly in its warm morning bath of sunbeams away down at the lodge, framed in a vista of the nearer locusts, ashes, and elms. Presently James put down the hand-rest with which he had been pointing toward their subject, and a musing expression came over his face. And then, said the young man,

"How much more strongly our memories fasten

upon old trees than upon any thing else in nature that we can think of! In this respect they are very like moss, which hardly ever grows where it can't be pretty sure of a long, undisturbed resting-place. It avoids the fences and the door-posts that man makes, because fire and the freaks of rebuilding and all other sorts of caprice or change can unsettle it from them, but seems to know that old trees are spared even in their decay, and that it can have leave to cover them with a beautiful carpet and cushion long after they are dead almost down to the very heart. It's just the same way with our memories. There is a sort of instinct which makes us associate so many of our happinesses and pains and all sorts of feelings and thoughts with the trees which were about us when we first had them. As if we knew that though the roads where we walked, and the gates we opened, and the seats we sat on, and the thresholds where we stood, may all be changed, perhaps quite obliterated, and the very rocks pried up and taken away to build houses with or to get rid of their obstructions; the *trees* we saw and loved will probably last as long as we, and be a safe clinging place for memory to stay by, and a dear home for the heart to come back to, long after every thing else is gone, and even when we are very old. There was my old grandfather, he died in his ninety-second year, and the very day that his snowy head disappeared from our little home circle at my mother's, just like a little of the *real* snow that had been left till April, melting away quietly all at once, he asked to be carried in his chair out on to the lawn in front of the old homestead. Then he began talking to himself, but yet loud enough for us to hear, and in such a way as brought tears to our eyes, I can tell you. 'There,' said he, 'is the elm that my father planted when I was ten years old. Ah! ah! good old man, *he's* gone.' He waited a few moments, and then said he, 'That great white ash I set out on my wedding-day, when my Mabel had just got home with me. I said it should be her tree, and she laughed and clapped her hands. Oh, how brown her hair was, and how bright her eyes were!—*she's* gone, ah! ah!' To us children and grandchildren, who first knew grandmother when her hair was silver-white, and she told us little ones stories of long ago old times as we sat on stools at her feet, this was so touching that we began to cry; but mother more especially, as if her heart would break. Then grandfather went on, 'That row of locusts I set one after another as the children were born—those first ten by the gate when John was two days old: he's gone too, poor boy! drowned far, far away at sea! I told him not to go, I did; but boys will be boys, and now he isn't here to remember as I do, how I used to hold him up to pick off the first sweet-smelling blossoms that came on those locusts, and the pods with the little beans in them, that he called babies in a cradle, asking me if God put those little babies to bed there, and if they would grow up and get to be big trees, and thank Him for taking such care of them. Well, *he's* gone, gone;

they're almost all gone. I shall be gone too, pretty soon.' Then, while we all wiped our eyes as quickly as possible, so that he shouldn't see the tears in them, he turned around, and said: 'Take me in, dears, please; I've been out here long enough.' We obeyed him, and that afternoon *he* was gone too."

"Dear old man, how I should have loved to see him! I never saw any of my grand-parents. It is very hard to be an orphan."

"Yes, dear Amber, it is very, very hard. I don't know what it means literally, but I do understand virtually; my father has always been at sea since I can remember, and as the pay of a navy captain is not large, and we have no private property of any amount, like your uncle, I have been obliged from a little child to leave my dear mother and learn to support myself—oh, long before I came after you at Lisbon! And now that I return to the subject of *yourself*, what do you think clings to that old tree down by the lodge—what *memory*, I mean, which started all I just said about trees?"

Amber looked up at J. L., thoughtfully, for a moment, then said,

"The same that's associated with it in my mind?"

"What is that, Amber, dear?"

"The time you first came up to the cottage, and threw your port-folio over the fence, and followed it. And found me crying, and comforted me, setting me on the old tree-roots with a wreath of anemones round my head and took my likeness?"

"The very same! Isn't that wonderful, how we should both have precisely that association connected with the old tree and be here painting it to-day!"

At the discovery of this amazing coincidence, so utterly inconceivable to common minds, so impossible, in fact, of occurring at all, save by the most miraculous and incalculable complication of circumstances, it was as a matter of course necessary to make some remarkable demonstration, expressive of the startling effect it naturally had upon the human mind. The particular form that demonstration took—and I do not, upon mature reflection, suggest any better one—was this: James and Amber locked their arms most lovingly around each other's waists, and kissed with as tender a pure-heartedness as they had done those years ago (so long and yet so bright to growing youth), Amber saying as she did *then*, "You dear, dear good boy!"

The hour which ought to have been devoted to the lesson slipped quickly by, and still found them talking without heed to time. They reviewed all the past days since Amber—*little* Amber, then—came riding down to the *Siren* on her pillion before James from the sunny terraces where she had bid good-by to the dear mamma who must go to still sunnier, healthier skies than Lisbon. The days of Amber's stay with Uncle Golorum—of James's success in the first and the succeeding exhibitions—and of her scholarship with him at the drawing-board and the easel.

Yes, and every where also; for, as Amber said, she had learned from James all the hope and patience and womanliness that was in her. Though he would not hear that praise of himself, and thought—which was very true—that any body who saw her would say that she had that within herself which could not fail of making her the good, and beautiful, and altogether noble woman which she was, however hard on her outward circumstances might be. And certainly *she* had been *his* teacher, *his* encouragement, motive, incentive, all that was best for him from the first hour he took her into his boy arms as the little child who thought he was her “poor, pretty, little Uncle Golorum.” From the present, where they at last arrived by that sweetly slow, meandering, lingering process which is the road the wise man, after sundry unrecorded nibblings of pen and scratchings of head, confessed himself so unable to understand — “the way of a man with a maid”—they glanced back to the past again, and said J. L. :

“Amber, do you remember what it was you said when, after telling me you had none to let you love them, and my answering that *I* was there, I asked could you love me?”

Amber blushed very deeply—which she did not do at the time she remembered (so singularly is that queer creature, “*la donna mobile*,” affected by the course of a few years)—and answered that she did recollect what she replied then.

“What was it, you sweet girl?”

“I said, ‘I guess I can love you, you dearest, darling, good boy!’”

Who can blame James for asking *another* question? Can you, big world? Can *you*, poor, pretty, little, grum, grim Uncle Golorum? *You*, with your deep-niched, old, externally weather-beaten heart, in which, as in a locked, ten-bolted chappelle ardente, there are nightly tapers burning, and thuribles swinging, and *miserees* chanting so stilly that they make no noise outside, before a certain image which might have been your patron saint? *You*, who late into the evening, when all but *your* lamp is out, all but your eyes closed in sleep, sit looking over a Navy Report and at No. 323, which still hangs above your study mantle-piece? *You*, who—well, never mind, the question was asked.

“You said it *then*, my sweet Amber—could you say it *now*?”

The arm that had folded Amber’s waist had not relaxed all this time, and now it drew her closer as, like a golden-brown river, her hair flowed into his bosom, and her lips, hid there beneath it, whispered :

“I can.”

Those two words only. But enough. And worth far more that May morning to J. L. than all the words that patronizing art-committee men, customers, the press, and the public generally had ever said to him of praise, if they could have been multiplied by ten thousand and added to by a *carte-blanche* on the Bank of the Inexhaustible Bowels of Golconda. If there be

such a bank. Being a literary man, I do not see much commercial paper—and beyond the Shoe and Leather, where my publishers deposit, am not authority for names.

Two words. But enough—oh, deliciously enough!

VII.

It was the day of Amber’s next lesson but one. She sat at the south window of the hall, her drawing-board on a little stand before her, with a sad but earnest and absorbed face, taking a likeness of the century plant. Three others—taken from separate points of view, and finished in water-colors—lay loosely in a port-folio beside her. James—as if he had suddenly become Uncle Golorum—was standing on the opposite side of the flower-pot, studying every leaf of the century plant from spike to footstalk as if his life depended on it. But not with Uncle Golorum’s look of tender solicitude—at least for the century plant. About half an hour ago Uncle Golorum looked out of his study door with a countenance even sterner than usual, and asked, “What are you doing now, Amber?” And Amber replied, without lifting her head from her work, “I am taking the century plant for this morning’s study.” But now all is quiet as a valley in mid-summer woods.

Amber was the first to break the silence.

“I shall not have time, I’m afraid, to finish this sketch in color, James.”

“Oh, that will be of no consequence, dear. I have the three others, you know; and besides,” he added, in a lower tone, “all century plants, I suppose, are very nearly the same shade in their leafage, and there is not the necessity of taking along a sample to match, as if it were berége or lutestring ribbon.”

This last was said with a quiet smile, which passed over his face like a short sunbeam, and then left it even soberer, more determined, than before.

“Just tell me over again,” the young man continued, “what it was the Captain said to you. I want to know the very words, as nearly as possible, that I may be sure of the exact thing I have to perform.”

Amber looked thoughtfully up from her work and laid down her pencil.

“It was the night, you know, of that same day when you asked me *the* question on the veranda. I went to the study and found Uncle Golorum sitting there. ‘I have come,’ said I, ‘to talk to you about a subject which interests my whole life.’ I think I startled him, though he showed it as little as he does every thing else, only by wheeling his chair around rather more quickly than usual from in front of your picture, which I know he had been looking at. ‘Speak on, Amber,’ said he. Then I told him, as briefly as I could, that you loved me and I loved you, and always would, and that I wanted to be your wife, and hoped he would give his consent, because it was the first favor I had ever asked, and it would be the greatest he could grant me in my

life. He sat perfectly motionless till I was through, and then answered: 'I respect you and James Lyon for one thing—the condition of his becoming your teacher has not been broken—you have neither of you inferred my consent—you have come and asked it.' Oh, how my heart beat with joy just then! for I thought, after this wonderful, unwonted compliment, he was going to do something very magnanimous; and say perhaps, as the novels run, 'Go, my children, and be happy!' But I soon found out my mistake as he went on: 'And do you think I shall give that consent? Here is a youngster'—so he dared to call *you*, while I felt my cheeks all tingling—'who came in between me and the little child that my sister gave to me on the very first day of my guardianship.'

"'You sent him, Uncle Golorum, did you not?' said I.

"'I did—as I would have sent one of my men if they had not all been busy. I will go on: this youngster, I say, continues to intervene between me and the only soul of my kin who still remains in the world. And now he has the assurance to ask me to give her to *him*—*her*, the only woman who would smooth my pillow for me if I lay dying—*him*, the painting adventurer, the man who lives by the scanty earnings of his daubs—he asks me to give *her* to *him*, and die alone!'

"'Uncle Golorum!' said I, and my heart beat so hard it seemed to choke me; 'James is none of these shameful names which you call him. He is an artist of the greatest talent—a noble genius—a true-hearted, whole-souled man! I love him now, and I will go on loving him! I will love him for ever and ever!'

"'Amber Bell!' said he, getting up from his chair—'Amber Bell! I have brought you up, fed you, clothed you, these four years; and so, by keeping you alive, have enabled you to speak this undutiful wickedness to me to-night. Love that man you may; I can not help *that*; but do you know when you will get my consent to marry him? Come with me.'

"He took me sternly by the wrist, and carrying the lamp in his other hand, dragged me, rather than led me, into the hall, and up to this century plant. 'There,' said he; 'do you see that flowerless green thing before you? It bore flowers *once*. When I was a young man, and saw your mother for the last time before I went away to sea, it had just bloomed; and the petals were all falling off in withered wisps the afternoon I bid her and home good-by. In the memory of man it had not blossomed before. When there are blossoms there *again* I shall give my consent to your marriage with James Lyon! This is final.'

"He let go my wrist and strode away with the lamp to his study, where he locked himself in, and left me in the darkness. I groped my way up to my lonely room, and sat thinking of all the past—but, more than all, of *you*, darling one—till the sun rose again."

"Very well, dearest," said J. L.; "a few more strokes will finish that last view of the cen-

tury plant; and then I will put them in my portfolio—and—I must say it—*go away from Milletonerre*. The ship I have taken passage on sails for Rio to-morrow. Yet, Only Beloved, think of me not as leaving you for a journey, but only as going a short distance away to make preparations for our bridal. I take a roundabout way, that is true; but even if it were around the world, think that I am still taking the shortest way to come to *you*. You are the end of my journey; South America is but the transient stopping-place between the difficult present and the certain future. And listen, darling, particularly to this"—here the young man sank his voice to a whisper—"though I stay away several months—yes, perhaps even eight or ten—we shall still be near, darlingly near, by letters. I shall write you with every ship that sails, while I am in port; and send you my journal with every train that leaves for the sea-board from the Pampas and the mountains. And do you write me—I need not tell you to—as often as possible. I have made arrangements with an artist friend of mine in Baltimore to come up to Milletonerre Cottage twice a week at nightfall. He will climb over the fence—being a good jumper, like me—and go to the southwest corner of the Lodge veranda. Whatever he has for you he will slip under there; whatever you have left there he will take and mail. Let me know every thing that happens."

The young man planted a passionate kiss on the sadly smiling lips of the dear girl, then fell to examining the century plant again, while Amber finished her sketch.

It was soon, too soon, completed and placed in J. L.'s port-folio. And then the loving and the loved knew that their time had come.

"Go, darling," whispered Amber, "to win new laurels with that noble pencil of thine—to bring home this port-folio full of all beautiful things—for glory's sake, and for thy little Amber's, who prays night and day for thee!"

"Say not *go*, darling; say *come*; and I *will* come—God sparing us—over seas and plains and mountains and seas again—not to fame, or glory, or any thing, any being in all this universe—but to thee, my peerless one, to thee!"

They drew each other closer to hearts that seemed to grow into one; and then, as if nothing but this thought—that it was not *going*, but *coming*—could let them part, they unclasped their arms, Amber hid her lovely face in her hands, and James rushed sternly out of the house.

VIII.

Ah, those bitter-sweet, widowed days and nights—how cruel they were! Only growing a little more bearable as time went on, because our hearts have the strange power of building up the hope of better things into present tabernacles, where they may sing all alone, and dream they hear the voice of the beloved one in the echo of their own chanting. Well was it for Amber that, since she had no sweet, consoling mother to go to, her uncle was so exacting; and the old

round of study and household duty still kept unwearingly on.

And then, too, she knew, when alone, and, as the Captain in his study thought, fast asleep, "forgetting the painter," that dear relief of lovers—writing to her absent one. Then, and then only, could she cry; and her paper was blotted every where with those marginal notes of the love-letter author—tears, heart-unloading tears—as she wrote such words as these:

"I am fully an orphan for the first time in my life. Heaven lets me know now what my bereavement would have been if dear mamma had died, but you, beloved, had not come for me at Lisbon. Alone, utterly alone, in a sick blankness, for the first time in my life!

"But I do not always let myself feel as I am writing now. No! I must not, I will not let myself even *write* so, even to *you*, who share my very inmost soul. I have better, higher thoughts, and I will try to put them down—though they so elude the pen, and seem to say, 'We will only *speak* ourselves across the great seas and mountains.'

"I think how your journeyings will give you wonderful new themes for painting—how your fame, which is the least of objects, and your soul, which is the greatest, will grow, and grow, and grow with every step you take in those lonely, far-off lands—and so growing, will but have larger, deeper, warmer places for your own Amber—your wife! I think how this very hard trouble will make us better able to understand the wonderfulness of each other's love more clearly. And I think, too, how you may bring back with you from South America the means of our easier union—the helper to that innocent stratagem which shall defeat my guardian, and wring from him the consent which we desire (that consent which, though not essential, we would rather be wedded with than without)—the new, fresh-hearted century plant that shall bud and bloom before his astonished eyes.

"But whether—oh my glorious, golden-hearted boy!—whether or not you bring that—so you only bring yourself back to me—never fear. Uncle Golorum is my mother's only living brother, my next of kin, and a sorrowing, heart-seared man, with a distorted mind and a soured life. For his sake, and to keep the promise I made my dear mother of being very kind to him, I would—we would—rather try every means for getting his consent before we resort to disobedience of his commands.

"But I remember also several other things. I remember that if there were any higher authority in the universe than that of a God-implanted love, it would be a *mother's*, not an *uncle's*. And *she* lives still—lives none the less faithfully present and powerful in all my life because she lives in heaven; and among the last words she ever spoke to me were her entreaties, as I honored God and her and my own virgin virtue, never to let any consideration of mean profit, or the pleasing or offense of the nearest protector, threats or bribes or force or aught, keep me from marry-

ing the man I loved. There is no one, my beloved, that has any right to authority over me but thee! Thou art my husband before God: shall the absence of the few words which must be spoken before thou canst be such before men be basely thought to absolve me from the duty of hearing and answering thy call to come to thy arms and thy love across all human barriers? No! I *love* thee! That word is a law to me before which every command of the nearest, dearest to me falls like a fence of straw—and justly, righteously falls, in the sight of God. But had any other soul a right to bind us, already married as we are in spirit and truth before the angels, it would be my mother's. And thrice gladly now do I obey her—obeying our Father and thee and my own heart at the same time!

"Whether the poor man whom I so pity from the depths of my soul—to whom I would so gladly be kind with any self-sacrifice that were not wicked weakness and blindness—whether he shall say aye or nay, when my beloved comes home, *we shall be married*. But let us pray daily, dearest one, that our plan *may* succeed; that he *may* consent, for his own poor, stricken, bewildered heart's sake.

"YOUR OWN AMBER FOREVER."

Many such letters as this did the young girl write, strengthening and solacing her heart, and growing wonderfully more and more into womanliness every day, as she must who is not afraid to have a devoted purpose, and boldly set it in her soul as in a fortress, though popular prejudice, and false duty preachers, and all kinds of blind sham-believers, be against her and the Good Spirit.

Nor was she often destined to be disappointed, when she stole down to the veranda of the Lodge, and slid her little white hand into the post-office with a hoping, quick-throbbing heart. Many and many a letter did she find there as the days wore on; and the little papier-mâché casket which had at first been her treasury had to be exchanged for a large walnut box from which its former tenants, the artist's materials, were summarily ejected, to make way for the nice little bundles of thick envelopes, each with its number on it in fair Roman numerals, and all tied neatly with blue ribbon.

Meanwhile Uncle Golorum's fate, or whatever the unsuperstitious would prefer to call that influence inherent in men's constitution, arising out of their circumstances, or, perhaps even those unsuperstitious would be willing to say, directly emanating from the Upper Justice, who visits the kind with mercy, the unkind with retribution, and sometimes inscrutably even the good with affliction, was having its visible effect upon him, more and more every day. Whether because he felt in his inmost soul that he was a living pattern of the cruelest injustice—doing, with every obdurate breath he drew which did not confess its sin and ask pardon, a deeper wrong to that young tender woman's heart, whom a dying mother had intrusted to him; and wreaking the

punishment of the crime committed by Balcom and Rinkleby Male, and perpetuated in his own blasted life, on a head which had not the slightest share of participancy or ill-desert in it, I can not say. But he grew more and more taciturn, darker, moodier, and sometimes absented himself from Amber's society, locking himself in his study for a whole day at a time, leaving Amber, to be sure, hardly more alone than his presence made her in that melancholy performance, the meals. Perhaps, when she chanced to find the performance a solo, she did not regret the duet, though she still loved him as much as he would let her, and supported by good influences from above, within her, and her mother's locket, she was unwearingly kind to him, and left no stone unturned to make his life less miserable.

At last came that most delightful letter of all; the letter which filled the whole gloomy old cottage with a spring gladness, like marriage music and the smell of flowers, light, and every thing beautiful, though the time was mid-winter, and the weather thick with falling snow. She had cleared away the drift from the Lodge veranda, and with it all the drift from her heart, for under the post-office corner she had found a great envelope full of news of return! Yes, her little heart beat like a muffled hammer, as she thought that even now her beloved was on the sea, on his way to her heart, his home; most likely at that moment off the coast of the country which was dearest to him because it held her.

The letter was dated at Rio—he was to sail by the ship following the one which carried it. What can we do better than to quote a few lines from it here and there?

"I have the port-folio which was to hold my pass to fame full to overflowing of all sorts of South American sketches. Still more: I have half filled another one with the same kind of burden; besides having a great parcel of small and large canvases on which the more evanescent and easily forgotten facts of the journey are roughly perpetuated in color.

"And what else does my darling think I bring with me? The very twin in shape, color, every least respect to the very number and size of the leaves of that symbol of our destiny (in the *Captain's* mind, thank God, not in *ours*), the century plant. Unless that baleful vegetable shall have vastly changed, this fairer sister of its blood, I venture to say, could not be detected as dissimilar from it, were they side by side.

"Save in one respect—the essential one. *Our* century plant will blossom in three months from the present time, unless Providence hear not our prayers and visit us with some quite unexpected blight.

"The bother I had to get the herb! Oh, it's quite inconceivable! Of course it was necessary to subject it to the dangers of as little transportation as possible—so I did not begin my search till the week before I was going to leave the Cordillera Grande. And then I gave up three days to that object alone. My companions—a couple of Indians I had brought along as porters—my

half-breed guide, and I believe the very donkeys themselves, thought I had lost my wits, as I went hunting our ideal among the precipices of the range and the country in general, forty miles north and south, between it and the Uruguay River. Nobody could imagine why I preferred an aloe in bud to an aloe in flower, nor why, when I found an aloe in bud which looked especially magnificent, I conferred with your sketches and passed it with a 'Pshaw!' But at last, out of the inconsiderable few billions which grow out of the Cordillera crevices, I came on the one that I wanted, and it seemed so put there for our particular intent that I fell on my knees, and cried 'Thank God!' when I found it. My red men followed suit sympathetically, evidently supposing that it was my idol to which I had come on a pilgrimage. But no! It only made me think of my idol, far leagues away beyond the equator and the tropic! That thought strengthened me, and with incalculable work we got the prickly, horny monster out of his crevice without losing more than a quart of blood apiece from his spinous resentment or breaking any of his essential roots. I do not like to think of the slow, careful journey we had to take to get him safe to the sea-board—so I will not write about it, but save the story to tell to my darling. Happily, the vegetable is tenacious of life, and with a sand bag about his roots, we brought him safe to Rio, where he is now, waiting to sail for New York with me on the *Sea Robin*, the 10th prox.

* * * * *

"It will interest my beloved girl to know that I have made rather an agreeable acquaintance, and in such a singular way. At the hotel where I am stopping here there are a number of North Americans, and in the hot mornings they all bring their means of keeping alive into a broad low room on the second floor with a balcony to it, and club together, chatting, drinking claret, eating dulces, and smoking cigaritos. I felt like interesting the poor people, as they, like myself, are in a foreign land surrounded by unclean, lazy Brazilians, and insatiable, not at all lazy, mosquitoes; so one day, when we were all together, about an hour before we broke up for siesta, I brought in my port-folio, containing a good many of our smaller sketches, and laid it, open, on the centre-table. It was immediately surrounded, and made, apparently, quite a pleasant entertainment for those gentlemen and ladies, who had no other way of banishing ennui. Among the ladies was one who seemed quite alone—a woman I should think of thirty-four or five—and in my eyes very beautiful; do you know why, darling? *Because she reminded me exceedingly of you.* Not as you are now, of course, but of what you might be at her age, if (which God forbid) you had borne many years' weight of inexorable sadness, without hope, with faith and patience only. I was so much impressed by her looks that I took occasion to ask privately of one of the gentlemen with whom I had struck up a hotel acquaintance what her name was, and where she was from. On the first point he could

give me no information, but said he understood she was the widow of a very rich planter, who had emigrated from New Orleans to Brazil, and died up country lately, on his hacienda, leaving her all his wealth and childless. Furthermore, that she had sold out every thing and was going home to the States next month on the *Sea Robin*. This answer gave me an additional interest in her, and I returned to the table to glance at her now and then unobtrusively. With the others she turned over the sketches in the port-folio, and suddenly I noticed her grow pale as death. 'Good God!' she exclaimed, falling backward against my shoulder, as there dropped back from her hand into the port-folio that life-like little copy you made on card-board two years ago of your mother's locket-picture of Captain Grimm. I carried her to a divan and laid her down while the ladies ran after their vinaigrettes, and the gentlemen went out on to the balcony with their cigaritos. She was quite gone, but when the room was clear she came to, and the very first words she said, rubbing her eyes and looking about her in a startled, troubled way, were, "Am I in Baltimore?"

"No, my dear Madam, you are in the parlor of the American Hotel at Rio," said I. She reflected a few seconds longer, and then, seeming more recovered, whispered hurriedly, for the room was beginning to fill again,

"Is the original of that portrait living?"

"He is, Madam," I answered.

"Do you know him?"

"I do; very well. I live not a mile from him in Baltimore."

"Just then another lady came in with her vinaigrette, and bent down over the arm of the chair.

"No, I thank you," said my new acquaintance, in a gentle, musical voice, 'I am much better now; the air felt a little close in our crowd around the table, and I'm so foolish as to be faint sometimes; but it's all over now, and I think I will go to my room.'

"I offered her my arm through the corridors and left her at her door, saying as she passed in,

"You are very kind; I thank you a thousand times; do you go home soon?"

"On the *Sea Robin*, Madam, early next month."

"Indeed!"—this with a very pleasant and pleased smile. '*My own vessel!* So I am glad to say only *au revoir*.'

"She bowed very gracefully, and I have not seen her since.

"Have not you and I, dearest, some idea who my new acquaintance is?"

* * * * *

"Thank God that the next time we meet it will not be in this distressful, inadequate way of letter-writing, but you will be clasped to the heart of him who loves you beyond all words. Your own J. L."

IX.

No more agitated gropings under the corner of

the Lodge veranda! No more heart-sick longings for Amber Bell, and heavenly dreams, from which she awakened with hot tears in her eyes and empty arms that clasped only a loving, desolate breast! The *Sea Robin* was in—that fact at last became visible in the arrivals paragraph of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, which Amber had read for a month with more eagerness than fills the souls of all the Cottin Bayleses of Broad Street, looking for their consignments from New Orleans.

J. L. had promised that his arrival at Milletonerre Cottage should be at three o'clock of the morning, when the Captain's sleep was the soundest, of the third day after his arrival from Rio. So, on the night before the hour appointed, Amber went to her room early, and to all outward appearances was soon fast asleep. When the heavy tread of Uncle Golorum had resounded through the hall that led to his own secluded room and his key had turned; when the servants had all retired to the outhouse where they slept, and the whole cottage was still; when the distant Baltimore church steeples had laconically said "One!" and then held their tongues, having no more to remark to the world that was too fast asleep to hear them, Amber stirred her fire and sat near the window of her little bedchamber, that she might be ready, at the first gleam on the gravel below of the lantern which was to be J. L.'s signal, to steal down and unlock the hall-door.

Love had suffered enough from his foe Necessity to have gained a large credit of happiness in his favor, and Amber was not disappointed. Hardly had the steeples, waxing more communicative, said "One, two, three!" when the lantern gleam danced on the frosty road, and then, as if eagerly forerunning its master, came dawning in at her window, over her walls, like a better kind of sun. All trembling with anxious delight, the dear girl dreamed her way noiselessly down the stairs, opened the door with a cautious light-fingerness which, though it seemed to melt rather than unlock the barrier, to her heart and the one outside consumed hours; and then the two long sundered bodies, like the souls, met and were one, with no murmur interrupting their long passionate kiss, but an inwardly spoken, or unspeakable "Thank God! Thank God!"

The meeting of lovers after such a long separation is never, except in the crudest kinds of novel, a *conversational* time. There is much to be said, but it is deferred until, in the better and upper land, it finds those proper words for its expression that no language which I know supplies here. Indeed this is the case with me when I am absent from my little wife even for two days—I think of so much gladness and welcome that I finally have to leave it to be expressed a few years hence, when we are more spiritual. And we confidently expect, as soon as we arrive in the Good Country, to find several thousand of those here unspeakable conversations waiting for us to enjoy, with the words we could not get at in this world all ready for them!

When it was possible for the two to loose each other for a moment, James left Amber seated by the closed door and stole down the avenue toward the gate. Arriving at the Lodge, he whistled across the fence, and one of two men who had been dancing the double shuffle to keep their feet warm by the side of a motionless horse and cart drawn in at the side of the road, came up and said, "Hello?" in a half whisper.

"Jump over the fence and let Green lift that flower-pot over to us both. Softly now! Carefully."

The two men, who proved to be trusty artist-friends of James whom he had partially taken into his confidence, lent their aid, and in about twenty minutes more the old century plant was noiselessly removed from its place at the south end of the hall, and the new one installed in its place.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Green! I'll do as much for you some day," said James, shaking his friend's hand warmly when the work was done.

"Don't mention it," said the other, and, stealing down the avenue, was in a moment out of sight. ♦

Amber now came out of Uncle Golorum's study, where she had been lying perdu during the operation. James led her to the flower-stand and flashed his bull's eye full upon it.

"Why! you haven't been able to change it after all?" said Amber, in a tone of slight disappointment.

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed James, incautiously coming near clapping his hands. "Is the likeness really so preserved then? For once you are mistaken, my dear; but I don't wonder, for down to the very shade of color in its flower-pot I have tried to imitate the thing exactly. Success to thee, new century plant! bud and blossom thou vegetable of destiny, and carry consternation to the heart of the foe!"

Then they said the first good-night for many months which had sealed its blessing with a kiss, and J. L. departed, promising to return, in broad sunlight, the next day. Meanwhile the new century plant was to grow, cultured by prayers and longings, toward its early blossoming.

X.

It was not thought best, as yet, to let Uncle Golorum know any thing of James Lyon's return. The century plant must blossom before that could be; and then, like a stranger newly arrived, might the young man make his respects to the Captain. In the mean time the lovers met only by stealth behind the old Lodge across the fence; and as the spring advanced, on the moist reviving lawn, not in the pink-bowed kids in which Celadon and Amelia rove ecstatic through the meadows, but in strong English walking shoes and gaiters, suited to the dampness of the rendezvous. On two or three occasions James came accompanied; there were two who talked over the fence to Amber—one of them a lady in deep mourning, who kissed the

young girl only less passionately than a lover, and had great tears in her eyes when she put her veil down again.

And still the century plant waxed stronger in the smile of the ascending sun, and drew a grateful life from the great ardent lover, who, finding his Southern aloe ravished from him in his Brazilian palace, came daily northward, gliding up the warming heaven to clasp her. Still Uncle Golorum—long ago grown past the happy influences of returning spring—was as dark and bleak and wintry as ever. Yes, more so. His moodiness seemed growing on him. For whole days together he was perfectly silent—for days he kept himself locked in his study, never coming out save to caress the plant which was his memorial, his symbol, his only child. On these occasions Amber watched him narrowly from the seat where she sat drawing or reading, and looked anxiously to detect whether the buds, so apparent to her, startled or astonished him. One day they certainly did so; a wilder, sterner look than usual came into his great black eyes; he examined them more closely, felt of them, stood rapt in thought for half an hour, then strode back to his study, evidently fighting against a suspicion which logic told him was absurd, and perhaps framing the hypothesis that these queer-looking protuberances were only a new kind of leaf-bud he had never seen before.

But at last the morning arrived when self-deception was no longer possible. When Amber came down to breakfast the first sight that met her, as she reached the bottom of the stairs, was her Uncle Golorum, with a frenzied steadiness in his eyes, staring, like one serpent-charmed, straight into the middle of the century plant. That vegetable, utterly unconscious of its charms, sat glorious in its wealth of blossoms—all golden-yellow from the top to the bottom of its tall pedicle. As Amber approached her uncle never turned his head, nor gave her a glance, nor answered her good-morning. His only motion was to point his forefinger steadily at the flowers; while his gaze grew sterner, more fearfully, wildly luminous.

Amber was frightened. The dreadful thought that her uncle's long sourness was at last terminating in chronic derangement had hinted itself to her frequently within the last few months, but always to be put away as a fate too terrible to happen. Now it came back to her with a tenfold earnestness and fear.

"Uncle!" she said, assuming a sprightly air—"Uncle Golorum! look, the century plant *has* blossomed; and now we shall all be happy—sha'n't we? You shall have a dear nephew, and I my darling husband. Tell me, dear uncle, that you do consent to love—to let me love—James!"

At these words the Captain arose from his seat, and turned his strange, wild glance full upon Amber.

"Niece!" said he, in a hoarse, quarter-deck voice, as if he were talking through a speaking-trumpet, "niece! Golorum Grimm is a man of

his word. I said that when that plant blossomed you should have James Lyon. It has blossomed, and you have my full consent to marry him. The day he gets back here you shall marry him. I could have done better for you, Amber Bell; but I am a man of my word. You shall marry Lyon—you shall marry him!"

Then sinking into his chair, with tottering limbs, palsied, trembling hand, bent shoulders, and on his face the imbecile expression of extreme old age, he murmured, in a childish voice, garrulously, to himself,

"A hundred years ago! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Let me see—let me see. The old plant blossomed when I was a young lad, going away to sea—the last time I ever saw my mother and sister. How old was I?" Here he stopped a moment, and began counting on his fingers. "Sixteen *she* was—I was seven years older—I was twenty-three. Yes, that was my age—twenty-three. Who'd have thought I'd live to be a hundred and twenty-three years old! Yes, little Amber, you can have your pretty little Jimmy boy; you have my full consent, dear—my full consent. I'd like to be at the wedding; but it won't do for an old man like me. Your poor old Uncle Golorum must go to bed, and be fed with a tea-spoon—a real silver tea-spoon, dear—a real silver one. Don't put the poor old man off with a cracked bowl of porridge and a German silver spoon, because he's one hundred and twenty-three years old. Amber Bell—dear little Amber! be kind to the old, *old*, old man! And you shall have your Jimmy—yes, you shall; and may you live to be a great many hundred years old, and see the century plant flower a great many times, and be very happy!"

Pitiable sight! In the very prime of life—at forty-three years—without a single gray hair—every physical organ, power, function, quite unimpaired; but the presiding mind, the manly will, gone—utterly gone. Handsome—handsome to distinction still—though the implacable sternness of his face had been displaced by that fearful imbecile mildness—with the same strong limbs that had paced that hall relentlessly through so many a day and night of fierce, consuming fire—the same sinewy arms that had folded themselves like a vice upon his heart, holding it there with its corroding secret, to be worn forever by the merciless file of remembered wrong—but in soul the old, old man he thought he was—the man of six-score years and three!

At first it seemed to Amber that his conduct must be an admirable piece of acting. How he would have thrown Garrick's Lear into the shade, she thought, if he could have done this on the stage. Wonderful! wonderful! But when he never changed in color or expression—never gave a sign of conscious shamming, beneath the terrified look of her eyes—when to every word of entreaty, endearment, exhortation, he only replied, "Yes, yes, you shall have him; but it won't do for your poor old uncle to be at the wedding—one hundred and twenty-three years old!"—then

the terrible truth flashed in upon her with certainty—his reason was gone—quite gone!

Accusing herself as the author of this calamity—hardly knowing, for terror and sorrow, where to go, what to do—having no one near her to lean upon—yet staying her heart on the thought that something must be done, and that God and her beloved would help her—she rang for Cæsar, and bid him assist his master up stairs to his room.

"Never mind asking questions now, Cæsar. Be quick, but gentle—your master is only sick for a little while, and will be better soon."

Thus allaying the consternation of the servant as she could not her own, she attended her uncle to his bed. The negro clasped his strong arms around the body of the Captain—at first with a fear of being resisted by the once stern, fierce man, but finding him faithful to his rôle of six-score and three, limp and helpless as a child just born, he easily lifted him, and bore him up the stairs. Amber, with tears and terror mingled in her eyes, covered him up warmly, and left him sound asleep, with orders to Phillis that one of the servants should take a seat by the half-opened door to watch him.

Then, making her breakfast of a single cup of coffee, she told Cæsar to bring up the horses with the light buggy, as she would drive into town. The negro did as he was commanded. Amber took down from its nail the key of the almost disused front gate; and in half an hour afterward she stood, for the first time in her life, alone in Baltimore, at the door of James Lyon's studio.

XI.

In the bedchamber of the young old man of six-score and three, by the darkened windows, with the door shut, and ever and anon casting glances at the heavily slumbering occupant of the couch, stood James and Amber, at three o'clock of the afternoon.

"Little Semantha, whom I left as sentinel," whispered Amber, "says that uncle has not awakened since I left. Hadn't we better wake him now, and try our plan before it gets any later? I'm afraid he's sleeping too long."

"So am I. We had better rouse him; and if this means don't save him then nothing ever will. As you say, he has been growing worse for so many years that only the strongest stimulus to his faculties will have any chance to help him. You had better wake him, darling."

The two approached the sleeper. Amber, with woman's gentle skill, parted away the black locks that streamed over his face, and kissed him softly on the cheek. The Captain moved slightly, and murmured in his sleep—"Old—old—a—hundred—and—twenty-three years." "Uncle—dear uncle!" said Amber, tenderly; "won't you wake up now and speak to your little girl?" then kissed him again and again. The Captain roused himself and half sat up, leaning on one elbow.

"Ah! it is *you*, dears—Amber and her James! Are you married yet, dears?"

"No—not yet, uncle. But we've come to tell you something wonderful—you can't imagine what a discovery we've made! Oh, it's astonishing! Now listen to me, uncle—I won't tire you—just give me your full attention, and I'll let you know one of the most remarkable, interesting, beautiful things that ever happened."

"Speak on, dears."

"Very well. You remember that when you went to sleep you thought you had gained a hundred years of your life without knowing it—somehow or other—we couldn't tell how, exactly. Now James and I have discovered that this was a mistake, and that instead of gaining a hundred years you had lost twenty, and so got back to the same age you were when you went away from Milletonerre Cottage for the last time. That is the reason you see the century plant blossoming; those are the very same blossoms you saw when you were only *Lieutenant Grimm*."

The Captain looked quite bewildered; then something of the old fire came back into his eyes, and he exclaimed, "It can't be! It can't be! If it is, show me where *she* is! Where is *she*, I ask you?"

"Who, Uncle?"

A great struggle convulsed the Captain's form and face; and then, for the first time in all those long, bitter years, he uttered that name, crying out passionately before them both, "Flora!"

"Come with us, and see if the century plant can't tell you."

Forgetful of all his heavy six-score and three, the Captain bounded to the floor like a boy. Then, trembling, tottering again, he said,

"Take me, children, take me down; I can not go alone."

With James on one side, and Amber on the other, the uncle faltered his way to the bottom of the stairs and to the end of the hall. In front of the alcove and window, where the century plant sat, a deep curtain was drawn on a string temporarily stretched across from wall to wall. The two young people set their trembling burden in a chair before it; and then, like scene-shifters, put themselves at opposite ends of the string.

"Have you faith and strength to see twenty years melt away in a moment?"

"Yes, yes; be quick, children!"

"Draw your side, James." Simultaneously Amber draws her own.

By the side of the royal century blossoms, overshadowed, canopied by them, sits a queenly beautiful woman. Her eyes are the deepest blue; her hair a golden brown, like Amber's. Her face is older than Amber's; but, in all save James's eyes, as beautiful, with the ripened beauty of thirty-six. Her dress is almost girlish, but not too young for her; and around her shining forehead and wavy tresses is a garland of the first anemones of spring.

For an instant she sits motionless—silent as a statue. For an instant the Captain gazes transfixed—pale, marble-pale, and breathless. Then their souls awaken to the truth; the strong man leaps to the beautiful woman; they fall upon each other's bosoms—the one crying, "O God! it is *you*—Flora Balcom!" the other, through her sobs and tears, brokenly whispering, "My own! my beloved! God bless thee, at last, my own noble one!"

James and Amber glided away, and for the first time found it possible to be alone in Milletonerre Cottage without danger of being followed. And while they were gone they prayed God fervently for the two they had left—prayed together with one heart and voice, that at last the shadow might be melted utterly away from the forehead of the man it had darkened so long, and that those hearts they had brought together with so much trembling might, by no pride, no recriminations, no remembrance of any wrong, be kept asunder now, but, flowing around that steep, stern crag of twenty years, which had held them apart so cruelly, might meet and be one glad, living stream for evermore.

Their prayer was answered: for when they returned to the century plant there were two others praying there—not with sorrow, not even with an untimely penitence—with the broken voice of great thanksgiving—and the beautiful woman's head was hidden in the breast of the strong man, whose arm drew her to him, never to leave him any more.

And there were two weddings at Milletonerre Cottage on the same day.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—A BALLAD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

STOUT Sir Henry Clinton spoke—

"It is time the power awoke
That upholds in these dominions
Royal right;
Set all sail and southward steer,
And, instead of idling here,
Crush these rebel Carolinians
Who have dared to beard our might."

Of his coming well we knew—
Far and wide the story flew,
And the many tongues of rumor
Swell'd his force;

But we scorn'd his gathered might,
And, relying on the right,
Bade the braggart let his humor
For a battle take its course.

Neither idle nor dismayed,
As we watch'd the coming shade
Of the murky cloud that hovered
On our coast;
From the country far and near,
In we call'd the volunteer,
Till the ground around was covered
With the trampling of our host.

In their homespun garb arrayed,
 Sturdy farmers to our aid
 Came, as to a bridal lightly
 Come the guests;
 Leaving crops and kine and lands,
 Trusty weapons in their hands,
 And the fire of courage brightly
 Burning in their manly breasts.

From the hills the hunters came—
 Having dealt with meaner game,
 Much they longed to meet the lions
 Of the isles;
 And 'twas pleasant there to see
 With what stately step and free,
 Strode those restless-eyed Orions
 Past our better-ordered files.

There were soldiers from the North,
 Hailed as brothers by the swarth,
 Keen, chivalric Carolinians
 At their side—
 Ah, may never discord's fires,
 Sons of heart-united sires
 Who together fought the minions
 Of a tyrant-king, divide!

Came the owner of the soil,
 The mechanic from his toil,
 And the student from the college—
 Equal each;
 They had gathered there to show
 To the proud and cruel foe,
 Who had come to court the knowledge
 What a people's wrath could teach.

Watching Clinton, day by day,
 From his vessels in the bay,
 On Long Island beach debarking
 Grenadiers,
 In the fort at Sullivan's isle,
 With a grim and meaning smile,
 Every scarlet soldier marking,
 Stood our ready cannoniers.

Of palmetto logs and sand,
 On a stretch of barren land,
 Stands that rude but strong obstruction,
 Keeping guard;
 'Tis the shelter of the town—
 They must take or break it down,
 They must sweep it to destruction,
 Or their farther path is barred.

'Twas but weak they thought to shield;
 They were sure it soon would yield;
 They had guns afloat before it,
 Ten to one;
 Yet long time their vessels lay
 Idly rocking in the bay,
 While the flag that floated o'er it
 Spread its colors in the sun.

But at length toward the noon
 Of the twenty-eighth of June,
 We observed their force in motion
 On the shore;
 At the hour of half past nine,
 Saw their frigates form in line,
 Heard the krakens of the ocean
 Ope their mighty jaws and roar.

On the decks we saw them stand,
 Lighted matches held in hand,
 Brawny sailors, stripped and ready
 For the word;
 Crawling to the royal's head,
 Saw the signal rise and spread;
 And the order to be steady
 To the waiting crews we heard.

Then the iron balls and fire
 From the lips of cannons dire,
 In a blazing torrent pouring,
 Roaring came;
 And each dun and rolling cloud
 That arose the ships to shroud,
 Seemed a mist continual soaring
 From some cataract of flame.

Moultrie eyed the *Bristol* then—
 She was foremost of the ten,
 And these words—his eyes upon her—
 Left his lips—
 "Let them not esteem you boors;
 Show that gentle blood of yours;
 Pay the Admiral due honor,
 And the line-of-battle-ships."

Back our balls in answer flew,
 Piercing plank and timbers through,
 Till the foe began to wonder
 At our might;
 While we laughed to hear the roar
 Flung by Echo from the shore;
 While we shouted to the thunder
 Grandly pealing through the fight.

From Long Island, Clinton came
 To surmount the wall of flame
 That was built by Thomson's rangers
 On the east;
 But he found a banquet spread,
 Where, with open hand and red,
 Dangers bade the hostile strangers
 Bloody welcome to the feast.

Moved their boats with soldiers filled,
 Rowed by seamen picked and skilled,
 O'er the channel surging proudly
 To attack;
 Stern and silently they moved,
 As became their courage proved,
 Though the rangers' rifles loudly
 Speaking peril, warned them back.

Long the barges headway held
By the sinewy arms impelled
Of the dauntless British seamen
Through the foam,
Through the leaden death that came,
Borne upon the wings of flame,
From the rifled guns of freemen
Fighting fiercely for their home.

One by one the rowers dropped—
Then their onward course was stopped—
Death stood ready for the daring
At the oar;
Though in scorn they came at first,
When that storm upon them burst,
They returned with humbler bearing
To the safe and farther shore.

Then the bluff Sir Peter cried—
"Though they lower Clinton's pride,
And with front as stern as iron
Are arrayed,
There's a joint within their mail—
To their western front will sail
The *Actæon*, *Sphynx*, and *Siren*,
And the fortress enfilade."

Oh, the Admiral was too free
With his gallant frigates three!
It were better had he kept them
As they were;
For the Middle Shoal they found,
Where they snugly lay aground,
While so bloodily we swept them
With our iron besoms there.

They were taught full soon aright,
That the bravest man in flight
May, when perils dire environ,
Safety find:
Soon, by aid of sail and sweep,
From the shoal unto the deep
They restored the *Sphynx* and *Siren*;
But the other staid behind.

Gnawed the Admiral his lip;
Yet the combat from his ship
Coolly, 'mid our fire so deadly,
Guided he,
Though the dying and the dead
On the decks around were spread,
And the blood was running redly
From the scuppers to the sea.

On that bloody deck he stood,
While, with voices deep and rude,
Thrice a hundred cannon thundered
For the King;
And our thirty cannons black
Growled their terrible answer back,
Till the souls from bodies sundered
Of three hundred men took wing.

All the while the battle through
Waved our crescent flag of blue,
Till the staff was cut asunder
By a ball;
And the foemen raised a cheer
Like the crow of chancicleer,
Shrilly sounding through the thunder,
As they saw the colors fall.

On the ramparts Jasper stood,
In his hands that banner good,
'Mid the balls that flew incessant
O'er the brine;
To a sponge-staff firmly tied,
Once again it floated wide,
Flashing to the sun the crescent
Of the Carolina Line.

Rang the stirring cheer on cheer
For our hero void of fear,
For our young and gallant sergeant
Firm and bold;
And we swore our bodies should bleach,
On that barren, sandy beach,
Ere that flag with crescent argent
Should be wrested from our hold.

So we fought till set of sun,
When their vessels, one by one,
Slackened fire, and anchor weighing
Shaped a course;
To Five Fathom Hole they fled,
With their dying and their dead,
In their battered hulls displaying
How our skill surpassed their force.

Through that night we never slept—
Ceaseless watch and ward we kept,
With the port-fire steady burning
At each gun;
And the vessels of our foes
We beheld when dawn arose—
Eastwardly our glances turning—
Lie between us and the sun.

Yet not all escaped that day—
The *Actæon* frigate lay
At the shoal whereon she grounded
Hours before;
And her vexed and angry crew,
As our shot at her we threw,
And her sides of oak we pounded,
Dropped the guns and took the oar.

We beheld them, from the deck
Of her rent and battered wreck,
Like the rats from garner burning,
Fastly flee;
Ah, no more before the gale
Will that gallant vessel sail;
Nevermore, the billows spurning,
Wave her white wings o'er the sea!

Ere they fled, with spiteful ire,
They devoted her to fire,
With her red-cross ensign proudly .
Floating free;
But we boarded with a crew,
Down the flying colors drew,
While our cheers rang long and loudly
To the fortress from the sea.

Then her small-arms all we took,
And her bell and signal-book;
Fired her cannon thrice, in honor
Of the day;
Bore her colors ensign down,
In defiance of the crown;
And to heap more scorn upon her,
Jeering, trailed them o'er the bay.

Then we fired her as before,
And, exulting, from the shore
Saw the flaming serpents creeping
Up the shrouds;
Saw them dance upon the deck,
Saw them lick and gnaw the wreck,
Saw them to the mast-heads leaping,
Through the rolling, smoking clouds.

Then, while gleamed the sparks like stars,
Snapped and fell the blazing spars,
While the fire was moaning dirges,
Came a roar;
Upward sprang a pillared flame,
And to fragments rent her frame,
With a shock that drove the surges,
White with terror, to the shore.

Time since then has traveled on:
Moultrie, Thomson, Jasper, gone!
Few survive who shared the glory
Of the scene;
But their names in light shall blaze
To the very latter days;
And our sons, in song and story,
Keep their memory ever green.

FROTH.

"A H! did you see that?"
"That what?"

"Only a woman—but *such* a woman! A brunette, with one of those sweet oval faces, and a mass of dark hair, half ringlets, half tangles—the face of a poetess."

"Poetesses generally have a reputation for supreme ugliness."

"This one isn't ugly, at all events. There is something very lovely in those dark, stately women, I think, infinitely above any kind of blonde beauty."

"Here, here! what are you thinking about? Nice kind of talk for a man who is engaged to a blonde! How about Miss Gaynes, there, with her fair hair and pretty Saxon face?"

"Oh, Edith is pretty enough, in her way, and a very nice girl indeed. She will make me an excellent wife, of course, and I should be sorry to think of marrying any body else; we have been engaged so long, you know, and are so well matched. But still, I do like to see pretty women, and this brunette's face haunts me with a curious demand for admiration. I believe that my father was right, when he said I had a vein of romance running through my character."

"Yes, Heaven be praised, you have. Your 'inversion,' as Swedenborg calls it, is not complete as yet."

"Please don't enlarge on the dead languages and lost theologies. You would be an excellent fellow, Phil, if you weren't so terribly metaphysical!"

"Metaphysics are only the poetry of science. You yourself like abstractions, or you wouldn't like that woman's face. As near as I can judge, from what you say, its beauty is abstract. A poetical face can not be symmetrical and regular in all its features."

"I don't know any thing about that, but I do know that this face is poetical and charming. It seems to satisfy, not satiate, my fancy, more than any other I ever saw."

"And therefore you will marry a fair, mild-eyed little blonde, enough like you to be your sister—just the opposite of the type you so fervently admire!"

"Certainly; I admire her too. We are equal in every way—mated by wealth, position, the wishes of all our friends, and every thing else. Am I not a *grand parti* for her, and *vice versa*? Now don't talk any nonsense about poetry and romance—they are all very fine, and no man likes them better than I do, in their place; but they are, unfortunately, impracticable."

"Well, follow your leaders, and work out the old problem, wealth to wealth; luxury to luxury; ease to ease; till the blood gets fat, the body feeble, the mind atrophied, and the whole race sinks into decay and effeteness. Go on: you are a fair specimen of 'select society,' and I wish you joy of your *grande partie*. But, God save your progeny!"

"But what can a fellow do?"

"Do? Renounce them all. Declare your independence, and throw all the vanity and nonsense of society overboard. Fall in love with a woman who can love you in return—who knows but this brunette might?—and live out the life of a man! Marry, and be not only happy but miserable also, for there is nothing like experience to make one grow and broaden. Sensation! sensation! sensation! The soul thirsts for it—the body thrives on it. Get it, then, and let it be genuine. That's what you can do!"

"Yes—how pretty it sounds, doesn't it? I wish I were a poet, a writer of charming sentiments and enthusiastic rhodomontades. I would talk just as you do, and then—do just as you do!"

Phil bit his nether lip.

"Never mind what I do," said he; "if you knew all that I know you would comprehend me. But let every man work out his own destiny. You may not be a poet, but you have, as your father says, a romantic vein, and it should have a nobler scope than you can find in merely walking Broadway and admiring the women."

"Hush! there she comes again, turning back. Take a fair look at her."

"A right sweet, noble face—a face full of soul and vitality, with a nameless loveliness in every feature. Being dark myself, I like blondes best, but I would really be glad to know the wearer of that face."

"Ten to one she isn't worth knowing."

"I can't think so. Beauty like that always means something. It is your pretty, doll-like beauty that gilds common clay. This is of a different sort, and is the index to womanly purity, and—what is as fine—womanly loveliness."

"I'm glad you like the face, anyhow, for I have a certain respect for your judgment, and it has a peculiar charm for me."

"Of course it has. Your heart is all right enough. It is only your mask—your social crust—that is false and stupid. 'Inversion' is your only great trouble—set you right side up, and you would be a capital fellow."

"But it is so much trouble to get right side up!"

"Yes, that's just it. Froth is simpler than wine—it is a cheap, gaseous portion of the liquid. You were made a man, and brought up a society man. It is hard to change, so go ahead, in the old way—eat, drink, and be merry—if you can!"

"At least, I can try. There come Edith and her mamma—I must join them, I suppose. Ah, well."

"Happy man! Now aren't you happy? Never mind telling the truth—you'd better say you are!"

"Good-by, my cynic; I'll be even with you yet!"

"I hope so; good-by!"

The friends separated. Phil, bowing graciously to the two ladies, went to his favorite restaurant, to elaborate the plot of a new comedy, over a light dinner. The other joined his *fiancée* and her mother, and tendered his services as escort.

This latter young gentleman was a pleasant, easy-going sort of character. Gifted with much talent and intellect, he seemed to lack the courage or energy necessary to break over the bounds of social conventionality. He was wealthy and educated, a bit of a philosopher, a lover of art and nature, but perfectly aimless, and fonder of simple comfort than of any thing else in the world.

In fact Thorpe Fanshawe might be considered a fair type of a large class of young men in New York city, who, with every capability and facility for a brilliant career, are spoiled by the curse of too much hereditary wealth, at too early an age, and, worse yet, an early inculcation of the conventional idea of gentility.

Young Fanshawe had studied law at college, and might have been a great luminary at the bar, but he simply had no object upon which to exert his powers, and felt no necessity for their exertion. His existence was all planned and mapped out for him before he was of age, and all he could do was to live according to the chart. His future wife had been chosen for him on account of her wealth, her social position, and the respectability of her family. They were betrothed as children, and taught to consider the matter settled, although they entertained no more affection for one another than any good friends might. Of course, as both were intelligent, they sometimes had vague ideas of the injustice of this kind of marriage, but a rebellion against it would be an immense deal of trouble, and they thought it would be better, perhaps, to tolerate each other than to attempt a revolt against the sacred injunction of society, which bade them "be genteel, or die!"

Philip Rawstone, on the contrary, was decidedly unconventional. He was extraordinarily energetic, performing gigantic feats of literary prolificacy—throwing off play after play, story after story, poem after poem, besides contributing editorially to several papers, and all without any great apparent effort. Necessarily, so hard a worker must have made a good deal of money, but Phil had many odd ideas of luxury, that, together with his "bachelor economy," cost him a good deal also, so that, when he balanced his accounts at the end of the year, he generally found himself not only out of debt but out of money too.

Between him and Thorpe Fanshawe society and its laws were an endless cause of good-humored quarrel. Phil believed most devoutly in doing just as his fancy and inclination prompted, and despised a "sense of duty" as a motive for any action. I think he would rather have done wrong from attraction than to have done right from a fear of the world. Fortunately, his attractions did not lie in evil directions, and he was one of those very few young men whose worst fault might have been written on his forehead, without causing him to go veiled in public.

If Rawstone could have had a fair chance to talk daily with Fanshawe, and if all extraneous influences could have been averted, the marriage between him and Edith Gaynes would have been soon abandoned, no doubt. After each of their arguments Thorpe felt less and less faith in the code of society, and saw more and more of the monstrosity of a hymeneal tie without love. But all of his other acquaintances and his family were rigid conventionalists, and he heard far more every day about his "duties to the world" than of his duties to himself and to God.

Among those who were continually bolstering up the divine institutions of fashionable life was the young man's uncle, John Rooke, a gay bachelor, who, at the ripe age of five-and-thirty, was about to make a brilliant marriage with a Washington widow of about his own time of life.

The bride elect was fat and fair, immense in the social circles of the capital, immense in the lobby, and, indeed, immense every where, except at home. Rich, smart, handsome, and powerful. What more could a man desire in a wife?

Some foolish boys reading this may say that they would want affection and womanly purity; but genteel people have voted these attributes down as superfluous and sentimental. No, no, let us be gay while we are young; let us live on the surface, amidst the froth; and when we are used up, at middle age, let us forswear the flesh-pots and wine-skins, and, settling down peacefully under our fig-tree and vine, take to ourselves a dashing wife to fill the gay place we have occupied. Let the man have his fling while he is single, the woman when she is married. Let us be frothy, of the froth, and—never mind the lees!

It was a very pleasant sight to see John Rooke standing before the altar, with his open, frank, English-looking face—his kindly smile and his Paris neck-tie—his earnest expression and dress-coat lined with white satin—his evident happiness and faultless kids—his ennobling inward consciousness of having a firm belief in the Holy Ritual of Marriage and two hundred thousand dollars in the Midas Manufacturing Company's shares, paying an annual dividend of thirty per cent. A charming sight!

The Washington widow had been through with it all before, and was less impressed than the bridegroom; but she was very lovely in white moire antique and pearls—most women would be. As for Thorpe Fanshawe and Edith Gaynes, who were first groomsman and bridesmaid, they were the very picture of well-dressed resignation. Thorpe looked just as he did when his sisters made him take out some hapless wall-flower for a turn at the Lancers, at a party. Edith looked—Well, did you ever see a few lambs taken from a flock, and driven from the pen to the slaughter-house? Do you recollect how simple and unsophisticated the remaining ones looked, all in blissful ignorance of their fate, to come in turn? That is just the way Edith looked!

So the wedding-breakfast was eaten, and the "happy pair" toasted, and sly jokes cracked upon Thorpe and Edith by Fanshawe senior, and after much Champagne, very frothy, and much congratulation ditto, the bride patted her dry eyes with her lace handkerchief, the groom said "good-by, and God bless you all!" cheerily, and off they went on the wedding-tour.

This gave young Fanshawe a new impetus on the beaten track. For six weeks he dressed every evening after dinner, took his sisters to balls and parties, and paid the most devout attentions to Edith. John Rooke seemed so well satisfied, and wrote him such nice letters, all full of underscored words and exclamation points with complacent little addenda in the P.S. way by the bride, that the young man almost persuaded himself that fashionable life was a great thing after all; that lotus-eating was a good aim to exist for; that Edith and he could

be superlatively happy as man and wife, and that froth was a good deal more substantial than it looked.

During this period of exemplary superficiality he naturally saw but little of Phil Rawstone, who tasted the life of all circles, in an omnivorous way, without belonging to any. Not fancying the flavor of the fashionable lotus, he rarely ventured into the "set" in which the Fanshawes moved, although when he did his literary ability and—better yet—reputation secured him a warm reception and respectful treatment, particularly from the ladies, who liked his poetry. Edith Gaynes read every thing he wrote, and thought he had "such fine eyes," while the eldest Miss Fanshawe was accused of setting her cap for him, and soundly scolded therefor by her father, who, though he admired talent, could not think of having a professional *litterateur* for a son-in-law.

It was only occasionally that Phil and Thorpe met, as I have said, and the latter was surprised one day by running against his friend in Broadway, and seeing him dressed in the most elaborately gorgeous style. This is not—I regret to say—the usual custom of literary gentlemen, and Phil Rawstone was rather especially given to morning coats at all hours, figured shirts, and felt hats.

"Hallo, Phil!" cried Fanshawe, with much effusion; "I haven't seen you for an age! How do you do, old boy? Prospering, eh? Your outward encasements indicate it. I don't think I ever saw you quite such a heavy swell!"

"Oh, I like dress as well as any body, at times, though I'm not exactly what Carlyle calls a 'dandiacal body.' I'm going to take a lady to the opera to-night, and want to produce a sensation on the audience. Even the sons of the Muses are not totally exempt from the vanity of mortals."

"I didn't know that you ever took ladies to the opera."

"I don't often. It is not much in my line, but if you only knew who this lady is!"

"A wealthy maiden aunt, perhaps, or some fair siren of a scientific and abstract turn, who has enchanted your metaphysical heart with a burly song in high Dutch, with a burden of:

*'Gehefniss! Metaphysik!
Metaphysich Gehefniss!'*

"Neither the one nor the other, but a lady whom you know very slightly, and whom I know very well, though our acquaintance is but of brief duration. Indeed, you have known her longer than I have."

"Who is she, then?"

"I shall not tell you, for I want you to be surprised. Come to the Academy of Music to-night, and look at the left hand proscenium boxes. In one of them I shall sit to display my beauties and graces. *Hinc illae toggeries*—there's Latin for your German!"

"Let me see—yes—I'll be there. My sister Carrie wants to hear Piccolomini sing 'Batti, batti,' once more—I'll take her and Edith, and

see who this mysterious captivatress of yours may be."

"No captivatress, but a dear good girl, who has sense, refinement, intellect—every thing, except money—that she hasn't got any very large amount of, I confess."

"I have a great curiosity to see her—I don't think I know any such person."

"Not intimately, but perhaps you may yet. I shall be disappointed if you don't knock at our box door before the last act—I am sure of getting permission to introduce you, for she is good-natured, and has faith in my estimation of people. Will you come?"

"Yes. I'll go home now, and get Carrie and Edith ready."

In the neighborhood of nine o'clock that evening Fanshawe, in accordance with his promise, entered his father's box—the old gentleman was one of the original stock-holders of the Academy—accompanied by his sister and Edith, two fair blondes, with golden hair and rosy cheeks, set off by their tasteful opera-cloaks of soft white cashmere, daintily trimmed with blue ribbon.

As soon as Fanshawe could adjust his lorgnette he gazed anxiously across the house, glittering with beauty, wealth, and—fitting accompaniment—gas, toward the left hand proscenium boxes. In one of them sat Phil Rawstone, elegant and easy, and by his side, closely engaged in conversation with him, was the lovely brunette who had so often attracted Thorpe Fanshawe's admiration on Broadway!

The recognition produced an odd effect upon the young man. He remembered those deep, deep eyes, with purity and truth lying in their depths, like clear fresh water lying in the bottom of a spring. He remembered those tangled masses of dark hair—gracefully pendulous as the airy vines that swing from the cypresses of Southern swamps. He remembered the lithe, elastic form and regal air—the step full of character—the sweet smile and tender self-abnegation expressed therein, and, thinking of all these, wondered, far down in the adyta of his heart, whether he could not mate with such a woman, and know the happiness that he had always been taught to think was weak and sentimental. Those teachings seemed like infidelity now, for he began to feel that he who denied love went nigh to denying Him who said "Love ye one another!"

He turned toward Edith. She too was beautiful—very beautiful—an innocent, pleasant girl, with great taste and delicacy in her soul. Refinement, tenderness, and kindly love for the neighbor, were stamped upon every curve and contour of her face—every dimple of her rose-bloom cheeks—every sparkle of her sunny eyes; but it was not what he craved—he was just such another himself, saving that he had "seen the world"—a process that leaves little room for innocence. He too was fair of complexion, gentle and easy of manner, luxurious and refined in habit. They were too much alike to marry.

He felt, in looking from her to his sister, that he bore exactly the same affection for both—the same pride and respect—a purely fraternal sentiment, far different from the love that should sanctify the conjugal relation.

In the midst of these thick-coming meditations he saw Phil beckoning to him, and as two or three friends of Carrie's had entered the box to make their compliments to the young ladies, he excused himself, and passed around to his friend's place.

Phil introduced the lady as a Miss Dudley, and spoke of Fanshawe as an old friend. Miss Dudley gave Thorpe her hand cordially, and bestowed a glance of scrutiny upon him, taking in his whole figure, from neck-tie to boots, like one accustomed to receiving impressions from trifles as well as from general appearances.

She was evidently not displeased by her examination, and in a few minutes conversation was progressing as briskly as if they had been three intimate friends, though at first Fanshawe's heart was so thrilled, through and through, by the tone of her voice, that he could hardly collect his ideas enough to express them.

I don't know, my dear reader, whether you have given the subject much attention, but there is an immense deal of significance in a voice. There are some voices that are hard, dry, and rasping—nutmeg-grater voices. Then there are brawny voices, belonging to men of mighty thews and sinews. There are sibilating, snaky voices, fraught with deceit and duplicity—throaty, English voices, indicating either a lack of emotional capability, or a tendency to conceal the emotions—soft, singing voices, like the last vibration of a chime of bells—and many more, all distinct, expressive, and full of meaning.

And there is a voice of voices—a fresh, clear, good voice—oh, how weak is this poor language that gives me no adjective to describe it!—and this is worth all other voices together. I can not tell its marvelous properties—I can think of no musical word that expresses its quality of tone, but we have all heard it more than once. Who has not heard his own name pronounced in such a manner, with such an inflection, such a modulation, such a divine harmony of tone with syllable, that it rang sweeter in his ears than the sweetest strains of the great masters of song?

Well, such a voice had Miss Dudley, and its sound seemed to entrance poor Fanshawe when she first spoke to him. The remains of his late conventional life, too, seemed to stifle him in her presence, and he could only speak in monosyllables.

But a man could not be stupid long in Miss Dudley's society. If he were so by nature he could not stay. If so by circumstance, she removed his embarrassment with wondrous tact—which is genuine in a woman—and brought out all the good, the wise, the witty, and the agreeable within him.

So with Fanshawe. In two minutes he was delightfully at ease, and talked better than he

ever had to any woman before, or to any one else, except, perhaps, to Phil Rawstone.

As Fanshawe and Miss Dudley seemed inclined to monopolize the conversation, Phil found himself *de trop*.

"Here," said he, in his off-hand way, "I see forty friends, more or less, beckoning to me from various boxes, and I think you can entertain each other for a few moments without me."

"I'm sure I can dispense with you so long as Mr. Fanshawe is here," laughed Miss Dudley.

"Yes, I suppose so. It is always the last new face with you women!"

"But Mr. Fanshawe's face is not new to me. We have just discovered that we are old promenade acquaintances—eye-friends, you know, such as one gets in walking much."

"Then make yourselves mutually agreeable while I'm gone."

"I say, Phil," said Fanshawe, "won't you look in on Carrie and Edith while you are out? They'll be charmed to see you, and they may need some consolation for my absence."

Phil promised, and the next minute his friends saw him appear in the Fanshawe box. His "forty friends, more or less," must have been somewhat mythical, for he did not leave the young ladies until he returned to Miss Dudley, toward the close of the opera.

Meanwhile Thorpe was in the seventh heaven of happiness. The most delicious of all delicious sensations, the crowning glory of youth and life, the intensest emotional experience of humanity, is that wonderfully simple, yet curiously intricate act—falling in love!

The gradual steps from interest to admiration, thence to charm, fascination, and love, beginning with the plain, pretty bud, and ending with the full-blown, perfect, glorified blossom, are among the familiar miracles of earth, seen constantly, experienced often, yet just as inscrutable, as blindly incomprehensible, to the wisest *savant*, as any turning of water into wine, or feeding of five thousand men and women with five loaves and two fishes.

There are many who doubt the possibility of that phenomenon known as "love at first sight," while others think that all love must begin with the first meeting. For my own part, I believe that love takes all sorts of means and methods, sudden and slow. With Fanshawe it was the work of an hour, although he had felt an interest in the beautiful brunette he had so often seen on Broadway before he knew aught of her.

Every glance, every gesture, every word strengthened the favorable impression first created on both sides, until they both lost sight of the glare and glitter of the house—of sweet-voiced Piccolomini and strong-voiced Formes; heard no note of vivacious Gassier or earnest Gazzaniga; saw no sign of the mimic life, love, sorrow, and death upon the stage; but recognized themselves only, a human man and woman, with human passions, thoughts, and feelings, yearning for human sympathy and human love!

Miss Dudley was a strange, eccentric girl.

Vol. XXI.—No. 121.—F

Having very few intimate friends, she made a confidante of herself, scorning self-deception as fervently as any other species of dishonesty. Two hours after parting from Thorpe Fanshawe she paused in her preparation for retiring, and leaning her dimpled elbows upon the marble of her dressing-stand, gazed at the vision of dark magnificence she saw reflected in the mirror.

"He is very handsome," she said to this image of herself; "he seems noble at heart. I hope he may be what he seems, for, God help me, I love him!"

As for Fanshawe, he accompanied his sister and his betrothed to their homes; but the only time he opened his mouth, from the time he left the opera-house till he fell asleep, was just as he extinguished the gas-light in his chamber, when he gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn "Heigh-ho!"

After this it was impossible for him to lead the life he had been leading. The stale forms and conventionalities of society sickened him more than ever. His "sense of duty" no longer stimulated him to visit people who cared nothing for him, and for whom he cared nothing, and a week was passed in hermit-like seclusion, interrupted only by a call or two upon Miss Dudley, which had no effect save to make matters worse and worse. He rose late, confined himself to his rooms, smoking the whole day through, reading Tennyson, and writing abortive stanzas, commencing:

"Thy night-black hair
Is a silken snare,
And my heart is—"

when, finding that his rhymes were also a snare that had entangled him, he was fain to begin again:

"Oh! mystery of love, so strange and fair!
How sweet thy influence, how soft thy charm!
The melting eye, the dewy lip, the hair
Of deepest ebon shade—"

and failing to make "arm," "alarm," "harm," or "farm" come in properly to end the line, the amateur poet would drop rhyming, and cover his paper with little pen-sketches of a female head, bearing more or less of a resemblance to Miss Dudley; that young lady's name also figuring prominently among the sketches, written in every imaginable style of hand.

Wearying at length of this form of lotus-eating, the young man began to long for sympathy, and naturally sought his nearest friend, Phil Rawstone.

Calling upon him one evening he found him filling a huge Turkish pipe, preparatory to going to work; for he had an unwholesome habit of writing altogether at night, aided by coffee (which he made himself, most epicureanly), and making up for lost sleep by afternoon naps.

"Ah!" said Phil, "is that you, mine Ancient? Come in, sit down, and take a pipe—unless you prefer the more aristocratic, and therefore inferior, cigar. Pipes here—tobacco there—cigars in that thing on the mantle."

"Give me a pipe—not a pet one; I am apt to be unlucky with them."

Be it known to such of my readers as are not familiar with that simple but powerful (often in more than one sense) instrument of pleasure to the brain-worker, that every smoker has his pet pipes, and woe be to the stranger who smokes them without leave. The great art lies in coloring them black by smoking them in a peculiar and scientific manner; and when a nice French clay pipe, of Gambier's or Fiolet's make, graceful of form and smooth of texture, is properly colored, or *culottée*, as the French term it, its value rises, in the smoker's estimation, from its original cost of ten cents to a fabulous sum.

So Phil gave his visitor a stout cutty, which, being already colored, could only be spoiled by breaking; and while Fanshawe smoked, with his feet elevated to a reasonable height, his body being buried in the capacious recesses of a Sleepy Hollow chair, Phil busied himself over an alarmingly complicated apparatus of reservoirs, tubes, faucets, etc., with an alcohol lamp underneath. The machine being adjusted and the lamp lit, there soon arose that grateful aroma—doubly dear to the dreamy imaginative mind—the scent of fresh strong coffee.

All this time the silence had been unbroken, save by the rattling of the coffee-pot—the “infernal machine,” as Phil's doctor called it—and the soft, unconscious “puh, puh!” that accompanies the action of smoking. Suddenly, however, Fanshawe broke out:

“I say, Phil, where did you get acquainted with Miss Dudley?”

“At a reception at the house of Wiley, the artist. I recognized her at once for the girl we saw on Broadway, and was quite surprised to meet her there.”

“I wish you hadn't introduced me to her!”

“Why?” asked Phil, with a grimace approaching a sardonic smile; “isn't she rather a nice person?”

“Rather a nice person! Pretty term to apply to a splendid woman like her, lovely, lovable, and loving!”

“Ah, I see; your ideas have got a little shaken up, haven't they? How does Josie Dudley compare, now, with the thousand-and-one women you know? Do the gentle damsels of your lofty circle seem interesting after an evening with her?”

“That's just the trouble. I can't bear them; and since I saw her I have let every thing go. Father thinks I'm a fool, and my sisters say I'm a bear.”

“And Miss Gaynes?”

“Oh, she doesn't bother her head about it at all, bless her! I wish they would all let me alone as good-naturedly as she does.”

“What a pity it is! what a shame, eh?”

“What is a pity?”

“That you can't worship God and mammon too!”

“What a pity that I was born with my hands and feet bound—fettered with golden chains!”

“Not so much your hands and feet as your heart.”

“What are hearts to us poor conventional creatures of society! I never knew I had one till—till—”

“Till when?”

“Till I met Miss Dudley. I won't try to be discreet with you, Phil. I am in love with that girl, if I know what love is, and, from present symptoms, I think I do.”

“No use! no use! Your marriage was ‘cut and dried’—dried, I fear, beyond all hope of freshness—years ago. Josephine Dudley is not of your set. She has but very little property, no position, and a great deal of mind—something that is awkward to have in fashionable circles, but of which she is neither afraid nor ashamed. She won't do for you!”

“I know it. I have no right to love any body except myself, or to believe that I can love. What makes it still more exasperating is, that every one thinks I am so fortunate, so worthy of congratulation!”

“The sufferings of the poor are nothing compared with those of the rich, after all. You ought to have a placard hung on your breast, with the words, ‘Pity a poor fellow who has lost the use of his heart!’ and take up a prominent position at the gates of Vanity Fair, like the blind men down by the Hospital fence.”

“There are too many afflicted in the same way. But see here: my uncle, John Rooke, made a *mariage de convenance*, and is as happy as a bee in clover. I know very well that there was no love in that match, on either side.”

“But is he happy?”

“He writes so—or did, lately.”

“Then he isn't the man I took him for. I may have mistaken him, though—he may be fond of froth. I fancy you would make a poor thing of life with such a partner as his. Luckily, you are better provided for.”

“‘It's all a muddle,’ as Stephen Blackpool says. I've a great mind to run away!”

“Who from? From yourself? You are the only man who can harm you that I know of.”

“I don't know what to do!”

“Well, for the first thing, take some coffee. You'll find those little biscuits very nice, if well buttered and dipped in the cup. Glad to see you drop the absurd habit of putting sugar in your coffee. I agree with Toussenel, that pepper and salt would be quite as appropriate. See here, do you know what that is? That's real, *bona fide*, genuine, simon pure country cream, sent me by a rustic friend, who knows my weakness for it. Now drink, and enjoy the beverage that brings wit to the tongue, brilliancy to the mind, gladness to the soul, and, alas! torpidity to the liver!”

“Pshaw! what is that to torpidity of the heart?”

It was late when the friends separated, Fanshawe going home to bed in a mood of pleasant melancholy, and Rawstone sitting down to turn off a dozen pages or so of dialogue for his new comedy—graceful as the smoke of his pipe—subtle and racy as the aroma of his coffee.

The following day Thorpe Fanshawe and his father had a long and earnest talk, opened by the young man, who was really in a state of great bewilderment concerning his position. Mr. Fanshawe was in an unusually good humor, and talked quite sensibly about the matter in the abstract. He agreed that it was unfortunate that one could not conform to the promptings of his heart and the laws of society too; he spoke highly of Miss Dudley, whom he had seen, and acknowledged her to be a superior woman, worthy of great admiration and respect.

"But she is no match for you, Thorpe," he said; "she has only a few hundred dollars income, and is not known at all in our circle. Edith Gaynes, on the contrary, is just the girl for you in every respect. The thing has been settled for years now, and to break it off would cause a great deal of talk very annoying to all parties. Now don't you think you had best try to get over this fancy? It will not be so hard, after all, if you make up your mind to it. Take a trip abroad, and occupy yourself with some study or amusement for a year. Depend upon it you will come back heart-whole."

Thorpe sighed and looked incredulous; but the old gentleman continued putting such plausible arguments so coolly and clearly that he was again unsettled, and began to wonder if his duty was not clear in spite of his love. His father had ever been kind and indulgent, and he felt that the least he could do was to obey his wishes in this respect. So, for his father's sake, he promised to do his best to uproot the passion that was twining its tendrils about his heart-strings and giving promise of fair flowers and fairer fruit.

Again he plunged into society to drown his love in the whirligig dizziness of fashionable pleasure; but one can not drown in froth; so he failed, of course, and was stolidly miserable. He sought Edith's companionship as much as possible, to see if love might not come to them yet; but there was no hope. She was resigned, accepting the future as a matter of course, but with no pretense of any joy in the anticipation.

This was the dark hour before dawn. While these poor children were still looking their blank destiny apathetically in the face, a blow fell that changed the whole tenor and current of their lives.

The Fanshawes were startled and horrified one day by the reception of a telegram from Washington announcing that John Rooke had killed himself!

Mr. Fanshawe went to the capital at once, and found a rumor, based on papers left by the unfortunate man, that he had been subject to fits of partial insanity. The next day, however, Thorpe received a letter, written by his uncle the night of his self-murder, which told the whole sad story.

After frittering away the honey-moon in a round of excitement, the newly-wedded couple had settled in Washington, and then began the realities of their married life. Dissimilarities of taste, incompatibilities of temper, and other

inharmonious circumstances, had made them at first cool—then bitter—then intolerable to each other. An old suitor of the bride's returned from abroad, and her conduct with him became the subject of scandal.

Very soon John Rooke found that the laws of society compelled him to take either his own life or that of this man, and he preferred the former alternative as demanding the fewest sacrifices—for life was but a sad thing to him then. The letter closed thus:

"Never marry without love, Thorpe. If your wife does not love you she may soon love another; for the passion comes in spite of us, and you are equally liable to go astray—if loving is going astray—and then all depends upon poor, frail human resolution. Be warned by my fate. Never take a woman to your home, to be its guardian angel, unless you know that she is your wife, not only by civil contract and priestly blessing, but by that love that is strong as life and stronger than death.

"When you read this I shall be at rest, I hope. May God bless you, and give you a happier lot than that of

"Your Uncle, JOHN ROOKE"

With a fine sense of unselfish honor he had shielded the woman who had driven him to this act by giving out a false reason for it. Mr. Fanshawe himself did not know the truth till he returned from Washington and read the letter.

Over this tragic ending to the farce of *marriage-à-la-mode* Thorpe and Edith held serious consultation, which led to a renouncement of their engagement, and a subsequent confession on both sides. They opened the innermost shrines of their hearts right honestly, and revealed to each other the image there sainted by the benison of love.

In Fanshawe's shrine the saint was Josephine Dudley, as we have seen. Edith's deity was a stalwart figure, dark-haired and mustached, with merry hazel eyes and a cheery voice—a pleasant-faced fellow, easy and graceful of speech and action—in short, Phil Rawstone!

She had hardly spoken his name before Fanshawe was off like a shot, out of the room, out of the house, and down the street at race-horse speed, much to the gentle girl's alarm, for she feared a sudden attack of jealousy might have seized upon her quondam betrothed, even though he did not love her.

It was nearly eleven o'clock—perhaps later—but Phil Rawstone, fatigued by an extra amount of work overnight, was quietly asleep in bed, with a stray sunbeam falling through the imperfectly-closed window-shutter upon the tip of his nose. Just conscious enough to take cognizance of this nasal illumination, he wove it, somehow, into his dreams, and made it seem a sunlit head of golden hair, crowning a charming maiden very like to Edith Gaynes. He dreamed of a mutual confession of love between them—rather an unwarrantable thing to dream about, considering she was engaged to his best friend, but such visions will not heed the proprieties of life—and just as they were about to ratify the confession with the same good old-fashioned osculatory seal that lovers have used ever since Adam and Eve first kissed in the garden, a thundering knock at the parlor-door drove his dream to Hades, and

awoke him with a suddenness that left him quite dazed for a moment.

At length recovering himself, he called to his awakener to enter, mentally anathematizing him for not having postponed his knock for a second or two longer.

In came Fanshawe, breathless, with cheeks aglow, eyes sparkling, and his whole nervous system on a tremble; each nerve having a private little shake on its own account, and a grand combined shake in harmony with all the others.

"Hullo, Phil! Wake up! She loves you! Do you hear? Heaven bless you! She loves you!"

These words Thorpe discharged like so many pellets from a pop-gun. What with them and his appearance, his friend had a serious idea of throwing him down, binding him with towels, and sending for somebody to take him straight to the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. Wishing to hear something further, however, he swallowed his astonishment to leave a passage for words.

"Who loves me? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am crazy! Edith loves you—we've talked it all over, and it is all right. She knows every thing—and uncle John has killed himself, and I won't marry her, and she don't want to, and—"

"Here, hold on—be quiet—there's a good fellow! Now then, go into the parlor and smoke a pipe or two while I dress—hush! not a word. Think over what you want to say, and say it in a Christianly manner!"

Obedient to this sound advice, Fanshawe sought the front room and smoked himself into a cooler frame of mind while Phil was dressing. Then, while the late riser breakfasted, Thorpe read him John Rooke's letter, and finally detailed the conversation between himself and Edith. Just as he came to the confession Phil's blood all left his heart and mounted to his face, which assumed the appearance of a rather handsome pickled beet with a mustache. He tried to keep it down and to seem unconcerned, but nature triumphed, and after making a miserable failure in attempting to speak, the poor fellow gave in, and dropping his favorite pipe, which he was filling for his after-breakfast smoke, he hid his face in his hands, and bent forward upon the mantle-piece, unheeding the downfall and destruction of his beautifully colored Gambier—the choicest pipe of his whole collection.

Fanshawe arose, and, going to his friend, laid his hand gently between his broad shoulders.

"Do you love her, old boy?" he said.

"As my life!" gasped Phil, with a Herculean effort.

"I might have seen it if I hadn't been so blind; but why didn't you tell me of it? I ought to have known, though, that your good counsels and philosophy were not entirely disinterested."

"Oh, but they were, Thorpe," said Phil, raising his head and taking both of Fanshawe's hands in his own; "I wished you to be happy, and I did not know whether—whether Edith

loved me or not—I dared not try to find out, you know; but I knew that if you married her it would be a sorry day for us three."

"All is well now though. Come, dress yourself and go home with me. After poor Uncle John's illustration of marrying from a sense of duty nobody in the family will object to a general righting of the affair. Will you come? Edith is there."

Phil had been growing a little less florid, but he colored up again at this.

"No, I think I had rather not meet her there just yet," he said, hesitatingly; "but you will do me a favor if you will ask her to let me know when I can have a little talk with her. Put it as delicately as you can, please."

The next wedding-party that occupied the church where John Rooke had expiated his conventional duties to society was a double affair, consisting of a dark bridegroom with a fair bride, and a fair bridegroom with a dark bride, accompanied by a double allowance of bridesmaids and groomsmen. The company was certainly no more stylish than at the first wedding—perhaps not quite so select—the costumes may not have been altogether so expensive, nor the appointments so elegant; but there was an expression on the faces, a sincerity in the responses, and an emotion in the hearts of both couples that lit up the ceremony and ritual with the spirit of vitality, which is love.

And the lives of these wedded pairs proved, and still prove, that where there is truth and earnestness, and a freedom from form for form's sake, there alone is real happiness. Not the factitious happiness of the select few—the froth on the cup—but the pure and wholesome wine of life, that maketh glad the heart forever.

THE FIRST OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

IT usually happens that when a useful invention is introduced by any person to the world, he is at once pronounced the inventor; though it afterward turns out that the invention itself was of long standing, and entirely due to another, and to the former belongs only the secondary merit of application. So, peculiar circumstances may give to an island an importance that attracts attention to it for the first time, and the person then announcing its existence is proclaimed the discoverer; yet later investigation proves that other explorers long before had visited it.

Thus, the recent discovery of gold in California gave it such prominence that an overland route to it was soon known to the whole country, and Frémont, who made it, had the credit of being the first man who ever crossed the continent to San Francisco. History accepts the common verdict and records the fact for all coming time; yet history, in this case, is wrong.

A party starting from St. Louis in 1824, nearly forty years ago, after many and strange adventures and innumerable perils and hair-breadth escapes, finally reached the Pacific slopes, where

their wonderful story was disbelieved, and they themselves thrown into prison as spies of the King of Spain.

Sylvester Pattie, a Virginian by birth, moved to Kentucky when he was a boy, and after he became a man emigrated, with his wife, to the Missouri River. Here a pleasant family grew up around him, and the sturdy frontiersman thought himself fixed for life. But the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, changed the whole current of his existence. When the first burst of grief had passed away, a settled melancholy took its place, that time, instead of lessening, only deepened. Moody and dejected, he neglected his business and moved about like one in a dream. His friends, after suffering much anxiety on his account, finally persuaded him to undertake a hunting and trapping expedition to the head waters of the Missouri. This was at the time an almost unexplored region, and they thought the adventurous and hazardous life he would be compelled to lead would divert his mind from its one engrossing thought. His son James, who was at school, heard of his project and resolved to go with him. Vigorous, strong, independent, and fearless, with a heart full of the tenderest affections, brave and chivalric as a knight of old, his father could have no better companion in the perilous expedition before him.

The party, consisting of only five, crossed the Missouri on the 20th of June, 1824, and steadily ascended its banks into the heart of the wilderness. Reaching the last military post, Pattie was here forbidden by the commander from trading with the Indians. Disappointed in one of the chief objects of his expedition, he abandoned it altogether, and hearing that General Pratt was on the head waters of the Platte preparing to start for Santa Fé with a trading party, he resolved to join him. So turning off to the left, he ascended this stream, and on the 2d of August reached Pratt's camp. The latter was glad to see him, and immediately appointed him commander of the entire party, consisting of a hundred and sixteen men.

This formidable little army set out on the 6th of August, still ascending the river. A guard was placed in advance, and one at some distance on each side, to prevent surprise from Indians. If the main body was in sight, the approach of Indians was to be signaled by lifting the hat; if not in sight, by a single pistol-shot. This was the order of march day after day, while the camp at night was guarded with military strictness. Cut loose from all outward help, depending solely on their own skill, watchfulness, and bravery for self-preservation, they boldly entered the vast territories of the various tribes of Indians, and pushed on toward the dividing ridge that separated the head waters of the Missouri from those of the Rio del Norte, which flowed south, and on the banks of which stood the Spanish trading town of Santa Fé. To-day smoking the calumet of peace with a friendly tribe of Indians, to-morrow charging with resistless fury a hostile one

that attempted to oppose their progress; guarding against all surprises, and superior to any panic, the little band made its way over all difficulties toward the distant goal of its efforts.

Still the march was not a monotonous one, but experienced all the vicissitudes and was attended with the endless variety of a life in the wilderness. The picturesque encampments of the various tribes of Indians; the vast herds of buffaloes that thundered over the prairies before them or charged with reckless fury on the pack-mules, scattering them in every direction over the plain; flocks of antelope, and deer, and elk, and the almost hourly encounter, some days, with the grizzly bear; the gloomy bivouac in the pouring rain, and the midnight assault on a hostile camp, left no time for listless thought or weary repining.

One day they came upon a vast plain on which the grass was so short and stiff that it pierced and lacerated their horses' feet till they could scarcely walk, and they were obliged to stop and kill buffaloes, and make moccasins out of their green hides to protect them.

At length they came in sight of the Taos Mountains, covered with snow, and five days after encamped at their base. Leaving the warm plain below them, the band ascended to the cold temperature of the higher regions; and, after three days' severe toil, arrived at a little town in the plain on the other side, occupied by half-wild Spaniards, clad in strange, fantastic costumes. On the 5th of November they reached Santa Fé, and immediately asked permission of the Governor to trap on the Gila, a branch of the Colorado. He took the application under consideration, and the party retired to their quarters.

At ten o'clock that night an express came in from Pacus River, where the nobles had their country-seats, stating that a large body of Indians had come upon several families, robbed some and murdered others, and among the latter two Americans, the wife of one of whom, with four Spanish ladies, they had carried off as prisoners. Immediately the drum beat the alarm, and the shrill cry of the fife mingled with the loud, clear notes of the French horn calling the soldiers to arms. Consternation and terror seized the inhabitants, and men and women ran screaming about the streets, crying out that the Comanches were in the place, butchering all that came in their path. Pattie ordered his men to stand to their arms; and although by the light of the moon, which was shining brightly, he saw that no enemy was near, he did not know but Indians might be skulking about, and he thought it best to be prepared for any emergency. When daylight dawned he saw about four hundred men in uniform preparing to mount their horses to go in pursuit of the robbers. The Governor asked Pattie if he would join the party with his force. Ever ready for a fight with the Indians, his men gladly assented, and they were soon on the march toward the scene of the raid.

They marched all day, and at night came to the place where the murder had been committed.

Halting only to take a little refreshment, they continued on through the night, and in the morning came upon their fires still smoking.

All was now excitement; the trail was fresh, and they pressed eagerly forward till noon, when they saw the marauders, with the stolen herds in the distance, making for a gap in the mountain. Pattie immediately proposed to the Spanish officer to take his party, and, making a sweep behind an intervening hill, get possession of the gap, while the latter, the moment he heard his fire, should close up swiftly in the rear, and thus hem them in between two fires. The Spanish officer assented to this arrangement, and Pattie immediately wheeled off, and placing the hill between himself and the Indians, and striking into a sharp gallop, soon reached the opening in the mountain. Here dismounting in a hollow, the hunters tied their horses together in the rear, and forming themselves into a half circle, silently awaited the approach of the savages. Pattie's direction was to aim at the Indians nearest the prisoners, lest at the first onset these would be sacrificed by their captors to prevent their escape. They waited here an hour and a half, screened by the rocks and trees, when they saw the Indians slowly advancing and urging forward the large droves of sheep and horses which they had stolen.

As the trappers looked out from their cover on the wild caravan a sight met their gaze that made their breath come quick and each brawny hand clutch the firelock with a more determined grasp; for right in front of the Indians slowly walked the five captive women, stark naked, driving the herds before them, while their savage captors lazily rode behind. It was a new and maddening sight to the bold and chivalric young Pattie. The insult and the shame set his American blood on fire, and it was with difficulty he could restrain himself from leaping like a tiger to their rescue. They were all ladies of wealth and refinement, and the anguish depicted on their countenances as they moved wearily forward was enough to melt a heart of iron. One of them, Jovaca, the daughter of the ex-governor, was in the first blush of womanhood, and of rare and wondrous beauty. Her ravishing form was in perfect harmony with the faultless features whose expression revealed a heart all tenderness and affection. Her disheveled hair hung to her ankles, almost sweeping the ground, and as her tender feet, unaccustomed to such harsh treatment, pressed the cruel rocks, a slight shudder ran through her frame. Her dark eyes, swimming in tears, were bent sadly on the ground, while her delicately penciled brow was contracted from mental anguish. Silently and slowly the melancholy group moved up the narrow gorge, their hopes of deliverance giving way to utter despair as they saw the frowning shadows of the mountains before them. Those bold frontiersmen looked a moment on the captives, and then on each other. It needed no language to express their determination, while the fierce eye of young Pattie flashed like a tiger's. Death was in that steady gleaming look. The Indians kept unsus-

pectingly on until they arrived within forty yards of the Americans, when the rolling volley from a hundred and sixteen deadly rifles broke the stillness of the gorge and tumbled them in scores from their saddles. Some instantly leaped forward and drove their spears into the backs of three of the women. These, flinging their despairing hands above their heads, fell forward, while the blood gushed in a ruddy stream over their bodies. This was more than young Pattie could bear, and with a voice that rung like a bugle over the tumult, he cried out, "Save the women!" and leaped amidst the savages. An Indian was just about to drive a spear into another of the women when he sent a bullet through his brain. The Indians recoiled for a moment before this bold onset, when he hurried the remaining captives behind the screen of rocks. Hastily wrapping blankets around them and placing them out of the reach of the bullets, he returned to the combat. The Indians, unaccustomed to such murderous firing, turned back in dismay. The trappers then pressed forward with loud shouts, loading and firing as they followed. They expected every moment to hear the volleys of the Spaniards, when they would make clean work with the miscreants. But as the latter saw the savages approaching with loud yells they gave one distant random volley and fled.

They had now reached the open plain; and the Indians, seeing the Spaniards in full flight, and how much they outnumbered their pursuers, whom they still supposed to be Spaniards also, turned back. Pattie immediately ordered his men to take to the trees and be sure of their aim, saying, "Stand resolute, my boys; although the cowardly Spaniards have deserted us when we came to help them, we are enough for these devils alone." As the Indians drew near, each trapper fired as he covered his man, and they tumbled with frightful rapidity from their horses. The savages, however, unaccustomed to flee before an inferior number of Spaniards, pressed bravely forward, firing and yelling as they approached. But when they got within pistol-shot the hunters made such deadly work that they halted, and after trying for ten minutes to bear up against the murderous volleys, turned and fled.

In this last determined rally Pattie lost ten men, and received a wound himself. This did not make him feel particularly affable toward the Spaniards, who came galloping bravely up after the Indians had fled, and showed their courage by hacking the wounded and dead. Pattie sternly ordered them to desist. The commander grew enraged at this, and raved and swore, and wound up his abuse by demanding that the women should be placed under his charge. Pattie asked by whose authority he made this demand, telling him to his face that he was a coward. He laughed derisively at the lame excuse that the latter could not rally his men; and said, if cowardice made a good Christian, he was a first-rate one. As to the women, he replied that it should be left to their choice with whom they would remain.

Jovaca, turning her beaming, grateful eyes on young Pattie, said she would stay with her deliverers. The other preferring to remain with her, the officer wheeled and made for Santa Fé. Pattie, throwing up a breast-work of logs that had drifted down the stream that here issued from the mountain, encamped for the night. Young Pattie took off his leather hunting-shirt and made Jovaca put it on, to keep her from the chilly night-air. Next morning they started on their return, and he gave her his horse to ride, while he marched on foot. They traveled all day and night, and the day after approached Pacus. On the way they met the former Governor, the father of Jovaca, in his carriage. The old man was almost beside himself with joy when he saw his daughter. The latter threw herself on his neck, weeping, and then led him forward to her deliverer. The grateful father insisted that both Pattie and his son should take a seat in his carriage with himself and daughter; but they, with great delicacy, refused, wishing to leave them to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own conversation after such a painful separation.

Reaching Santa Fé in safety, they were invited to dine at the Governor's. In the evening the father of Jovaca took young Pattie to a coffee-house, kept by his son-in-law, and after refreshments invited him up stairs, where his daughter was with her sister, both of whom received him with a warm embrace. He sat down and conversed with them by signs and gestures for an hour. When he arose to take his leave, Jovaca immediately threw open a door and pointed to a bed, indicating that she wished him to remain all night. He declined, on the ground that he had not suitable clothes. She ran and brought him apparel of her brother-in-law, when, seeing that she felt hurt at his refusal, he consented to stay. She then produced the leather hunting-shirt he had taken off on the battle-field for her protection, and said she should keep it as long as she lived; and to show how proud she was of it put it on. The next morning, before the family was up, he left and joined his companions. A dinner at the Governor's, and a fandango at night, occupied the time; and on the following morning, having obtained the desired license to trap on the Gila, the father and son, with five others, set out for the wilderness.

Eighty miles from Santa Fé, and in the direction they were going, was a magnificent villa belonging to Jovaca's father. Before they reached it the ex-Governor, accompanied by his daughter, overtook them, and insisted on their becoming his guests. They consented, and remained three days, receiving all the attentions that unbounded gratitude and wealth could lavish on them. Refusing the magnificent presents which the old Governor urged upon them, they accepted only a horse apiece, and departed. Jovaca watched the receding form of her deliverer with swimming eyes, for he took her heart with him.

The party struck off eastward for the Gila, passing in their way some copper mines worked

by a Spaniard, and were soon buried in solitudes never before trodden by the feet of white men. Wandering up and down the banks of the Gila, exploring its tributaries in search of beaver, they remained in this unknown wilderness for nearly six months. Now surfeited with provisions, and again reduced to dog's-meat and buzzards to sustain life; one day occupied in skinning the beavers they had trapped the night before, and the next engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand fight with hostile savages; now crossing inhospitable mountains, and again traversing desert plains, they encountered all the perils and passed through all the vicissitudes of a life in the wilderness swarming with Indians.

At length, heavily laden with furs, they turned their footsteps again toward Santa Fé. Their long absence from civilization, and the wild life they had led, were not calculated to improve their outward appearance, and a rougher looking set of men than they could not be found on the frontiers. In the wilderness they did not care for this; but now, as they approached the Spanish settlements, and came in sight of the mansion of Jovaca's father, young Pattie, at least, could not help casting a somewhat unsatisfied glance at his shabby apparel. His hair, which had seen neither shears nor comb for months, hung long and matted around his face; his leather leggings were dirty and full of holes; his shirt was black and ragged; while an old straw-hat in tatters completed his costume. In this plight he presented himself before Jovaca. The loving girl shed tears at his forlorn appearance. He had left some articles of his clothing there when he started on his expedition, and these she had cleaned and repaired with her own hands, and now brought them to him. They remained here three days to recruit, and then started for Santa Fé. At his departure the old Governor gave young Pattie a gold chain on behalf of his daughter; while she, when she bade him adieu, said she should always remember him in her prayers.

The copper mines before alluded to were some two or three hundred miles from Santa Fé, and the proprietor of them was much annoyed by Indians. Pattie with his men happening to pass that way about this time, encountered a band of these, and gave them a severe chastisement. The neighboring tribes then made a treaty with him. But the proprietor of the mines, fearing it would be broken the moment Pattie left, engaged him and his company to remain several months for his protection. At the end of the engagement he proposed to rent the mines to Pattie at the low rate of a thousand dollars a year. The latter accepted the proposition, and abandoned a second trapping expedition on which he was preparing to start. He wished to have his son remain with him; but the latter had got such a taste for a roving, adventurous life that he could not be prevailed on to come down to the monotony of an overseer's duties; and, taking a small company with him, he started again for the Gila.

It was now nearly two years since he left his

school in Missouri, and he bid fair to become a hunter for life. In the fall he again returned, to the great delight of his father, and remained at the mines for some time, hunting in the vicinity. One day, in an encounter with a grizzly bear, his gun missed fire, and he escaped death only by rolling over a precipice. As it was, the wounds he received from the bear, and the fall together, confined him to his room for several weeks. With his recovery returned the desire for the wilderness; and, notwithstanding his father's earnest expostulations, he again set out for his old hunting-grounds. In this expedition he came very near losing his life. In an encounter with the Indians one of his companions fell wounded. Seeing the savage who had shot him rush forward to get his scalp, Pattie killed him, and then broke cover to bear off his comrade, when an arrow struck him in the hip. He immediately pulled it out, but while stopping to load, another entered his breast. Unable to extricate this, he broke it off, and, beating back the Indians, bore away his friend. He suffered severely from his wounds, especially from the rough surgery employed to extract the arrow-head from his breast.

On his return in the winter he again passed near the mansion of Jovaca's father, and stopped to make him a visit. The old man was overjoyed to see him, and took him to his arms in a long and fervent embrace. The wound in the young hunter's breast was not yet healed, and it was with difficulty he could keep from wincing under the agony produced by the friendly pressure, for it started the blood till it oozed through his waistcoat. Jovaca's welcome seemed more constrained than usual, which did not escape Pattie's notice. She, however, beckoned him to a seat beside her, and began to question him of his adventures, and inquired tenderly why he looked so pale and haggard. He told her of his desperate fight with the Indians and his severe wounds. At that moment she discovered the blood trickling down his vest. She gave a sudden start, exclaiming, "You have good reason to look sick, for you are wounded to death!" at the same time turning on him such a look of inexpressible tenderness that, unsuspecting as he had been heretofore, he could not be blind to its meaning. A long conversation ensued, the burden of which the young hunter did not disclose. The next day he left for the mines to see his father. As Jovaca bade him good-by she breathed the fervent prayer that they might meet again. She had before implored him to leave off his dangerous life and settle down quietly, and he had promised to do so after he had trapped one more year.

After remaining with his father a short time, the latter wished him to take some money and go to Santa Fé to buy goods. Seeing, however, that he did not like the mission, he sent instead his Spanish superintendent with \$30,000, all the money he had laid by. The latter not returning at the appointed time, suspicions were aroused, and young Pattie set off in search of him; but after a long and fruitless pursuit he gave it up, and brought back the sad news to his father that

he must abandon all hopes of ever seeing again the earnings of his long labor.

A change in the policy of the government at this time made it impossible for him to continue his arrangements with the proprietor of the mines any longer, and he resolved to resort to the wilderness again. Obtaining a license to trap on the waters of the Colorado, he joined a party of thirty and struck eastward.

It was five years since he left the Missouri, and the son, then a mere stripling, was now a finely developed, mature, and firmly-knit man. In the long journey that followed the greatest privations were endured, and provisions got so low at one time that they were compelled to kill their dogs to escape starvation. After these were all eaten up they turned reluctantly to their horses. These, as fast as they were wanted, were selected by lot.

At last the lot fell on young Pattie. His horse was the gift of Jovaca's father—a noble, spirited, yet docile animal. An affection had sprung up between the two like that which exists between the Arab and his steed. The intelligent animal would utter a low whinny of delight whenever Pattie approached him in camp; and now, when he was led forth and looked around for his master, the latter felt that he could not be his executioner. The poor brute seemed by instinct to feel that something unusual was occurring, and as Pattie stepped forward and raised his rifle, turned on him such a pleased look of recognition that his heart failed him. It could beat as calmly amidst the tumult of battle as in sleep; but this silent appeal unmanned him. His head grew dizzy, and the eye that never blanched even in looking on death quailed and sunk, and his rifle fell heavily to the earth. He declared he could not do the deed; and offering one of the hunters a beaver-skin to shoot for him, he turned away so as not to witness the murder. The next moment the sharp crack of a rifle told him that the faithful companion of his long journeyings was no more.

At length dissensions broke out in the party, and on the 27th of November they separated. The greater portion resolved to return, while Pattie and his son, with six others, determined to proceed. The elder Pattie was chosen captain, and all, after taking a solemn oath to stand by each other till death, started down the Gila. They kept along this stream till it joined the Colorado. Here they found Indians with cloth in their possession. Pattie inquired where they got it. They replied, in California. After obtaining all the information he could from them, he withdrew to the other side of the river and camped. Soon after two hundred of the tribe swam the stream, and approached them. Pattie, seeing at once that his little band of eight would be completely overwhelmed if such an armed crowd was allowed to approach too near, kept them at a distance, permitting only a few to advance at a time. Fearing an attack, and knowing what the consequences would be in his exposed situation, as soon as it was dark he packed

up and marched rapidly sixteen miles without halting. The night was dark, the heavens covered with angry thunderous clouds, and every thing betokened a fearful storm. Camping hastily, the hunters tied their horses together to prevent them from escaping, and anxiously waited for the morning. At length they were aroused by the snorting of the horses and mules, and immediately stood to arms. It was so dark that they could not see their animals, and had to feel their way among them. After groping about a while, and finding nothing, they concluded a bear or some other wild beast had startled them. But all this time the Indians had been crawling stealthily amidst them, and quietly cutting the ropes that fastened them together. When all were liberated, at a given signal an infernal yell rent the gloom. Away dashed the frightened horses and mules over the plain, chased by the savages. At that instant the long-gathering storm burst. The wind roared, and, amidst the blinding lightning and the deafening thunder-peals, the rain came down in torrents. Mingling in with this wild uproar of the elements there burst incessantly on the ears the frantic yells of the savages. Wrapped in the storm and darkness, the little band stood perfectly helpless. They could only fire random shots in the direction of the shouts. This was a useless waste of powder, and the clatter of hoofs in the distance, sounding like the knell of their fate, told them too well that both animals and savages were beyond their reach.

Calling to each other, they came together and began to consult on their desperate position. The storm soon swept by, and deep stillness reigned where a few moments before there had been such a wild tumult. An occasional thunder-peal from the retiring cloud, as it came slowly traveling back over the sky, seemed to mock their calamities and shed a deeper gloom on their hearts. Kindling a large fire, they gathered dripping around it, and endeavored calmly to contemplate their fate. They were a thousand miles at least from where they had started, and without horses and mules.

At last Pattie proposed, as soon as daylight dawned, to pursue the Indians and retake their horses, or die in the attempt. To this all consented; and taking the trail early in the morning, they started in pursuit. They followed it till they came to a gap in the mountain, where they discovered that the Indians had divided their plunder and separated. Further pursuit, of course, was useless. They then determined on revenge, and, small as their numbers were, to return and burn the village, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. They first took a hearty meal, saying it would probably be their last. Marching back the sixteen miles they had traversed the night before, these eight men boldly entered the village. To their astonishment they found it deserted save by one or two old men and crones. Disappointed in not meeting with their foes, they applied the torch to the huts, and soon the entire village was a mass of flame. Leaving

the fire to complete the work of destruction, they moodily returned to their old camp.

It was under these disheartening circumstances, and as the last hope of escaping from those untraveled solitudes, that the desperate resolution was formed to attempt to reach the Pacific coast. They had very indistinct notions of it; but they knew there were, and had been from the first discovery of the country, Spanish settlements scattered all along the western shore of the American continent. Having penetrated so far across it, they supposed it was much nearer out of the wilderness than way than to retrace their steps to Santa Fé—distant fully a thousand miles. They hoped in these settlements also to find a market for their valuable cargo of furs, which, if they undertook to return to Santa Fé, must be abandoned. To accomplish this they determined to make a sufficient number of canoes to carry them and their furs, and make their way to the mouth of the river they were on, where they did not doubt they should find a Spanish town.

It was now the 2d of December, and these eight adventurers, after a short consultation, agreed that the first thing to be done was the erection of a fort to protect them from the Indians. This being accomplished, they looked around for trees suitable for canoes. The first day they felled two, dug them out, and launched them. Only seven worked, the eighth being kept seated in the top of a tall tree, where he could sweep the open plain, and give warning of the approach of Indians. Thus, day after day, from daylight till dark, the neighboring forest resounded with the strokes of their axes, until eight canoes were finished and in the water. These they lashed in couples, with platforms to make them steady, and piled upon them their furs. They hid their saddles, for they expected to return that way when they had obtained horses in the Spanish settlements. This little fleet, bearing the first commerce of the white man that ever floated on the Colorado, set sail on the 9th, and drifted at the rate of four miles an hour down the rapid current.

Toward evening they passed the Indian village which they had set on fire, over which now stood a column of smoke, a silent, mournful monument of the desolation at its base. They looked at it with a grim satisfaction as they thought of their stolen horses, and, with bitter maledictions on those who had thus left them to perish in those desolate regions, passed on.

After floating down about thirty miles they came upon signs of beaver, and concluded to camp. They set forty traps that night, and in the morning found thirty-six beaver in them. Encouraged by this success, they concluded to travel slowly, and trap the river clean as they went. On the 12th, as they rounded a point, they descried two Indians perched on a tree top, prepared to shoot them as they passed. Pretending not to notice them, they kept on till within a hundred yards, when the elder Pattie and one of the hunters drew up their rifles, and

taking deliberate aim, fired. The Indians rolled off the limbs and dropped to the earth. After reconnoitring carefully, and finding no other Indians about, they rowed over to where the two bodies lay. One was not quite dead. They were of the party which had stolen their horses, for they had the ropes by which the animals had been tethered around their bodies. With these the enraged hunters strung them up to the limb of a tree, and left them to swing and blacken in the sun, a warning to marauders in the future. Continuing their course—trapping as they went—they floated slowly down, day after day. The monotony of the desert scene was broken only by the hoarse cries of wild geese, as they rose with a rushing sound from the still bosom of the river, or the heavy flight of pelicans and other wild birds, to which the crack of the rifle was a new and strange sound.

At length the furs accumulated so fast that they were compelled to stop and build another boat. On the 20th they put off again, and had not gone far when they saw some naked Indians on shore, who fled affrighted at their approach. They tried by friendly signs to stop them, for they wished to inquire about the Spanish settlements they were in search of; but could not succeed. The panic-stricken wretches disappeared like deer in the distance.

They had now been a fortnight on the river, when one day they came upon some Indian families asleep on the shore. These they approached so cautiously as to surround them before they awoke. The effect of the strange apparition that met these children of the forest as they sprung to their feet was frightful. They were perfectly paralyzed with terror, and seemed to become almost insane. Their countenances assumed a ghastly expression, while some seemed about falling into convulsions, while the most piteous cries and groans filled the air. The hunters finally succeeded in allaying their fears and stopping their clamor, when they sat down and smoked the pipe of peace together. They then inquired about the Spanish settlements, by drawing the figures of a cow and sheep in the sand, making up for the want of correctness in the likeness by imitating the sounds of the two animals. The Indians understood them and pointed west. They had, however, never seen the Spaniards, but made signs that they had heard of them from their chief, who lived down the river. The women were all naked; many of them not being over sixteen years of age, and of exquisite forms, with long, splendid hair that hung to their heels. They seemed to have no idea of modesty, and were quite astonished when the hunters gave them hunting-shirts to cover themselves. Their surprise and terror when young Pattie shot a wild goose in the river knew no bounds; and as they handed it round to each other, pointing at the little hole made by the bullet, their gestures and varied expressions of countenance were striking and amusing.

Keeping on, the little party at length arrived at the village where the chief dwelt. He had

been apprised of their coming, and had prepared a grand feast of fatted dogs for their reception. The usual harangue followed, and the hunters staid with their new friends all night. Next morning they endeavored to obtain some knowledge of the Spanish settlements on the coast, but could gain none, except that the chief pointed west, and then imitated the sound of the surf as it rolled and broke upon the shore. Inferring from this that they were not far distant from the ocean, they again embarked and drifted downward.

On New-Year's Day they were suddenly assailed by a shower of arrows from the shore. Pushing hastily to the opposite bank, they took deliberate aim at the savages, who now leaped into view. Each hunter picked out his man, and the eight rifles, cracking almost simultaneously, brought down six Indians. The rest, amazed at such deadly marksmanship, fell flat on their faces, and worming themselves like snakes through the tall grass, made off in terror.

The bewildered party were now constantly going ashore to see if they could find tracks of horses, to indicate the proximity of settlements, but always with the same success.

At length, on the 18th of January, more than five weeks from the time they set out, they came to back-water, so that the boats, instead of moving down, remained stationary. They at first attributed this to some tributary stream below, which, swollen by snows in the distant mountains, had thrown such a volume of water into the river as to set the current back. But while they were puzzling themselves over this strange phenomenon, and were rigging their oars to commence rowing, the current gradually began to assume its old direction, and steadily increasing in velocity, at length swept them downward at the rate of six miles an hour. These men had been brought up on the western frontier of the States, and had never seen the action of tides, though they had heard of them, and now began to suspect vaguely that they were on tide-water. Keeping the middle of the stream, they boldly swept on till evening, when, coming to a low point, they landed, and hitching their canoes to the bushes on the bank, pitched their camp for the night. After supper all lay down to sleep except the elder Pattie, who chose to keep watch. The night was clear and tranquil, and all was serene and peaceful around that little band of sleepers. The deep silence of the night was broken only by the cry of wild fowl, or the sudden splash of some animal into the stream. All was strange, lonely, and desolate.

Suddenly his quick ear caught a sound like the faint and far-off roar of waves. As he stood intently listening it grew louder and clearer. He concluded that one of those fierce hurricanes of the west was approaching, and, quickly arousing his companions, bade them secure their tents. They sprang to their feet, and, stopping only a moment to catch the now loud and angry roar that came booming up the river, began hastily to secure their camp. Nearer, angrier, burst

the swelling thunder, but not a breath swept the stream, not a leaf rippled in the air. While working with all their might, the little band kept turning their anxious eyes down the river in the direction of the sound, when suddenly, to their consternation, they saw around the nearest bend the water rushing madly up stream. It was the inrolling tide of the sea, though they did not know it; and as it met and pushed back the rapid current, it crested and foamed over it like water pouring over a mill-dam, and swept completely over the low point on which the camp was pitched. The boats were swung fiercely back over the shore, and the alarmed hunters, loosening the fastenings, paddled them inland among the trees. Amidst all this uproar and confusion the stars shone quietly on in the heavens, and not a breath of air disturbed the serenity of the night. They sat hour after hour, occasionally hailing each other in the darkness, until at length they observed the water to be receding. Next morning they found themselves with their boats high and dry in the forest. A new fear now seized them, lest in this helpless condition they should be attacked and overpowered by the Indians. But the sun rising bright and clear put a more cheerful aspect on every thing; and spreading out their blankets to dry, they cooked their breakfast and sat down to wait for the next tide, the ebb and flow of which, they were now convinced, had caused the strange phenomenon that had so puzzled them. In a few hours the same rush and roar were heard; but this time they were prepared for it; and when the water began to ebb, slipped their fastenings and drifted down with the current. At slack water they tied up till another ebb. Thus they kept on nine days, when the surf, that had constantly been growing heavier, became so wild that the boats could not live in it.

Here was a new dilemma. Stopped by the billows that drove them back, they could not reach the Spanish settlements in that direction. Arrested by the current above from gaining any higher point, there was but one course left them: to abandon their boats and furs, and try to save themselves by striking across the country to the Pacific on foot. This was a hard determination to arrive at; for they had furs enough to give each of them a little fortune—the accumulation of more than a year's toil, hardship, and perils. The first impulse was to pitch the whole overboard and strike inland; but on more mature reflection they concluded to return as far as they could up the river and bury their furs before they commenced their march, intending, if they got through safely, to return with horses and carry them away.

With sad hearts they turned their prows up stream, and began to drift with the flood tide. Day after day they continued their weary course, noticing with expressions of disappointment the landmarks they had observed on the passage down. At length they reached the end of tide-water. They then resorted to setting poles and to towing ropes carried along the bank. They

had conceived the notion that the farther they got up stream the easier and shorter would be their journey to the settlements. At length the current became so strong that they were unable to make a mile an hour, and they gave it up, resolved to trust their fortunes to the mountains and the wilderness. Having selected a proper place, they buried their furs; and limiting the burden of each to one blanket, some dried beaver-meat, and a rifle, they on the 15th of February started on their perilous journey. At first they stepped out vigorously, but they soon began to feel the want of proper training for the expedition they had undertaken. To make matters still worse, the plain over which the first day's march lay was covered with scrubby brush as high as their heads, and interlaced with vines and creepers, through which they had to work their way by main strength. Floundering one after another, they struggled on all day, without making a third of the distance they had anticipated, and at night flung themselves down amidst the tangled mass without fire. In their eagerness to advance they had overtaken their strength, and lay all night so worn and aching from fatigue that they could not sleep.

The first streak of dawn was hailed with delight; yet when they arose to renew their journey they found themselves sore and stiff. They, however, pushed on, and at two o'clock came to a salt plain, which they attempted to cross in a northwest direction. Between the blistering sand that covered the plain, and in which they sunk to their ankles at every step, and the blazing sun overhead, and the hot and suffocating air that parched their lips and tongues, already dry from thirst, their agony became almost intolerable. These brave men, who had so often faced death in battle without fear, now began to give way to despair, and some of them groaned aloud in anguish; yet there was no alternative but to push on; in doing this lay their last and only hope. When night came they threw themselves on the ground without a drop of water to allay the pangs of thirst. Next morning they started early, and toiled through the same bed of sand till noon, when, to their indescribable joy, they descried a lake glittering in the sun. An exclamation of delight burst simultaneously from their lips, and they all rushed eagerly forward to slake their burning thirst. Flinging themselves down on the shore, they thrust their heads forward into the water; but at the first draught a cry of disappointment broke from each. It was salt as the sea. They rose and stood looking on each other a moment in blank dismay, for there was no other water in sight.

On the farther side the ground was broken and hilly, while in the distance arose a lofty mountain, its summit covered with snow that gleamed like burnished silver in the noonday sun. After a short consultation they concluded to make some rafts out of the flags that grew in abundance on the shore, and, placing their blankets, clothes, and rifles upon them, swim across, pushing them in advance. The lake was only about two hun-

dred yards wide, and the task was easily accomplished. On the opposite side they saw Indian footprints in the sand, but no other signs of life. Here they rested while young Pattie and one of the hunters ascended the highest hill in the vicinity to take a survey of the country. The view was wide and desolate, with nothing to inspire hope, or encourage the wanderers, except a single column of smoke that far to the southward arose from an Indian camp. When they reported this to their companions they hesitated at first what to do, but finally concluded, as there must be water in the neighborhood of the Indian camp, to make straight for it; no matter how great the hazard of such a course, water they must have, or die. Having come to this resolution unanimously, they shouldered their packs and pushed on.

About three o'clock in the afternoon they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of the camp. They then stopped to reconnoitre, and found it composed of some forty or fifty Indians. They then consulted respecting the course they should adopt—whether to make themselves known quietly, and attempt to conciliate the savages, or suddenly burst on them with a war-shout. But Pattie found the men so wild with thirst that they would not listen to a moment's delay—a bright clear spring lay glittering in the sun, and they declared they would have one drink of water if they died the minute after. They moved forward and got within thirty rods of the camp before they were observed. At the sudden apparition of these armed strangers in their midst the Indians sprang to their feet, and with loud cries bounded into the neighboring forest. The hunters gave one shout and dashed on the camp and rushed to the water. The elder Pattie called on the men to be careful, and not to drink too much at first; but he might as well have spoken to wild animals—they were insane with thirst, and drank till they grew sick and began to vomit. In a few minutes, however, Pattie called them together, and told them they must stand to their arms, for as soon as the Indians had hidden their women and children they would return and give battle.

They had hardly posted themselves behind the bushy top of a fallen tree when the woods resounded with yells, and the next moment the Indians, painted black, burst, with their wild war-cries, into view. In an instant every rifle covered its victim; but when the Indians had come within fair shot, Pattie made signs to them to halt. They did so, and a few friendly signs were exchanged, when one of the Indians called out in Spanish to know who they were. They answered, "Americans." The Indian then inquired if they were Christians. On their replying in the affirmative they proposed a treaty. After settling some preliminaries to avoid treachery, the hunters met eight of the Indians, and soon concluded a treaty of peace. They then invited the others to advance, when part complied, but the others walked sullenly away. They asked them also to bring forward their women. This they de-

clined to do, saying they had not known them long enough to trust the women in their hands.

The women, however, soon drew near of their own accord, and gazed timorously on the strangers. They were entirely naked; and though at first shy, soon grew familiar, expressing unbounded curiosity and admiration at the red shirts and white skins of the hunters. One of the company had light hair, blue eyes, and a singularly fair skin. The women gathered in an excited manner around him, examining his neck and peering under his shirt; and finally proposed he should strip himself, that they might see if he was white all over. This he indignantly refused to do; when they ran off and brought him some excellent dried fish to eat to coax him to comply. The hunters, seeing how anxious they were, and thinking it unwise to refuse any thing that might tend to make them more friendly, told him it would be better to gratify them; and he finally took off his clothes and stood, white as marble, before them. They were immensely delighted, and laughed and talked together, and then came one at a time and stood beside him to let their companions compare their dusky bodies with his. This gratification of their wishes quite won them over, and they brought dried fish for the entire party.

The Indians told them that their chief was absent, and would not be back for three or four days, and asked them to stay till he returned. This they were very glad to do, for they were completely tired out. On the 25th the chief returned, and was received with loud shouts by the whole camp. He was a venerable man; quiet, dignified, and of few words. After smoking with the strangers, he asked what they wanted. They told him guides to direct them to the Spanish settlements, for which they would pay both him and them. He asked what they would give. They replied that they would give their blankets. He seemed very much pleased at the offer, but said he preferred their red shirts. They immediately pulled them off, and, tearing them into ribbons, distributed them around. The men and women were both highly delighted, and tied them around their legs, arms, and heads, with as much pride and pleasure as more civilized women put on necklaces of pearls.

Two guides were selected, and the next morning the party bade adieu to these hospitable Indians, and struck westward toward the snow-covered mountains, which the guides indicated by signs they would reach by midnight. Not dreaming that there was no water on the way, they did not carry any with them—an oversight which they bitterly regretted before the day was over. They started off vigorously, and the guides, by the rapid rate at which they traveled, evidently meant to make a long march before night. They soon came to a high hill, up which the hunters were compelled to toil slowly. When they reached the top they were tired and thirsty, but there was no water near, and it now flashed over them that none could be had until the distant snow-covered mountain was reached;

for between them and it lay a vast and arid plain of sand, without a tree or shrub to break the desolate monotony. As they descended to it they found the sand so soft that they sunk into it ankle-deep at every step. Their voices became hoarse and husky; and they endeavored by chewing tobacco to obtain some moisture, but it remained dry as cotton in their mouths. They then took their lead bullets and rolled them around in their mouths, in the vain hope to express a single drop to wet their shriveled lips. Their tongues became black and swollen, and protruded between the white teeth, and when they spoke their words fell thick and indistinct on the ear. At noon they came upon a solitary, dwarfish tree, casting the only shadow on that fiery desert. They threw themselves beneath it to snatch a moment's repose; but the guides sternly ordered them to arise and push on, or they would perish. They crawled wearily up, and reviving their fainting courage by a long gaze at the snow-covered mountain before them, recommenced their slow and painful march.

The Indians, accustomed to this desert region, endeavored by signs and gestures to encourage them to hasten forward. But overtasked nature has its limit of endurance. Two gave out, and, crawling under a low bush, lay down to die. No exhortations nor entreaty could move them. They had resolved to lie down and go into a sleep that should know no waking. The rest, finding them immovable, turned to depart.

At length the blazing fire-ball that had hung so long and pitilessly above their heads stooped behind the snow-clad mountains in the distance, and left the desert to silence and the night. The cold air that rushed down from the lofty snow-summits laved the parched and fevered lips of the wanderers with a delicious coolness, and they staggered after the guides with increased energy. Their progress was painful and slow, yet they kept on till night shut out the distant landmark of the mountain, and they were compelled to halt and wait for daylight.

After resting a while, they began to fire guns to direct their two comrades if, refreshed by the evening air, they had attempted to follow after. Roused by the loud reports as they echoed over the desert, the latter crawled up, and fired in reply, and then started in the direction of the sound. They spoke cheering words to each other at this announcement—as they considered it—that their friends had found water. Those in camp kept up constant discharges in reply to those that came from the desert, until at length they could hear each other's shouts. The two laggards then pushed eagerly forward until they joined their friends. But their sudden joy was changed into anger when, in reply to their frantic demands for water, they were told that none had been found. They bitterly reproached their friends for having wakened them from a sleep which would have ended in death, only to undergo new tortures. One, in his rage and disappointment, took a bottle half full of laudanum, which he had with him, and swallowed it at a

draught, that he might end in a dreamless sleep the life which had become a burden too great to bear. All expected to see him lie down stupefied and insensible; but to their utter astonishment, as well as his own, the potion produced a totally opposite effect. He became exhilarated and garrulous—laughed and talked, and said that he had taken it to end his life, but had he known the effect it was going to have, he would cheerfully have divided it with his companions. The unnatural state to which his system had been reduced prevented the opiate from having its usual effect.

The pangs of thirst were intense; but the heavy dew was a grateful exchange for the hot and withering rays of the sun, while the relief this repose in the cool shadows of night gave them, after their terrible march over the burning sand, was inexpressibly welcome. To make the night still more comfortable, they scraped away the sand till they reached a cooler stratum, and then stripping themselves, stretched their naked bodies upon it.

It was a long and weary night, and with the first streak of dawn they arose and pushed on toward the mountains. As the sun arose the heat increased, and the intolerable sufferings of the previous day were renewed. At 10 o'clock they reached a sand-hill half a mile high. This rose treeless and barren from the plain, and was composed of such loose sand that they slipped back as fast as they climbed upward. The effort to advance rapidly exhausted the little remaining strength they possessed, while the noon-day sun beat on the sand with such a fierce radiance that it nearly blinded them. At length they gave up in despair, and throwing themselves on the sand, declared it was impossible to go farther—they never could reach the top of that hill. The guides, seeing it was useless to attempt to make them advance another step in that direction, descended the hill again, and skirting the base in a northerly direction, sought for a depression where the ascent would not be so difficult. That last mid-day struggle told fearfully on them, and as they reeled in a long straggling line over the sand, it was easy to point out those whose efforts would soon cease.

At length they came to a point where the hill fell down toward the plain, till it presented a comparatively slight elevation to be surmounted. The guides leading the way, they wound one after another up this with the exception of the elder Pattie and one other, both of whom, being advanced in years, broke down. They firmly refused to attempt the ascent, declaring it was impossible—they had borne up till the last vestige of strength was exhausted. Pattie said he and his friend would die together. His son, who had reached the top with the guides, saw his father fling himself on the sand, and immediately hurried back to his side. When the latter made known his determination, the son declared he would remain and die with him. This the old man peremptorily forbade, saying it would not mitigate his pains to see his son

also die a lingering, painful death. Finding him still resolved to remain, he told him such a course was unreasonable—that it was better to keep on with the guides, and if his strength held out till water was found, he could fill his powder-horn with it, and return and save him. This had not occurred to young Pattie; and seeing at once that water might thus be brought to his father, and his life saved, he consented to leave him, and bidding him farewell with the promise that he should surely return, reascended the hill, where his comrades were waiting for him. They had seen the interview between father and son on the burning sand below, and when the latter took his final farewell they knew that the old man had determined to proceed no farther, but die where he lay. With that noble devotion which always characterizes brave men, they with one accord resolved not to desert their leader, who had shared with them so many perils and sufferings, but remain and die with him. But when young Pattie told them his father's wishes, and the plan he had proposed for his and his comrade's relief, they fell in at once with both, and rising, pushed on with renewed courage. As they crossed the crest of the hill they saw in the plain beyond another sand-hill just like the one they were on. The sickness of despair suddenly seized them, and they stumbled on with a reckless indifference that would soon have ended in total abandonment of all effort, when a long gleam of light running along the base of the hill flashed on their vision. A surprised start—a second eager, earnest look—and then a low, heart-breaking cry burst from the little group.

A gentle rivulet was rolling its bright waters along in the sun, singing its quiet song to the desert, ere it bade it farewell to seek green valleys and the cool shades of the mountains. The sight burst so unexpectedly upon them, and the transition of feeling was so sudden and great, that they scarce knew whether they were dreaming or waking. And when they did take in the whole truth, the interval between the bottom of the abyss they had reached and the sunny heights of hope and sure relief was so vast that the poor staggering soul could scarcely scale it with a single effort. Not rows of triple steel could have kept that fainting band from the rippling water before them, and they tore down the hill like tigers rushing on their prey, and plunged their heads into the cool stream. They drank till they grew deadly sick and groaned in anguish.

Young Pattie, however, thinking of his aged father dying in the desert behind, restrained himself, and pouring the powder from his powder-horn, filled it with water and hurried back over the hill. He found his father and his comrade stretched side by side on the sand—both fast asleep—the pitiless sun beating full in their faces. He thought at first that his father was dead; he lay so still and his face presented such a ghastly appearance, with the swollen tongue protruding from his wide open mouth, and the eyes sunk far away into the blackened sockets. But as he ap-

proached, and touching him said, "Father!" the old man awoke. As he opened his eyes his son put the powder-horn to his parched lips and emptied a part of its refreshing contents down his throat. The cooling liquid sent life through all his veins. The remainder of the water was given to his fellow-sufferer, and both revived. Supplied at intervals during the afternoon with water and food, they so far recovered that before dark they felt able to travel, and slowly climbing the hill they rejoined the party on the stream below. They built a large fire on the spot and roasted some beaver-meat, for the first time since they started. Their spirits returning with returning life, they passed the evening in cheerful intercourse and in forming plans for the future. The Indians, who had not suffered materially, were highly elated in having brought their charge safe across what is now known as the southern end of "The Great Desert of California."

The next morning, greatly refreshed, yet sore and lame, they broke up their camp, and marching only three miles up the bank of the stream, encamped again amidst palm-trees and live-oaks and vegetation, where they resolved to stop till they were thoroughly recruited. At the end of three days they felt that they had got their old strength back again, and resolved to push on. Still keeping up the bank of the stream, they marched steadily forward for four days, when they came to a gap in the mountain, at the entrance to which they found an Indian mission which had been established by the Spanish priests. Learning here that it was only four days' travel to the Spanish missions, they felt relieved of all their anxieties about reaching the Pacific coast; and dismissing their guides, and taking some of the Christian Indians in their places, set out next day (March 8) to cross the mountains that had mocked their sight so long. It took two days and a half of hard climbing to reach the summit. Pattie had bruised his foot severely. He, however, limped on for a day and a half, when his leg became so swollen and painful that he could travel no longer, and he lay down on a rock and told his comrades to leave him to his fate. They begged him to hold out a little while longer, as the guides said it was only a few miles to the mission. But he declared that he could not take another step, and so they proposed to go on and send back a horse to bring him in.

In parting, the Indians told him not to go to sleep while they were gone, as the mountain was full of grizzly bears. He did not heed the warning; but being very chilly, kindled a fire, and stretching himself before it, was soon fast asleep. Some time after dark he was awakened by a couple of Indians, who said the corporal wanted him to come in. Seeing no horse, and feeling feverish and stiff, he berated the corporal soundly, expressing any thing but flattering opinions of him, and asked why they had not brought a horse. They said there was not one in the mission, but they would carry him; and taking him up, bore him forward to the settlement.

When he arrived he found, to his great indignation, his companions in the guard-house. He remonstrated against this inhuman treatment, and showed his passport obtained at Santa Fé. But it was all of no avail. The officer said they were suspicious characters, and so kept them here a week, feeding them only once a day, and then on mush only. At length a guard of soldiers came to conduct them to the St. Sebastian Mission, near the coast. Two days of hard travel over a mountain took them to the place, where they were kindly received by the sergeant, who held chief command. Being told by them that they were hungry, he ordered food to be given them. The soldiers killed a sick steer, and placing the diseased flesh in a pot, boiled it. Pattie and his band refused to touch the loathsome dish; denounced them as worse than the savages; and when told in reply that they were not Christians, and it was good enough for them, snatched up their guns and said they would go to the forest and kill venison for themselves. The commotion raised by the controversy reaching the sergeant's ears, he came out and asked what was the matter. When Pattie told him, he examined the pot, and seeing what a disgusting mixture had been prepared was very angry, declaring it was not fit for a dog. He then ordered a good repast of mutton, and after it was over interrogated them respecting their plans and objects. They gave a faithful account of every thing that had happened, and asked him for mules and horses with which to return. He promised to write to the commander at San Diego about it. In the mean time, while waiting for an answer, they were allowed to hunt in the woods and amuse themselves in any way they liked. The neighboring mountains commanded a view of the broad Pacific, which beat with ceaseless roar against their base. Here, perched on the highest pinnacles and cliffs, the wanderers would sit for hours, scanning the vast expanse of blue ocean, and listening to the breakers as they thundered on the rocks below; or, as the tremendous tides of the Pacific receded, amused themselves watching seals, otters, sea elephants, and other monsters of the deep, floundering in the retiring flood.

At length, instead of the permission to buy horses and mules for their return journey, came a guard of sixteen soldiers to conduct them to port. They were not sorry to start; and under this formidable escort set out for San Diego, making on the first day twenty-five miles over a mountain to another mission, where they remained all night. The next morning they traveled down a beautiful valley which led to the sea-shore. The wild oats and clover rose to their horses' knees, shedding a sweet perfume on the air, amidst which roamed herds of cattle; while, far away, mountain rose above mountain till a sea of summits spread away on the distant horizon.

That night they stopped at the port of Todos Santos. The next night they reached the mission of St. Michel, nestling amidst orchards,

vineyards, and green fields—presenting a beautiful picture on the slopes that overlooked the Pacific. Now along the lovely plain that spread its verdure almost to the water's edge, and now climbing a promontory that jutted boldly into the sea, they kept on, day after day, till at length the town of San Diego shone white in the distance.

They soon reached it, when, to their astonishment, their arms were taken from them and stacked against the guard-house. Weary with their long march, they threw themselves on the ground to wait the return of the officer who had gone to report their arrival to the General. An order came back commanding them to remain where they were till morning.

Full of hope, and fearing nothing now they had reached civilization, they slept the quiet, dreamless sleep of weary, contented men. Next morning they were summoned to the General's presence, who, to their astonishment—after he had heard the story of their misfortunes, and been shown their Santa Fé passports—declared that they were spies sent there by the King of Spain. No explanations, or declaration that they were republicans and had fought against kings, were of any avail. He told them to stop their long speeches. If they were American citizens they ought to have American passports, and ordered them to prison.

Amazed and indignant at this rude treatment, Pattie, as soon as they were out of doors, said, "My boys, as soon as we reach the guard-house let us seize our arms and redress ourselves, or die in the attempt; for it seems to me these scoundrels mean to murder us." All were delighted at the proposal, and walked back with a lighter step; but when they reached the guard-house they found, to their sad disappointment, that the arms had been removed. To cap the climax of their misfortunes the sergeant was ordered to confine them in separate cells. At this unexpected calamity young Pattie for the first time lost his self-command, and flinging himself on his father's neck wept like a child. The sergeant, moved by the touching scene, went back to the General and begged permission to let them remain together, but he sternly refused; and this little band of eight men, who had become endeared to each other by a common fate and a common suffering, turned each to his solitary cell with gloomier feelings than ever before had oppressed him.

Young Pattie indignantly spurned the dog's fare that was brought him, and heaped the most opprobrious epithets on the General, till the jailer, unable to bear longer the storm of invective, set down the detestable dish and retreated. Pattie threw himself on the ground, but could not close his eyes, and passed the night in bitter reflections on this cruel end to their long and bitter sufferings. The sergeant, however, took compassion on him, and told him that neither he nor his father should suffer again for want of proper food. He asked him if he had sisters at home, and showed so much sympathy that Pat-

tie opened his whole heart to him. The next day the tender-hearted sergeant brought his sister to see him. She inquired after his family, commiserated his misfortunes, and spoke such sweet words of hope and pious consolation that when she bade him good-night he felt his savage rebellious feelings all gone. He had not closed his eyes for two nights; yet such was the effect of this lovely creature's presence and sympathy, that he slept a sound dreamless sleep that night. She repeated her visits every few days, cheering him in his desolation.

At length, through the importunities of the sergeant, the General gave Pattie permission to see his father through the bars of his prison. During the interview the father asked him if a beautiful lady had visited him. On his replying that there had, he said that she had been a ministering angel to him, alleviating his sufferings and those of his companions by supplying them with food, bedding, and many luxuries.

A few days after this event young Pattie, thinking the General might be somewhat softened in his feelings, asked permission to go after the buried furs, offering a liberal share of the proceeds of their sale to him, but received a surly refusal. Another weary fortnight now passed away in prison, the only relief to its monotonous gloom being the occasional visits of the beautiful and tender-hearted sister of the sergeant. At last a note was brought him from his father, written on a piece of pasteboard torn from his hat with blood drawn from his aged veins. In it he informed his son that he was very ill, and had no hope whatever of recovery, and begged him, if he could obtain permission, to come and see him before he died. This note, speaking so eloquently of his father's sufferings, completely overcame him, and when the sergeant came in again he earnestly besought him to importune the General for this one great boon. The dejected countenance of the latter as he returned, told, before he spoke, of the failure of his request.

Stunned by this overwhelming calamity Pattie sat in his cell, absorbed in grief; but as twilight darkened the grates of his prison, his good angel—the beautiful Spaniard—came to see him. Her brother had told her of the General's refusal, and of the young American's anguish, and she had come to console him. She mingled her generous tears with his; and though she could do no more, she made him feel that there was one heart that shared his sorrows.

A few days after, the sergeant came and told him his father was dead. The effect on the young hunter was so crushing and painful that the soldier himself could not restrain his tears. After the first burst of grief had passed by, he told him that his sister had sent to inquire in what way, and with what ceremonies, he wished his father buried. In the early evening she came herself with a suit of black to wear at the funeral. He was at first surprised, and could not comprehend the need of the gift, until she told him that she had persuaded the General to let him be present at the burial of his father. He could

scarcely thank her in the fullness of his emotions. After endeavoring to console him by such kind expressions as her gentle heart suggested, she took her leave. Pattie paced his room the livelong night. The next morning, at eight o'clock, six soldiers came and conducted him to the grave into which they were just lowering his father. The rough ceremony was soon over, and he turned back, broken-hearted, to his cell.

In the latter part of January a change occurred in his monotonous life. The General received some English letters which he could not translate, and hearing that Pattie could translate them, sent for him. The latter was engaged in this for several days; and at length, thinking it was a favorable opportunity, broached again his proposition to go after the furs. His request was refused so brutally that he determined to translate no more. So the next day when the General sent for him, and handed him a letter, he looked at it carelessly for a moment, then threw it aside, and moved toward the door. The General, with darkening brow, asked why he did not translate it. Pattie replied that he would not work for one who had shown himself so vindictive an enemy. The General, enraged, struck him with the flat of his sword. At this indignity Pattie's American blood took fire, and, all unarmed as he was, he sprung at the General's throat. The guard, however, immediately interposed, and took him away to prison. But as he passed through the door he turned and said, if he had a sword he would kill him, dastard as he was, and as many like him as could be found.

After this he was left alone for a week, and no one but the jailer was allowed to approach him. About this time an American ship came into port, the captain of which, having papers to translate, persuaded Pattie again to act as interpreter. After having served some days in this capacity, he again asked permission to go for his furs. The General intimated that he might grant it, but not till the middle of July. Pattie replied that it would be too late then, as the snows by that time would have melted in the mountains, causing the Colorado to overflow its banks, burying the furs under water, and spoiling them. At the American captain's request he was allowed to pass the night on board ship. He took advantage of this to visit the sergeant and his kind, beautiful sister. The next day he was again remanded to prison, where he remained till the latter part of August.

In the mean time the American captain had left. He had determined to obtain Pattie's release; but finding he could not, offered to aid him to escape on board his ship. But the latter firmly refused to accept liberty alone, saying he would share the fate of his comrades to the end. But he had an opportunity to repay the captain for his generous offer. Going one day to act as interpreter, he happened to be concealed behind a door when the General, with one of his officials, was passing, and overheard their conversation, by which he learned that, on some pretext or other, the ship was to be libeled and

seized. He immediately sent for the captain, and told him what he had heard. The latter resolved not to wait for his papers, but next morning early to weigh anchor and stand out to sea, taking the chances of being sunk by the fort as he passed. He did so, and though the Spanish round shot rattled through his rigging, but little damage was done. The captain, as he bore proudly away, fired a parting salute, which did not at all increase the Spaniard's amiability. The General suspected that Pattie was at the bottom of this movement, and interrogated him closely. But he could get no admissions from him, and could find no evidence to convict him.

Time wore on until the 2d of September, when, to his astonishment, Pattie was told that he might go after the furs. He immediately made preparations to start. When every thing was ready he was coolly informed that his comrades were to go without him, as he was to be kept as a hostage for their return. His rage and disappointment knew no bounds, for he had determined never to come back; but whether he found his furs spoiled or not, to shake off his guard and strike across the continent to the States; for both he and his companions preferred this hazardous undertaking to imprisonment. He strove in every way to induce the General to change his purpose, but in vain. When he told his companions that they were to go without him, and he was to remain as a pledge for their return, they did not care to go at all. But he urged them, saying there was a bare possibility that the furs might not be spoiled; and whether they were or not, they should act without reference to him, and make their escape the best way they could. But they declared they would never desert him, and would certainly return if they lived. Bidding their young leader good-by, they directed their steps toward the mountains. They found the furs spoiled, as Pattie had predicted, and returned without them. Two of the party, however, had effected their escape, in the desperate hope of making their way alone across the country.

Another month was passed in prison, when word reached Diego that the small-pox had broken out among the natives in the Catholic missions at the north, and was sweeping with terrible devastation southward. Inquiring of the Americans if they had any vaccine matter among them, the General was informed that they had, and that Pattie could vaccinate. He immediately proposed to purchase it, and pay Pattie to instruct some of the Spaniards how to perform the operation. This the latter refused to do. Threats and persuasions were equally unavailing, and he declared that he would suffer death before he would yield. Finding him immovable, the General became more conciliatory, and proposed that he himself should vaccinate the different missions, and receive a stipulated price for his services. He consented to this on condition that his companions should have their parole for a year. The General asked what security he could give that they would not escape. He replied that he would give none. The Gen-

VOL. XXI.—No. 121.—G

eral refused to allow this, and for a time the arrangement seemed to be given up. But fresh news arriving of the rapid spread of the pestilence, the General at length reluctantly yielded, and the prisoners were set free.

Pattie, after vaccinating the inhabitants of San Diego, went north, stopping at each mission as he advanced, until he at last arrived at San Francisco—the first white man that ever made the overland passage to that place which was afterward to occupy so prominent a position on the map of the world.

It is not necessary to follow the fortunes of this little party longer. They were never again remanded to prison; and a revolution breaking out in the more southern provinces, great changes occurred; and Pattie, getting a message to one of the consuls of a southern port, succeeded in obtaining his liberation, took ship for Vera Cruz, and finally reached New Orleans in safety, but without a dollar in his pocket. He had passed six years of toil and suffering, and at last found himself near his home a beggar. Retaining his independence of character, he was about to accept a position on board of a ship bound to Vera Cruz rather than receive as a gift the money necessary to pay his passage up the river, though it was pressed upon him by Judge Johnstone, who was going up to St. Louis. The latter, however, finally persuaded him to let him pay his passage, and young Pattie once more found himself amidst his kindred, who had long since given him up as dead.

Years rolled by, and though adventurous trappers and hunters pushed their explorations up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and to the borders of the southern desert, the Pacific slope offered them no inducements to brave the hardships of either the one or the other; and it was only by the tedious voyage round Cape Horn that the civilized world ever heard of that remote region. The discovery of gold soon tracked the continent with highways leading westward through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; and before many years are passed the scream of the locomotive will rouse the grizzly bear from his mountain home, and scatter the buffalo and deer in affright over the plain.

"HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A FOOL."

I VISIT a married friend occasionally, whose wife is the opposite of himself in appearance. She fat and fair, he thin and care-worn, with an anxious, meditative look, in strong contrast with her jolly but satirical physiognomy. And yet, the continual snapping of the conjugal lash—I mean the lady's tongue—does not irritate or wound my friend. Either with simplicity or wisdom, I know not which, he seems to have fortified himself against these attacks, and responds kindly where other men would burst into passion. The reason may be, that the lady is not in her heart cruel, but can not refrain from the exercise of her critical talent, because he

takes it all so easily, and is not made angry when she ends with the customary "You were always such a fool."

I am right in judging that it is an affair not of the heart but only of manner and temperament; for, of their five children, not one loves father less than mother, and there is no disrespect.

One Sunday night the good lady, Leblanc, and I were enjoying our customary quiet talk in the little work-room of Madam; a sort of parlor boudoir, just large enough for three and the comforts. The conjugal dialogue was piquant and amusing, Leblanc answering with gentleness and humor the petulant sallies of his wife, who concluded each paragraph with, "You were always such a fool, George." At length my friend spoke in earnest. "Susan," said he, "I was not *always*, I think, such a fool as I am now; for if I had been you would never have become Mrs. Leblanc."

"La! George, the folly then was on my side," said the lady, with a gentle laugh, quite free of malice; "it was one of your wise acts."

Leblanc's face darkened. "Wife," said he, "there were some things of which I have never spoken to you that happened before our marriage."

"Oh! I dare say; don't you think it wise in him," said she, turning to me, with a slight flush on her beautiful round face, "to hide from me the little peccadillos of the bachelor, especially when the husband has such a list of follies to confess?"

"Do I confess, Susan?"

"Ah! no, Leblanc; I do that for you: but let us hear some of this 'secret history of a bachelor,' that has been hidden from me so carefully these twenty-three years past."

"Promise that, until I have finished, though the story lasts till morning, you will not once say, 'You were always such a fool.'"

"I promise," said the lady, nodding at me, with a mischievous smile; as if to say, "You see he is a little sore about it, in spite of philosophy."

"Well, Susan, you may remember I was just thirty when I married you."

"Just, but then you were always—"

"Thirty?"

"No matter, go on."

"Your father had forbidden me the house."

"Yes, I have thought sometimes, that—"

"He did well?"

A silence.

"At that time," continued Leblanc, "I was rich, in fact, very rich, for I had a clear million judiciously invested; and although I did not assume the position of a moral reformer and example for the young, I was not a bad man; not at all dissolute; did not play for example, nor indorse doubtful paper: in short, I was a safe man, a good merchant, and steady to my business; but your father hated me. Not that he ever recovered from that even to the day of his death; but he could not refuse his consent to

our marriage, after the events that I propose now to relate for the first time."

The wife opened her eyes, and would have spoken, but a look from me restrained her.

"You were very beautiful, Susan, when I first knew you, and had many admirers. Your youth and beauty attracted them; but as my income was ten times greater than yours, even including the grandmother's legacy, no one, not even your father, suspected me of selfish motives. You were only seventeen, I thirty; it was too great a difference, said some; but I did not think so, and I pressed my suit vigorously, using the customary measures for success. I had known you since you were a mere infant, and loved you for your amiable character and brilliant mind much more than for your acknowledged beauty."

"There seemed to be no obstacle on your part, but the hatred of your father was inveterate; it began when I was seventeen, and a very stout lad of my years. Your father and mine were neighbors in the city. I was reckoned a mischievous boy, and upon one occasion your father undertook to thrash me for climbing over his wall, where the peach espaliers were in blossom. But instead of taking the punishment I, being the stronger party, thrashed your father; and the good man never forgave me."

"There was a family feud in consequence between your parents and mine, and they annoyed each other as much as was possible for decent people. At length the war becoming too hot for him, when you were five years old your father moved away, and I saw nothing more of you till by accident we met in society and fell mutually in love."

"Although I was then full twenty-eight, I had not yet attained that mythical 'age of discretion' which one reads of, but at which lovers never arrive. For that matter I am still on the way thither, with small prospect of getting there in this life. Our stolen interviews, continued for a year, were at length discovered just on the eve of an elopement, and you were shut up a close prisoner. I sought an interview with your father, obtained one, and was grossly insulted. I was in despair; made a short voyage to cure melancholy, and arrived home more madly in love than before. My parents had died, and my bachelor establishment in the old mansion seemed to me dreary and inhospitable. Even the endearments and consolations of a maiden aunt, my kind housekeeper, were not enough to make home endurable."

"One winter evening, as I sat solitary before the fire in the library—it was a cold, stormy night—a visitor was announced, on business of importance—'must see Mr. Leblanc.' The visitor, a large man, roughly clad, entered, and, at my invitation, seated himself near the fire. His face was broad and red, of the kind called 'jolly,' with a permanent bar-room smile; but more repulsive features—not ugly—I had seldom seen."

"'A house-breaker or a ward politician,' thought I."

"The man announced himself in a jolly way as Mr. Griff—"Jeames Griff, you may know, of the "Branch," in V—— Street."

"I did not know."

"All right; *your* name is George Leblanc, of the same ward; we are neighbors."

"I assented, and indicated my extreme satisfaction."

"I don't stand on ceremony, neighbor; but as I have what may be good for you to know—you see," said he, winking, "at *my* place we always drink before talking."

"I rang the bell and ordered brandy. My jolly friend filled a tumbler and swallowed the entire contents at a gulp."

"Now, Mr. Leblanc, if you've no objection, I'll come to business."

"None whatever; the sooner the better. Take more brandy; I never drink, but I like to see friends comfortable."

"Right! that's just what I told Major Curtis an hour ago—"I like to see friends comfortable;" and as you are rich, and a gentleman, I can't see no harm in your marrying his daughter Susan. So I told him."

"It strikes me, friend Griff—of the "Branch," I think you said?—that you are interesting yourself in my affairs."

"Very extraordinary, Mr. Leblanc—isn't it?"

"Very, Mr. Griff; and I see no reason for it."

"No reason! Ha! ha! Well, I'll give one. Suppose I say you can have the girl on certain conditions? What say you to that, Mr. Leblanc?"

"My friend, the conversation becomes interesting. By-the-by, are you the agent or go-between of Major Curtis?"

"I?—of Major— Ha! ha! That's a good un."

"And the jolly man laughed long and vigorously, glancing at me between the bursts of his merriment, with 'I—the go-between of Major— Ha! ha! ha! Why, Sir, they call me master of the ward. I poll a thousand votes, Mr. Leblanc, and as many more as may be wanted. I control Major Curtis; I control you, Sir, if you are wishing to be a Congressman, or an Alderman, or any other officer in this ward and district. Major Curtis is now an Alderman—a poor man, is he not?—and must be re-elected, on account of the contracts he has a hand in—hey? Then, Sir, politically speaking, I control him, though you look sour when I say so."

"Really, my friend, this is an affair of no interest at all to me. I am ignorant of politics; in fact so ignorant I did not know the name of Jeames Griff, the most influential man in the ward."

"The ruffian half shut his eyes, and looked at me through the crevices as one studies a picture."

"In fact, Mr. Griff, I should require your references. It is customary, you know, in business transactions."

"References?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Jeames Griff removed a shapeless substitute for a hat, which he had not touched on entering my room, exposing a solid, prominent brow, and square head, covered with coarse red hair. It was the head of a prize-fighter; and the falling shoulders, long, round arms, and small, stubby feet, confirmed my opinion of the class to which my visitor belonged. There was a compactness of frame, and a litho, quick motion, unlike any other, characteristic of the man trained for attack, which satisfied me that Mr. Griff was at least a distinguished member, if not a leading light, of the 'fancy,' not then as powerful as now in the great, shabby city of New York."

"References?" he repeated, with a slight brogue."

"Yes, *references*," I answered, unconsciously mocking his brogue."

"Look ye, my friend, I am a Yankee born, but the brogue is my political as the other is my natyve accent. I can refer you to the Member of Congress from our district, the aldermen of the ward, and as many public men as you like; but my best reference, for *your* purpose, will be Major Curtis himself."

"Your proposition is that I should pay you for electing Major Curtis, and that he give me his daughter in requital for the service?"

"Exactly. You come quick to business; I like that."

"How much for the election?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"You are extravagant, Mr. Griff. You can do it for five hundred."

"Glib Jim must have five hundred, and there are a hundred others who want as much besides myself, who am to be paid."

"What may the office be worth?"

"Fifty thousand. I should only ask twenty-five, but then there is a lady in the case, and you are worth a million. It is only six months' income."

"I don't mind the money, Mr. Griff, but we must be judicious. Don't you think, as a friend, it would be better for me to buy the young lady in a direct trade with her father, and so save commissions?"

"Major Curtis is a gentleman, Sir, and will not sell his daughter; but if you, as a friend, assist him to a valuable office it is kind o'—what do you call—"disinterested," and all that; it puts you in favor with the old man, and makes an opening."

"You are shrewd, Mr. Griff."

"So I have been told. Perhaps I may be able to say the same of you."

"Time will show. You have just seen the Major?"

"Yes. I own, Sir, I put the idea into his head, not a dull one either, to make you pay the charges of re-electing him, the daughter being the consideration, as we say; you furnish the money, he has the office, you the lady."

"And how did he like your proposition?"

"Kicked at it, Sir; held up his head, and requested me to make no more propositions of the kind. Now if he had your sense, and took things as quietly, how much better it would be for all of us!"

"Twenty-five thousand for the lady, and as much more to secure the election? Say thirty, and lump it."

"Not a dollar less, Mr. Leblanc; the girl is cheap at twice the money, and the office alone is worth fifty; besides, you don't mind the money; you only hold off a little to look smart."

"Could you induce the Major to talk with me about it?"

"No; he is proud and obstinate."

"Did he threaten to horsewhip you for making the proposition?"

"Horsewhip me?—ha! ha! that's a little too good. Why, I am James Griff, a heavy—look at me, Sir; do I look like as I would take a whipping?"

"Did he show you one of these things?" said I, taking a loaded Derringer pistol out of a drawer, and laying it before me on the table.

"No, not exactly," replied Mr. Griff, pushing back his chair, and touching the left breast of his coat, which projected vaguely in the dim outlines of a similar but larger weapon.

"Your Englishman of the fancy dislikes this kind of thing," continued my visitor, with a pleasant laugh; "but I find it good to deal a little in both kinds."

"I began now to surmise that the ruffian had some other hold upon Major Curtis than merely the ability to elect him."

"Suppose," said I, after a moment's reflection, "Major Curtis were to leave politics, and form a partnership with me in business. The \$50,000 would be more profitably expended upon him in that way, and he would not require your services."

"It's quite immaterial, Sir; in either case I must have money, and a large sum too."

"Now," I replied, "we understand each other; you are black-mailing Major Curtis through me; you have some hold upon him."

"Yes, a strong one, if he had money; but I throw in the office to cover the affair, and make it look better for him."

"What is the nature of the hold you have upon him?"

"Are you ready to trade?"

"Tired with so much insolence, I began writing as if there were no one present. He waited till I had finished a letter."

"You are writing to the Major?"

"No; to the Chief of Police, perhaps."

"A friend of yours, I suppose," said the ruffian, with a coarse laugh.

"I wrote another letter. It was near midnight, still the man sat looking at me."

"It's no use trying to tire me out or drive me away, Leblanc. I know what I know; make your offer, and I'll consider it."

"Mr. Leblanc, if you please," I said, taking

out the other Derringer and laying it by the side of the first one. "And now, my friend, I think you had better go; you came here to rob me, and the only offer I have to make is a present of a couple of bullets, which shall be yours at twelve precisely. It is now within thirty seconds of that hour."

"My troublesome visitor smiled in his peculiar way, and loosened the remaining buttons of his coat. 'You see,' said he, 'I knew a little of you, and expected something of the kind.'"

"Thinking he would fire upon me I rose suddenly and brought both pistols into line with his body."

"I see," he said, in a natural, almost a cultivated tone, "you are accustomed to the weapon. Your plan is to fire low; that is right."

"He extended his right hand and commenced drumming with his fingers upon the table, laughing quietly, while his gray eyes were fixed steadily upon mine. The stock of his pistol projected conveniently; of course it was a hair trigger, and cocked."

"Twenty seconds had elapsed; he glanced significantly at the clock; I did the same, and seeing a slight movement as if he would draw his weapon, I fired both mine, but without effect."

"He laughed as the smoke rolled away."

"Thank you, *Mister Leblanc*, for your good intention; if I had not taken the precaution to enter your house this afternoon, and while left alone here by your servant, under pretense of writing a note, to draw the balls from your Derringers, I should have been obliged to kill you just now in self-defense. You are much too hasty."

"It is a set thing, then," I said, laying down the pistols and taking a fencing foil that hung by the mantle-piece just within reach of my hand.

"Come now, what do you mean to do with that, *Mister Leblanc*?" said the ruffian, drawing and presenting his weapon, a long-barreled dragoon pistol.

"You will not fire upon me," I said, snapping off the button of the foil upon the fender, "since that would defeat your object, which is to extort money. Now, Sir, put up your pistol and leave the house."

"Not at all; we have not completed our trade; and I think my pistol better than your fencing stick. You intended to shoot me, and if I kill you I am merely acting in self-defense."

"How can I talk of business with a pistol leveled at my breast?"

"The weapon was lowered, and before it could be raised again a blow of the foil had paralyzed the wrist that held it. It dropped upon the floor, and before the enemy could recover it I had laid open his head and sent him reeling backward with a second blow of the foil. Following up the advantage, I so thoroughly 'punished' and 'milled' my fighting friend, striking him on the wrists, arms, and face, he staggered blindly, threw up his wounded hands, and cried for quarter."

"After securing the pistol, not caring to push matters farther, I gave Master Jeames Griff permission to seat himself, and, in the absence of a bottle-holder, wipe the blood from his face and eyes as he best could. My black servants, three in number, had rushed in after the report of the pistols, and stood cowering in a dark corner, quite invisible, except the whites of their eyes. They now came forward very boldly, and would have attacked the wounded ruffian in a body with chairs. I bid them bring water, towels, and more brandy; with the assistance of which Mr. Griff made himself as comfortable as could be expected, tying up his wounded head with one of my linen handkerchiefs.

"Although badly cut and bruised, especially his hands, which were disabled by the lash of the foil, the rascal took the disaster so good-humoredly, and seemed to suffer so little by it, I was thrown entirely off my guard.

"You handle the foil masterly, Mr. Leblanc; I suppose you took lessons of some of these Frenchmen."

"Yes; don't you think it better than two naked fists?"

"Not at all. You struck before I knew what was coming. If I had known your game I'd have mauled you handsomely. That little affair between me and Ben Luggins won't come off this month, I guess, with my wrists cut up so. Do you spar?"

"No."

"Can't get my revenge that way, then. But how about the Major? Can't we trade?"

"The beating seems to have done you no good, Mr. Griff. On the whole, I think you had better not allude to that affair; it might lead to unpleasant consequences."

"After gulping the remainder of the brandy Mr. Griff took his leave, after a general offer of his services as a politician, to which I made no definite response.

"The next morning I received the following missive from the Major.

"George Leblanc, Esq.:

"Sir,—A confidential agent informs me this morning that certain propositions were made to you last evening by James Griff, keeper of the Branch, and that on your rejecting them a personal contest ensued, in which he was worsted. Griff is laid up ill with the injury. I thank you for your honorable conduct in regard to me, and sincerely regret that the bitterness that has so long existed between our families makes it impossible for you and me ever to become friends. I can now regard you as at least an honorable enemy. Very respectfully,

"CARLISLE CURTIS.

- "P.S.—Take care of yourself: Griff never forgives an injury. As this note is confidential I do not fear to tell you that he is a very dangerous rascal."

"This civil caution of your father led me to employ a trusty detective upon Griff; but when my name was mentioned, or his wounds alluded to, he spoke pleasantly of me as a man 'after his own style;' that I had whipped him fairly, and there was no grudge. In a month the affair was forgotten. Meanwhile I was becoming desperate about you, Susan, as it was now impossible to get even a sight of your face. I began to lose

hope, grew thin and melancholy, and dreamed of passing the wretched remnant of my life in a poor cottage on the Rhine, or perhaps a wretched Florentine palace. Driven to these extremities by the very excess of misery, I had nearly lost my taste for the most exciting of all enjoyments—I mean business in the city of New York—when a fortunate accident brought me back to reason.

"One night, coming home late from an interview with one of my country correspondents at the old City Hotel, I stepped into a night cellar much frequented by the fancy, dived into an alcove, drew the curtains, and called for supper and a toddy. Even in the depths of our misery, Susan, we fly to these things for consolation. I lived, you know, as most merchants did in those days, very plainly, and preferred a four-shilling supper in a decent cellar to a costly one at Delmonico's or the Astor. In fact, I still take my oysters in Fulton Market.

"While I was discussing my toddy and the *Post* two persons entered the alcove next to mine, and as the partition was thin I could hear every word above a whisper.

"There were two voices—one of Mr. Jeames Griff, the other of a noted canvasser, whom I shall call Mr. Peter, at that time a pimp, but now a very famous leader of the people. The two rascals '*Mistered*' each other.

"The Major is dead broke, Mr. Griff."

"Took his last X yesterday; it pays for the supper and drinks to-night."

"And the contracts, Mr. Griff?"

"Bah! sold 'em long ago."

"He's too poor and too proud. Suppose we drop him and take the other."

"Not yet. Curtis has a daughter—handsomest girl in New York! Leblanc, the millionaire, is in love with her. Besides, Curtis is so useful in the contract business; he's better than a new man, who would have to learn the ropes. We must make him Alderman."

"Must is the word?"

"Yes; must is the word."

"How'll you work it?"

"I am softening the Major. You know he hates Leblanc. But he must give in and let him have the girl. There's more money in that than in any of these ugly things you are getting into."

"How does the Major take it?"

"Fights shy: too proud; but will give in: no more money till that is done. Business gone; friends gone; credit gone: nothing left but the girl. What fools these people are, Mr. Peter, that set up for men of honor and that sort of thing! Major Curtis 'goes it stiff' enough in the contract business, but makes a face at me when I propose to sell his daughter for him to a gentleman."

"A real gent, or one of us?"

"Real, *bona fide*. You heard how he whipped and cut me up with a little steel foil when I went to 'bullyrag' him about this business of Curtis's election."

"'Fowt well, did he?"

"'The cust little steel rod cut me like lightning; but when he saw I was hurt he let me up like a gentleman. None of your goug'in' fancy; and he hasn't bragged of it.'

"'That'st I call a gent. L' the major give in?"

"'He-e will. He *must*.'

"'When do you see him?"

"'To-night, at Barney's, in a room.'

"'Want help?"

"'Don't care if you stand outside a little.'

"'When?"

"'Be there in an hour.'

"The pair left the alcove, and me to my reflections. I gave the waiter a dollar to tell where 'Barney's' might be. It was a private den in Grand Street, with a back entrance. I went home and armed myself, and was at Barney's ten minutes before the time appointed for the meeting. To introduce myself to the keeper of the place, secure his good-will by announcing myself as the person who 'milled' Jeames Griff of the Branch, and who had business with him and Major Curtis; these representations and a heavy bribe secured silence on the part of my host—who, like others of his class, had a boundless admiration for money and its reputed possessors—and the privilege to me of occupying the room adjoining the one taken by Major Curtis, the two being connected by a door, of which I secured the key.

"I shut myself in this room with writing materials, and glasses with wine upon the table for two persons, for appearance's sake, and waited with some impatience the arrival of the parties who were about to discuss matters so deeply interesting to me. The two rooms had formerly been one, and were divided only by a double partition of cloth covered with paper. Observing this arrangement, I tore off a portion of the cloth and paper near the door of the partition, so that every word or whisper on the other side would be audible to me if I placed myself near the breach. My experience in the night cellar had already reconciled me to the function of an eaves-dropper.

"A few minutes after Major Curtis came in, followed by Griff. Through a small rent in the partition I saw Griff seat himself by a table and look over papers. Your father sat opposite, looking very pale. There were two candles on the table, glasses, and a bottle of brandy.

"'Now, Sir,' began Griff, in a clear, business tone, quite free of his usual affectation of vulgarity, 'let us close our accounts, and decide what is to be done. You owe me a great deal of money, not only for services, but for loans made to you this last two months. I have lent you fifteen hundred dollars, and there remains unpaid of last year's account nine thousand five hundred and fifty-four dollars, forty-four cents. These are the items. When will you pay? The last fifty was to satisfy your daughter's music-teacher. Miss Susan is rather expensive. Don't you think it time she was married?"

"'Would it not be better, Griff, if we each minded our own business?' remarked the Major.

"I could see him as distinctly as I see you; and there must have been some very great restraint that prevented his expressing his real feelings, for your father, Susan, was possessed of genuine courage.

"'Don't be wrath, Major. I mean well for you,' said the other, in a tone of conciliation; 'but I am hard pressed, and unless the money is paid to-morrow I must foreclose the mortgage upon Mrs. Curtis's Broadway property.'

"'My mother's? What do you mean?"

"'I mean to say that Mrs. Curtis gave me a mortgage upon that property, as security for your debt to me.'

"'And I knew nothing of it until now! Griff, you must not take that property—it is my mother's only possession. It was her unbounded confidence in me that led her to give the mortgage. She will be no better than a beggar if you take it.'

"'Sorry, Major Curtis; but my necessities are pressing. The old lady can take boarders.'

"'Never in my life have I seen a face express such hate, horror, and despair as that of your father when Griff spoke to him in this manner. I feared he would destroy himself. The conversation proceeded:

"'You can marry your daughter to Leblanc. That is easily arranged.'

"'Too late, Sir, if it were honorable, after all I have said and done to offend him.'

"'Honorable? *pooh!* Is it honorable to turn your poor old mother into the street?"

"Your father burst into tears, and resting his forehead on the edge of the table, sobbed terribly.

"Griff seemed to be somewhat moved.

"'Come, Major,' said he, 'I'm not a beast.'

"No reply; and Griff continued:

"'If Leblanc was here now, how quickly he would arrange every thing! The poor man is dead in love with Miss Susan, and would give half his fortune to possess her.'

"Your father raised his head, and answered, proudly,

"'I will not sell my daughter, Sir; and if you wish to continue on good terms with me, never speak of that again.'

"'I have the same advice to give you, Mr. Griff,' said I, stepping suddenly into the room, and drawing a seat to the table. 'Major Curtis will not suspect me of conniving with such a person as yourself. And now, as you said not long ago, let us to business. I am ready to buy that mortgage from you at its full value; the investment is a safe one for me; and as it is simply a business operation, Major Curtis will not object.'

"Your father looked a grateful assent; but Griff, who had expected nothing of the kind, was taken by surprise, and muttered something about rights and revenge. But thinking better of the affair, he presently consented to assign

the mortgage to me, and I gave him my check for the money.

"Nothing was said about you, Susan; and I left Griff and your father to settle their own affairs as they best could. The next time I passed the house you were looking out of the window, and we recognized each other. Of course I went in, but saw no one but yourself. You have never known until now that your father never gave his consent to our marriage, and that it was, in fact, an elopement winked at by both the parents. I made no attempt to conciliate them; and it was then you took up the hab-

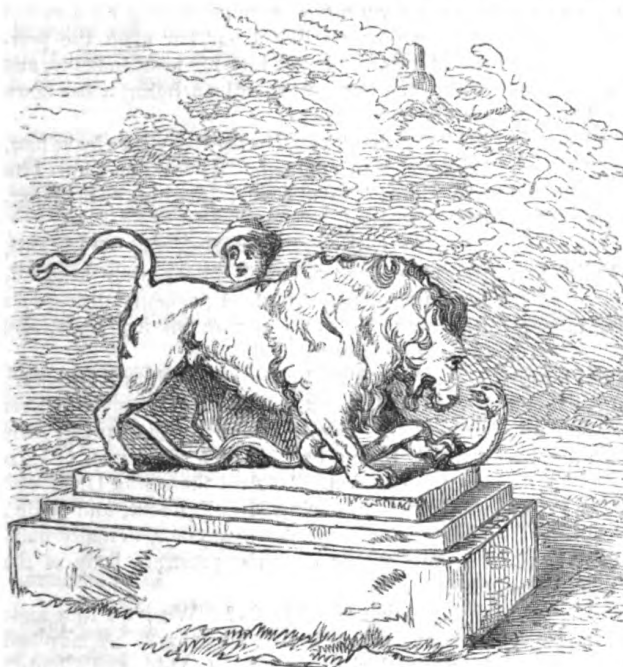
it of calling me a fool. You were, in fact, too young to understand the reason; and I formed a habit of not explaining to my wife things that I did not think her competent to understand."

The large blue eyes of the lady had been sending out showers of pearls during the latter part of this narrative; and as it was evident at the close that she wished to say something in private to my friend, I slipped away without taking leave; but I am sure she did not say, that night at least,

"You were always such a fool!"

LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH I AM STUNG BY A SERPENT.

IF, when I heard Baker call out Bessy Bellen-den, and adjure Jove, he had run forward and seized Elizabeth by the waist, or offered her other personal indignity, I too should have run forward on my side and engaged him. Though I am a stout elderly man, short in stature and in wind, I know I am a match for *that* rickety little Captain on his high-heeled boots. A match for him? I believe Miss Bessy would have been a match for both of us. Her white arm was as hard and polished as ivory. Had she held it straight pointed against the rush of the dragoon, he would have fallen backward before his intended prey: I have no doubt he would. It was the hen, in this case, was stronger than the libertine fox, and *au besoin* would have pecked the little marauding vermin's eyes out. Had, I say, Partlet been weak, and Reynard strong, I *would* have come forward: I certainly would.

Had he been a wolf now, instead of a fox, I am certain I should have run in upon him, grappled with him, torn his heart and tongue out of his black throat, and trampled the lawless brute to death.

Well, I didn't do any such thing. I was just *going* to run in—and I didn't. I was just going to rush to Bessy's side to clasp her (I have no doubt) to my heart: to beard the whiskered champion who was before her, and perhaps say, "Cheer thee—cheer thee, my persecuted maiden, my beauteous love—my Rebecca! Come on, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, thou dastard Templar! It is I, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe." (By-the-way, though the fellow was not a *Templar*, he was a *Lincoln's Inn man*, having passed twice through the Insolvent Court there with infinite discredit.) But I made no heroic speeches. There was no need for Rebecca to jump out of

window and risk her lovely neck. How could she, in fact, the French window being flush with the ground-floor? And I give you my honor, just as I was crying my war-cry, couching my lance, and rushing *à la recousse* upon Sir Baker, a sudden thought made me drop my (figurative) point: a sudden idea made me rein in my galloping (metaphorical) steed, and spare Baker for that time.

Suppose I had gone in? But for that sudden precaution there might have been a Mrs. Batchelor. I might have been a bullied father of ten children. (Elizabeth has a fine high temper of her own.) What is four hundred and twenty a year, with a wife and perhaps half a dozen children? Should I have been a whit the happier? Would Elizabeth? Ah! no. And yet I feel a certain sort of shame, even now, when I think that I didn't go in. Not that I was in a fright, as some people choose to hint. I swear I was not. But the reason why I did not charge was this:

Nay, I *did* charge part of the way, and then, I own, stopped. It was an error in judgment. It wasn't a want of courage. Lord George Sackville was a brave man, and as cool as a cucumber under fire. Well, *he* didn't charge at the battle of Minden, and Prince Ferdinand made the deuce and all of a disturbance, as we know. Byng was a brave man—and I ask, wasn't it a confounded shame executing him? So with respect to myself. Here is my statement. I make it openly. I don't care. I am accused of seeing a woman insulted, and not going to her rescue. I am not guilty, I say. That is, there were reasons which caused me not to attack. Even putting aside the superior strength of Elizabeth herself to the enemy, I vow there were cogent and honorable reasons why I did not charge home.

You see I happened to be behind a blue lilac bush (and was turning a rhyme—Heaven help us!—in which *death* was only to part me and Elizabeth) when I saw Baker's face surge over the chair-back. I rush forward as he cries "By Jove!" Had Miss Prior cried out on her part, the strength of twenty Heenaps, I know, would have nerved this arm; but all she did was to turn pale, and say, "Oh, mercy! Captain Baker! Do pity me!"

"What! you remember me, Bessy Bellenden, do you?" asks the Captain, advancing.

"Oh, not that name! please, not that name!" cries Bessy.

"I thought I knew you yesterday," says Baker. Only, gad, you see, I had so much claret on board I did not much know what was what. And oh! Bessy, I have got such a splitter of a headache."

"Oh! please—please, my name is Miss Prior. Pray! pray, Sir, don't."

"You've got handsomer—doosid deal handsomer. Know you now well, your spectacles off. You come in here—teach my nephew and niece, humbug my sister, make love to the sh—. Oh! you uncommon sly little toad!"

"Captain Baker! I beg—I implore you," says Bess, or something of the sort; for the white hands assumed an attitude of supplication.

"Pooh! don't gammon *me*!" says the rickety Captain (or words to that effect), and seizes those two firm white hands in his moist, trembling palms.

Now do you understand why I paused? When the dandy came grinning forward, with looks and gestures of familiar recognition—when the pale Elizabeth implored him to spare her—a keen arrow of jealousy shot whizzing through my heart, and caused me well-nigh to fall backward as I ran forward. I bumped up against a bronze group in the gardens. The group represented a lion stung by a serpent. *I was a lion stung by a serpent too.* Even Baker could have knocked me down. Fiends and anguish! he had known her before? The Academy, the life she had led, the wretched old tipsy, ineffective guardian of a father—all these antecedents in poor Bessy's history passed through my mind. And

I had offered my heart and troth to this woman! Now, my dear Sir, I appeal to you. What would *you* have done? Would *you* have liked to have such a sudden suspicion thrown over the being of your affection? "Oh! spare me—spare me!" I heard her say, in clear—too clear—pathetic tones. And then there came rather a shrill "Ah!" and then the lion was up in my breast again; and I give you my honor, just as I was going to step forward—to step?—to *rush* forward from behind the urn where I had stood for a moment with thumping heart, Bessy's "Ah!" or little cry was followed by a *whack*, which I heard as clear as any thing I ever heard in my life; and I saw the little Captain spin back, topple over a chair heels up, and in this posture heard him begin to scream and curse in shrill tones. . . .

Not for long, for as the Captain and the chair tumble down a door springs open, a man rushes in, who pounces like a panther upon the prostrate Captain, pitches into his nose and eyes, and chokes his bad language by sending a fist down his naughty throat.

"Oh! thank you, Bedford!—please leave him, Bedford! that's enough. There, don't hurt him any more!" says Bessy, laughing—laughing, upon my word.

"Ah! will you?" says Bedford. "Lie still, you little beggar, or I'll knock your head off. Look here, Miss Prior!—Elizabeth—dear—dear Elizabeth! I love you with all my heart, and soul, and strength—I do."

"O Bedford! Bedford!" warbles Elizabeth.

"I do! I can't help it. I must say it! Ever since Rome, I do. Lie still, you drunken little beast! It's no use. But I adore you, O Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" And there was Dick, who was always following Miss P. about, and poking his head into keyholes to spy her, actually making love to her over the prostrate body of the Captain.

Now what was I to do? Wasn't I in a most confoundedly awkward situation? A lady had been attacked—a lady?—*the* lady, and I hadn't rescued her. Her insolent enemy was overthrown, and I hadn't done it. A champion, three inches shorter than myself, had come in and dealt the blow. I was in such a rage of mortification that I should have liked to thrash the Captain and Bedford too. The first I know I could have matched; the second was a tough little hero. And it was he who rescued the damsel while I stood by! In a strait so odious, sudden, and humiliating, what should I, what could I, what did I do?

Behind the lion and snake there is a brick wall and marble balustrade, built for no particular reason, but flanking three steps and a grassy terrace, which then rises up on a level to the house windows. Beyond the balustrade is a shrubbery of more lilacs and so forth, by which you can walk round into another path, which also leads up to the house. So as I had not charged—ah! wo is me—as the battle was over, I—I just went round that shrubbery into the other path, and so entered the house, arriving, like Fortinbras in



BEDFORD TO THE RESCUE.

Hamlet, when every body is dead and sprawling, you know, and the whole business is done.

And was there to be no end to my shame, or to Bedford's laurels? In that brief interval, while I was walking round the by-path (just to give myself a pretext for entering coolly into the premises), this fortunate fellow had absolutely engaged another and larger champion. This was no other than Bulkeley, my Lady B.'s first-class attendant. When the Captain fell amidst his screams and curses, he called for Bulkeley:

and that individual made his appearance, with a little Scotch cap perched on his powdered head.

"Hullo! what's the row year?" says Goliath, entering.

"Kill that blackguard! Hang him, kill him!" screams Captain Blacksheep, rising with bleeding nose.

"I say, what's the row year?" asks the grenadier.

"Off with your cap, Sir, before a lady!" calls out Bedford.

"Hoff with my cap! you be blo—"

But he said no more, for little Bedford jumped some two feet from the ground and knocked the cap off, so that a cloud of ambrosial powder filled the room with violet odors. The immense frame of the giant shook at this insult: "I will be the death on you, you little beggar!" he grunted out, and was advancing to destroy Dick just as I entered in the cloud which his head had raised.

"I'll knock the brains as well as the powder out of your ugly head!" says Bedford, springing at the poker. At which juncture I entered.

"What—what is this disturbance?" I say, advancing with an air of mingled surprise and resolution.

"You git out of the way till I knock his 'ead off!" roars Bulkeley.

"Take up your cap, Sir, and leave the room," I say, still with the same elegant firmness.

"Put down that there poker, you coward!" bellows the monster on board wages.

"Miss Prior," I say (like a dignified hypocrite, as I own I was), "I hope no one has offered you a rudeness?" And I glare round, first at the knight of the bleeding nose, and then at his squire.

Miss Prior's face, as she replied to me, wore a look of awful scorn.

"Thank you, Sir," she said, turning her head over her shoulder, and looking at me with her gray eyes. "Thank you, Richard Bedford! God bless you! I shall ever be thankful to you, wherever I am." And the stately figure swept out of the room.

She had seen me behind that confounded statue, then, and I had not come to her! O torments and racks! O scorpions, fiends, and pitchforks! The face of Bedford, too (flashing with knightly gratitude anon as she spoke kind words to him and passed on), wore a look of scorn as he turned toward me, and then stood, his nostrils distended, and breathing somewhat hard, glaring at his enemies, and still grasping his mace of battle.

When Elizabeth was gone there was a pause of a moment, and then Blacksheep, taking his bleeding cambric from his nose, shrieks out, "Kill him, I say! A fellow that dares to hit one in my condition, and when I'm down! Bulkeley, you great hulking jackass! kill him, I say!"

"Jest let him put that there poker down, that's hall," growls Bulkeley.

"You're afraid, you great cowardly beast! You shall go, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em—Mr. Bedford—you shall have the sack, Sir, as sure as your name is what it is! I'll tell my brother-in-law every thing: and as for that woman—"

"If you say a word against her, I'll cane you wherever I see you, Captain Baker!" I cry out.

"Who spoke to *you*?" says the Captain, falling back and scowling at me.

"Who hever told you to put *your* foot in?" says the squire.

I was in such a rage, and so eager to find an object on which I might wreak my fury, that I

confess I plunged at this Bulkeley. I gave him two most violent blows on the waistcoat, which caused him to double up with such frightful contortions that Bedford burst out laughing; and even the Captain with the damaged eye and nose began to laugh too. Then, taking a lesson from Dick, as there was a fine shining dagger on the table, used for the cutting open of reviews and magazines, I seized and brandished this weapon, and I dare say would have sheathed it in the giant's bloated corpus, had he made any movement toward me. But he only called out, "h'll be the death on you, you cowards! h'll be the death of both on you!" And snatching up his cap from the carpet, walked out of the room.

"Glad you did that, though," says Baker, nodding his head. "Think I'd best pack up."

And now the Devil of Rage which had been swelling within me gave place to a worse devil—the Devil of Jealousy—and I turned on the Captain, who was also just about to slink away—

"Stop!" I cried out—I screamed out, I may say.

"Who spoke to you, I should like to know? and who the dooce dares to speak to me in that sort of way?" says Clarence Baker, with a plentiful garnish of expletives, which need not be here inserted. But he stopped, nevertheless, and turned slouching round.

"You spoke just now of Miss Prior," I said. "Have you any thing against her?"

"What's that to you?" he asked.

"I am her oldest friend. I introduced her into this family. *Dare* you say a word against her?"

"Well, who the dooce has?"

"You knew her before?"

"Yes, I did, then."

"When she went by the name of Bellenden?"

"Of course I did. And what's that to you?" he screams out.

"I this day asked her to be my wife, Sir! *That's* what it is to me!" I replied, with severe dignity.

Mr. Clarence began to whistle. "Oh! if that's it—of course not!" he says.

The jealous demon writhed within me and rent me.

"You mean that there *is* something, then?" I asked, glaring at the young reprobate.

"No, I don't," says he, looking very much frightened. "No, there is nothin'. Upon my sacred honor there isn't that I know." (I was looking uncommonly fierce at this time, and, I must own, would rather have quarreled with somebody than not.) "No, there *is* nothin' that I know. Ever so many years ago, you see, I used to go with Tom Papillion, Turkington, and two or three fellows, to that theatre. Dolphin had it. And we used to go behind the scenes—and—and I own I had a row with her. And I was in the wrong. There now, I own I was. And she left the theatre. And she behaved quite right. And I was very sorry. And I believe she is as good a woman as ever stepped now. And the father was a disreputable old

man, but most honorable—I know he was. And there was a fellow in the Bombay service—a fellow by the name of Walker, or Walkingham—yes, Walkingham; and I used to meet him at the Cave of Harmony, you know; and he told me that she was as right as right could be. And he was doosidly cut up about leaving her. And he would have married her, I dessay, only for his father the General, who wouldn't stand it. And he was ready to hang himself when he went away. He used to drink awfully, and then he used to swear about her; and we used to chaff him, you know. Low, vulgarish sort of man he was, and a very passionate fellow. And if you're goin' to marry her, you know—of course, I ask your pardon, and that; and upon the honor of a gentleman I know nothin' against her. And I wish you joy, and all that sort of thing! I do now, really now!" And so saying, the mean, mischievous little monkey sneaked away, and clambered up to his own perch in his own bedroom.

Worthy Mrs. Bonnington, with a couple of her young ones, made her appearance at this juncture. She had a key, which gave her a free pass through the garden door, and brought her children for an afternoon's play and fighting with their little nephew and niece. Decidedly, Bessy did not bring up her young folks well. Was it that their grandmothers spoiled them, and undid the governess's work? Were those young people odious (as they often were) by nature, or rendered so by the neglect of their guardians? If Bessy had loved her charges more would they not have been better? Had she a kind, loving, maternal heart? Ha! This thought—this jealous doubt—smote my bosom: and were she mine, and the mother of many possible little Batchelors, would she be kind to them? Would they be willful, and selfish, and abominable little wretches, in a word, like these children? Nay, nay! Say that Elizabeth has but a cold heart; we can not be all perfection. But, *per contra*, you must admit that, cold as she is, she does her duty. How good she has been to her own brothers and sisters: how cheerfully she has given away her savings to them: how admirably she has behaved to her mother, hiding the iniquities of that disreputable old schemer, and covering her improprieties with decent filial screens and pretexts! Her mother? Ah! *grands dieux!* You want to marry, Charles Batchelor, and you will have that greedy pauper for a mother-in-law; that fluffy Blue-coat boy, those hob-nailed taw-players, top-spinners, toffee-eaters, those underbred girls, for your brothers and sisters in law! They will be quartered upon you. You are so absurdly weak and good-natured—you know you are—that you will never be able to resist. Those boys will grow up: they will go out as clerks or shop-boys: get into debt, and expect you to pay their bills: want to be articled to attorneys and so forth, and call upon you for the premium. Their mother will never be out of your house. She will ferret about in your drawers and wardrobes, filch your haberdashery, and cast greedy

eyes on the very shirts and coats on your back, and calculate when she can get them for her boys. Those vulgar young miscreants will never fail to come and dine with you on a Sunday. They will bring their young linen-draper or articulated friends. They will draw bills on you, or give their own to money-lenders, and unless you take up those bills they will consider you a en-lous, avaricious brute, and the heartless author of their ruin. The girls will come and practice on your wife's piano. They won't come to you on Sundays only; they will always be staying in the house. They will always be preventing a *tête-à-tête* between your wife and you. As they grow old they will want her to take them out to tea-parties, and to give such entertainments, where they will introduce their odious young men. They will expect you to commit meanesses in order to get theatre-tickets for them from the newspaper editors of your acquaintance. You will have to sit in the back seat: to pay the cab to and from the play: to see glances and bows of recognition passing between them and dubious bucks in the lobbies: and to lend the girls your wife's gloves, scarfs, ornaments, smelling-bottles, and handkerchiefs, which of course they will never return. If Elizabeth is ailing from any circumstance, they will get a footing in your house, and she will be jealous of them. The ladies of your own family will quarrel with them, of course; and very likely your mother-in-law will tell them a piece of her mind. And you bring this dreary certainty upon you because, forsooth, you fall in love with a fine figure, a pair of gray eyes, and a head of auburn (not to say red) hair! O Charles Batchelor! in what a galley hast thou seated thyself, and what a family is crowded in thy boat!

All these thoughts are passing in my mind as good Mrs. Bonnington is prattling to me—I protest I don't know about what. I think I caught some faint sentences about the Patagonian mission, the National schools, and Mr. Bonnington's lumbago; but I can't say for certain. I was busy with my own thoughts. I had asked the awful question—I was not answered. Bessy had even gone away in a huff about my want of gallantry, but I was easy on that score. As for Mr. Drencher, she had told me her sentiments regarding him; and though I am considerably older, yet thought I, I need not be afraid of that rival. But when she says *yes*? Oh, dear! oh, dear! *Yes* means Elizabeth—certainly, a brave young woman—but it means Mrs. Prior, and Gus, and Amelia Jane, and the whole of that dismal family. No wonder, with these dark thoughts crowding my mind, Mrs. Bonnington found me absent; and, as a comment upon some absurd reply of mine, said, "La! Mr. Batchelor, you must be crossed in love!" Crossed in love! It might be as well for some folks if they were crossed in love! At my age, and having loved madly, as I did, that party in Dublin, a man doesn't take the second fit by any means so strongly. Well! well! the die was cast, and I was there to bide the hazard. "What can be

the matter? I look pale and unwell, and had better see Mr. D.?" "Thank you, my dear Mrs. Bonnington. I had a violent—a violent toothache last night—yes, toothache; and was kept awake, thank you. And there's nothing like having it out? and Mr. D. draws them beautifully, and has taken out six of your children's? It's better now; I dare say it will be better still, soon. I retire to my chamber: I take a book—can't read one word of it. I resume my tragedy. Tragedy? Bosh!"

I suppose Mr. Drencher thought his yesterday's patient would be better for a little more advice and medicine, for he must pay a second visit to Shrublands on this day, just after the row with the Captain had taken place, and walked up to the upper regions, as his custom was. Very likely he found Mr. Clarence bathing his nose there, and prescribed for the injured organ. Certainly he knocked at the door of Miss Prior's school-room (the fellow was always finding a pretext for entering *that* apartment), and Master Bedford comes to me with a wobegone, livid countenance, and a "Ha! ha! young Sawbones is up with her!"

"So my poor Dick," I say, "I heard your confession as I was myself running in to rescue Miss P. from that villain."

"My blood was hup," groans Dick—"up, I beg your pardon. When I saw that young rascal lay a hand on her I could not help flying at him. I would have hit him if he had been my own father. And I could not help saying what was on my mind. It would come out; I knew it would some day. I might as well wish for the moon as hope to get her. She thinks herself superior to me, and perhaps she is mistaken. But it's no use; she don't care for me; she don't care for any body. Now the words are out, in course I mustn't stay here."

"You may get another place easily enough with your character, Bedford!"

But he shook his head. "I'm not disposed to black nobody else's boots no more. I have another place. I have saved a bit of money. My poor old mother is gone, whom you used to be so kind to, Mr. B. I'm alone now. Confound that Sawbones, will he *never* come away? I'll tell you about my plans some day, Sir, and I know you'll be so good as to help me." And away goes Dick, looking the picture of woe and despair.

Presently, from the upper rooms, Sawbones descends. I happened to be standing in the hall, you see, talking to Dick. Mr. Drencher scowls at me fiercely, and I suppose I return him haughty glance for glance. He hated me: I liked him to hate me.

"How is your patient, Mr.—a—Drencher?" I ask.

"Trifling contusion of the nose—brown paper and vinegar," says the Doctor.

"Great powers! did the villain strike her on the nose?" I cry, in terror.

"Her—whom?" says he.

"Oh—ah—yes—indeed; it's nothing," I say,

smiling. The fact is, I had forgotten about Baker in my natural anxiety for Elizabeth.

"I don't know what you mean by laughing, Sir!" says the red-haired practitioner. "But if you mean chaff, Mr. Batchelor, let me tell you I don't want chaff, and I won't have chaff!" and herewith, exit Sawbones, looking black doses at me.

Jealous of me, think I, as I sink down in a chair in the morning-room, where the combat had just taken place. And so thou, too, art fever-caught, my poor physician! What a fascination this girl has! Here's the butler: here's the medical man: here am I: here is the Captain has been smitten—smitten on the nose. Has the gardener been smitten too, and is the page gnawing his buttons off for jealousy, and is Mons. Bulkeley equally in love with her? I take up a review, and think over this, as I glance through its pages.

As I am lounging and reading Mons. Bulkeley himself makes his appearance, bearing in cloaks and packages belonging to his lady. "Have the goodness to take that cap off," I say, coolly.

"You 'ave the goodness to remember that if hever I see you hout o' this 'ouse I'll punch your hugly 'ead off," says the monstrous menial. But I poise my paper-cutter, and here tires growling.

From despondency I pass to hope; and the prospect of marriage, which before appeared so dark to me, assumes a gayer hue. I have four hundred a year, and that house in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury Square, of which the upper part will be quite big enough for us. If we have children, there is Queen Square for them to walk and play in. Several genteel families I know, who still live in the neighborhood, will come and see my wife, and we shall have a comfortable, cozy little society, suited to our small means. The tradesmen in Lamb's Conduit Street are excellent, and the music at the Foundling always charming. I shall give up one of my clubs. The other is within an easy walk.

No: my wife's relations will *not* plague me. Bessy is a most sensible, determined woman, and as cool a hand as I know. She will only see Mrs. Prior at proper (and, I trust, distant) intervals. Her brothers and sisters will learn to know their places, and not intrude upon me or the company which I keep. My friends, who are educated people and gentlemen, will not object to visit me because I live over a shop (my ground-floor and spacious back premises in Devonshire Street are let to a German toy-warehouse). I shall add a hundred or two, at least, to my income by my literary labor; and Bessy, who has practiced frugality all her life, and been a good daughter and a good sister, I know will prove a good wife, and, please Heaven! a good mother. Why, four hundred a year, *plus* two hundred, is a nice little income. And my old college friend, Wigmore, who is just on the Bench? He will, he must, get me a place—say three hundred a year. With nine hundred a year we can do quite well.

Love is full of elations and despondencies. The future, over which such a black cloud of doubt lowered a few minutes since, blushed a sweet rose-color now. I saw myself happy, beloved, with a competence, and imagined myself reposing in the delightful garden of Red Lion Square on some summer evening, and half a dozen little Batchelors frisking over the flower-bespangled grass there.

After our little colloquy Mrs. Bonnington, not finding much pleasure in my sulky society, had gone to Miss Prior's room with her young folks, and as the door of the morning-room opened now and again, I could hear the dear young ones scuttling about the passages, where they were playing at horses, and fighting, and so forth. After a while good Mrs. B. came down from the school-room. "Whatever has happened, Mr. Batchelor?" she said to me, in her passage through the morning-room. "Miss Prior is very pale and absent. You are very pale and absent. Have you been courting her, you naughty man, and trying to supplant Mr. Drencher? There now, you turn as red as my ribbon! Ah! Bessy is a good girl, and so fond of my dear children. 'Ah, dear Mrs. Bonnington,' she says to me—but of course you won't tell Lady B.: it would make Lady B. perfectly furious. 'Ah!' says Miss P. to me, 'I wish, ma'am, that my little charges were like their dear little nephews and nieces—so exquisitely brought up!' Pop again wished to beat his uncle. I wish—I wish Frederick would send that child to school! Miss P. owns that he is too much for her. Come, children, it is time to go to dinner." And, with more of this prattle, the good lady summons her young ones, who descend from the school-room with their nephew and niece.

Following nephew and niece comes demure Miss Prior, to whom I fling a knowing glance, which says, plain as eyes can speak—Do, Elizabeth, come and talk for a little to your faithful Batchelor! She gives a sidelong look of intelligence, leaves a parasol and a pair of gloves on a table, accompanies Mrs. Bonnington and the young ones into the garden, sees the clergyman's wife and children disappear through the garden-gate, and her own youthful charges engaged in the strawberry-beds; and, of course, returns to the morning-room for her parasol and gloves, which she had forgotten. There is a calmness about that woman—an easy, dauntless dexterity, which frightens me—*ma parole d'honneur*. In that white breast is there a white marble stone in place of the ordinary cordial apparatus? Under the white velvet glove of that cool hand are there bones of cold steel?

"So, Drencher has again been here, Elizabeth?" I say.

She shrugs her shoulders. "To see that wretched Captain Baker. The horrid little man will die! He was not actually sober just now when he—when I—when you saw him. How I wish you had come sooner—to prevent that horrible, tipsy, disreputable quarrel! It

makes me very, very thoughtful, Mr. Batchelor. He will speak to his mother—to Mr. Lovel. I shall have to go away. I know I must."

"And don't you know where you can find a home, Elizabeth? Have the words I spoke this morning been so soon forgotten?"

"Oh, Mr. Batchelor! you spoke in a heat. You could not think seriously of a poor girl like me, so friendless and poor, with so many family ties. Pop is looking this way, please. To a man bred like you, what can I be?"

"You may make the rest of my life happy, Elizabeth!" I cry. "We are friends of such old—old date, that you know what my disposition is."

"Oh! indeed," says she, "it is certain that there never was a sweeter disposition or a more gentle creature." (Somehow I thought she said the words "gentle creature" with rather a sarcastic tone of voice.) "But consider your habits, dear Sir. I remember how in Beak Street you used to be always giving, and, in spite of your income, always poor. You love ease and elegance; and having, I dare say, not too much for yourself now, would you encumber yourself with—with me and the expenses of a household? I shall always regard you, esteem you, love you as the best friend I ever had, and—*voici venir la mère du vaurien*."

Enter Lady Baker. "Do I interrupt a tête-à-tête, pray?" she asks.

"My benefactor has known me since I was a child, and befriended me since then," says Elizabeth, with simple kindness beaming in her look. "We were just speaking—I was just—ah!—telling him that my uncle has invited me most kindly to St. Boniface, whenever I can be spared; and if you and the family go to the Isle of Wight this autumn, perhaps you will intercede with Mr. Lovel, and let me have a little holiday. Mary will take every charge of the children; and I do so long to see my dear aunt and cousins! And I was begging Mr. Batchelor to use his interest with you, and to entreat you to use *your* interest, to get me leave. That was what our talk was about."

The deuce it was! I couldn't say No, of course; but I protest I had no idea until that moment that our conversation had been about aunt and uncle at St. Boniface. Again came the horrible suspicion, the dreadful doubt—the chill as of a cold serpent crawling down my back—which had made me pause, and gasp, and turn pale, anon when Bessy and Captain Clarence were holding colloquy together. What *has* happened in this woman's life? Do I know all about her, or any thing, or only just as much as she chooses? O Batch—Batch! I suspect you are no better than an old gaby!

"And Mr. Drencher has just been here and seen your son," Bessy continues, softly; "and he begs and entreats your ladyship to order Captain Baker to be more prudent. Mr. D. says Captain Baker is shortening his life, indeed he is, by his carelessness."

There is Mr. Lovel coming from the city, and

the children are running to their papa! And Miss Prior makes her patroness a meek courtesy, and demurely slides away from the room. With a sick heart I say to myself, "She has been—yes—humbugging is the word—humbugging Lady B. Elizabeth! Elizabeth! can it be possible thou art humbugging me too?"

Before Lovel enters Bedford rapidly flits through the room. He looks as pale as a ghost. His face is awfully gloomy.

"Here's the governor come," Dick whispers to me. "It must all come hout now—out, I beg your pardon. So she's caught you, has she? I thought she would." And he grins a ghastly grin.

"What do you mean?" I ask, and I dare say turn rather red.

"I know all about it. I'll speak to you to-night, Sir. Confound her! confound her!" and he doubles his knuckles into his eyes and rushes out of the room over Buttons, entering with the afternoon tea.

"What on earth's the matter, and why are you knocking the things about?" Lovel asks at dinner of his butler, who, indeed, acted as one distraught. A savage gloom was depicted on Bedford's usually melancholy countenance, and the blunders in his service were many. With his brother-in-law Lovel did not exchange many words. Clarence was not yet forgiven for his escapade two days previous. And when Lady Baker cried, "Mercy, child! what have you done to yourself?" and the Captain replied, "Knocked my face against a dark door—made my nose bleed," Lovel did not look up or express a word of sympathy. "If the fellow knocked his worthless head off, I should not be sorry," the widower murmured to me. Indeed, the tone of the Captain's voice, his *ton*, and his manners in general, were specially odious to Mr. Lovel, who could put up with the tyranny of women, but revolted against the vulgarity and assumption of certain men.

As yet nothing had been said about the morning's quarrel. Here we were all sitting with a sword hanging over our heads, smiling and chatting, and talking cookery, politics, the weather, and what not. Bessy was perfectly cool and dignified at tea. Danger or doubt did not seem to affect her. If she had been ordered for execution at the end of the evening she would have made the tea, played her Beethoven, answered questions in her usual voice, and glided about from one to another with her usual dignified calm until the hour of decapitation came, when she would have made her courtesy and gone out and had the amputation performed quite quietly and neatly. I admired her, I was frightened before her. The cold snake crept more than ever down my back as I meditated on her. I made such awful blunders at whist that even good Mrs. Bonnington lost her temper with her fourteen shillings. Miss Prior would have played her hand out, and never made a fault, you may be sure. She retired at her accustomed hour. Mrs. Bonnington had her glass of negus and withdrew too.

Lovel keeping his eyes sternly on the Captain, that officer could only get a little sherry and seltzer, and went to bed sober. Lady Baker folded Lovel in her arms, a process to which my poor friend very humbly submitted. Every body went to bed, and no tales were told of the morning's doings. There was a respite, and no execution could take place till to-morrow, at any rate. Put on thy night-cap, Damocles, and slumber for to-night, at least. Thy slumbers will not be cut short by the awful Chopper of Fate.

Perhaps you may ask what need had I to be alarmed? Nothing could happen to me. I was not going to lose a governess's place. Well, if I must tell the truth, I had not acted with entire candor in the matter of Bessy's appointment. In recommending her to Lovel, and the late Mrs. L., I had answered for her probity, and so forth, with all my might. I had described the respectability of her family, her father's campaigns, her grandfather's (old Dr. Sargent's) celebrated sermons; and had enlarged with the utmost eloquence upon the learning and high character of her uncle, the Master of Boniface, and the deserved regard he bore his niece. But that part of Bessy's biography which related to the Academy I own I had not touched upon. *A quoi bon?* Would every gentleman or lady like to have every thing told about him or her? I had kept the Academy dark then; and so had brave Dick Bedford the butler; and should that miscreant Captain reveal the secret, I knew there would be an awful commotion in the building. I should have to incur Lovel's not unjust reproaches for *suppressio veri*, and the anger of those two *viragines*, the grandmothers of Lovel's children. I was more afraid of the women than of him, though conscience whispered me that I had not acted quite rightly by my friend.

When, then, the bed-candles were lighted, and every one said good-night, "Oh! Captain Baker," say I, gayly, and putting on a confoundedly hypocritical grin, "if you will come into my room, I will give you that book."

"What book?" says Baker.

"The book we were talking of this morning."

"Hang me if I know what you mean," says he. And luckily for me, Lovel, giving a shrug of disgust, and a good-night to me, stalked out of the room, bed-candle in hand. No doubt he thought his wretch of a brother-in-law did not well remember after dinner what he had done or said in the morning.

As I now had the Blacksheep to myself, I said, calmly, "You are quite right. There was no talk about a book at all, Captain Baker. But I wished to see you alone, and impress upon you my earnest wish that every thing which occurred this morning—mind, *every thing*—should be considered as strictly private, and should be confided to no person whatever—you understand?—to no person."

"Confound me," Baker breaks out, "if I understand what you mean by your books and your

'strictly private.' I shall speak what I choose—hang me!"

"In that case, Sir," I said, "will you have the goodness to send a friend of yours to my friend Captain Fitzboodle? I must consider the matter as personal between ourselves. You insulted, and as I find now, for the second time—a lady whose relations to me you know.* You have given neither to her, nor to me, the apology to which we are both entitled. You refuse even to promise to be silent regarding a painful scene which was occasioned by your own brutal and cowardly behavior; and you must abide by the consequences, Sir! you must abide by the consequences!" And I glared at him over my flat candlestick.

"Curse me!—and hang me!—and," etc., etc., etc., he says, "if I know what all this is about. What the dooce do you talk to me about books, and about silence, and apologies, and sending Captain Fitzboodle to me? I don't want to see Captain Fitzboodle—great fat brute! I know him perfectly well."

"Hush!" say I, "here's Bedford." In fact, Dick appeared at this juncture to close the house and put the lamps out.

But Captain Clarence only spoke or screamed louder. "What do I care about who hears me? That fellow insulted me already to-day, and I'd have pitched his life out of him, only I was down, and I'm so confounded weak and nervous, and just out of my fever—and—and hang it all! what are you driving at, Mr. What's-your-name?" And the wretched little creature cries almost as he speaks.

"Once for all, will you agree that the affair about which we spoke shall go no further?" I say, as stern as Draco.

"I sha'n't say any thin' about it. I wish you'd leave me alone, you fellows, and not come botherin'. I wish I could get a glass of brandy-and-water up in my bedroom. I tell you I can't sleep without it," whimpers the wretch.

"Sorry I laid hands on you, Sir," says Bedford, sadly. "It wasn't worth the while. Go to bed, and I'll get you something warm."

"Will you, though? I couldn't sleep without it. Do now—do now! and I won't say any thin'—I won't now—on the honor of a gentleman, I won't. Good-night, Mr. What-d'-ye-call—." And Bedford leads the helot to his chamber.

"I've got him in bed; and I've given him a dose; and I put some laudanum in it. He ain't been out. He has not had much to-day," says Bedford, coming back to my room, with his face ominously pale.

"You have given him laudanum?" I ask.

"*Sawbones* gave him some yesterday—told me to give him a little—forty drops," growls Bedford.

Then the gloomy major-domo puts a hand into each waistcoat pocket, and looks at me. "You want to fight for her, do you, Sir? Calling out, and that sort of game? Phoo!"—and he laughs scornfully.

"The little miscreant is too despicable, I own," say I; "and it's absurd for a peaceable fellow like me to talk about powder and shot at this time of day. But what could I do?"

"I say it's *SHE* ain't worth it," says Bedford, lifting up both clenched fists out of the waistcoat pockets.

"What do you mean, Dick?" I ask.

"She's humbugging you—she's humbugging me—she's humbugging every body," roars Dick. "Look here, Sir!" and out of one of the clenched fists he flings a paper down on the table.

"What is it?" I ask. It's her handwriting. I see the neat trim lines on the paper.

"It's not to you, nor yet to me," says Bedford.

"Then how dare you read it, Sir?" I ask, all of a tremble.

"It's to him. It's to Sawbones," hisses out Bedford. "Sawbones dropped it as he was getting into his gig, and I read it. I ain't going to make no bones about whether it's wrote to me or not. She tells him how you asked her to marry you. (Ha!) That's how I came to know it. And do you know what she calls you, and what *he* calls you—that castor-hoil beast? And do you know what she says of you? That you hadn't pluck to stand by her to-day. There—it's all down under her hand and seal. You may read it or not, if you like. And if poppy or mandragora will medicine you to sleep afterward, I just recommend you to take it. I shall go and get a drop out of the Captain's bottle—I shall."

And he leaves me and the fatal paper on the table.

Now, suppose you had been in my case—would you, or would you not, have read the paper? Suppose there is some news—bad news—about the woman you love, will you, or will you not, hear it? Was Othello a rogue because he let Iago speak to him? There was the paper. It lay there glimmering under the light, with all the house quiet.

"MISERABLE MAN THAT I AM!"

I LIVED in hope and health; full of joy in life, careless of its limit; growing as the tree grows, without heed or intent, from gracious childhood into a man's strength and passion. Then I took a fair companion, and built myself a house of pleasure in a garden of Paradise, where every evil sound and sight were shut away from our rapture, and neither pain nor poverty dare breathe intrusive sighs.

My love's name was *Délíce*; her eyes were bluer than the sapphires wreathed above them; her face a lily reddened with the warm glow of sunset; her lips scarlet, and cool as the pomegranate flower; and the full noonday sun could add no gleam of gold to her rippled hair. I loved her, and gave my life to her.

Our home of tinted marble raised its dream-like battlements and spires high into a summer air, and painted its white traceries against the

glories of dawn; within, its cold walls were hung with gorgeous draperies, softer than the forest moss; pictures whose lovely hues and scenes shamed the niggard Nature they exceeded; and on the soundless floor heaped cushions deadened every step, and spread the hush of pleasure through each apartment. Tapered flasks of wine and tropic fruits spread every table; and flowers, blood-red and blue, mingled with clustered grapes dewy and misty with bloom, crept and caressed about every cornice, and dropped their heavy bells and bunches over every case-ment.

No shadow dimmed the stainless sky above us; no storm drenched the vivid glory of our blossoms; no fear approached with vague whispers while the day lasted. Our sun rose into the pure azure of morning, and sunk in the flushed roses of twilight with unfailing brightness; and the day was too brief for the rapt madness of whirling and palpitating dances, the long, ecstatic swell of most earthly and entrancing music, the dreamy reveries of noon, the tender and impassioned converse of twilight, the daily feast of every sense and emotion.

One thing alone haunted me in all—one thing from which I could not flee. Our home was on an island, about which foamed and sparkled the waters of a boundless sea that day by day, with false kisses, crumbled away a little atom of my possessions, and filled me hourly with a terror, growing into certainty, that at no distant time my palace, my love, my life would be the prey of that insatiate sea.

And either out of this terror, or in contrastive voice with the gay harmonies of my home, I fancied a most sad utterance in the waves, a moan of plaintive foreboding, a faint and dying prophecy of grief, that wore in upon my unwilling ear day after day its terrible unison, and woke me in the pulseless silence of night like the beat of a spectre's bloodless heart at my side.

And another mystery hung upon this sea: it had no horizon line, but was shut in and bounded by a never-lifting mist, into whose solemn haze I saw, day by day, white-winged ships flutter and vanish; but from thence they never returned!

Some went joyfully, with filled canvas and buoyant motion, as if they were impelled by the breath of some jubilant harmony which yet I could never hear; others fainted in the distance with slow and lingering motion, and but one streaming pennant of blue at the mast-head; while others yet rushed over the opposing waves with loosened sheets and tattered canvas, darkly borne on the breath of a furious tempest. But none returned; and I listened to the murmur of the ocean with vain questioning of their destiny and futurity.

Ere long my terror of this ocean-voice grew to be the one bitterness of my life. I kept my palace resonant with music, to overpower the low tone of dread; I entreated of *Délíce* her sweetest songs and most lavish caresses, to forget in rapture the sound she could not hear. I caused the gray-haired steward of my household

to discourse with me on deep philosophies and abstract sciences; but through the gayest song, under the fondest caress, in the most eager discussion or absorbing study, crept upon my attent brain and horror-thrilled ear that ever-living voice of awe.

Now it chanced one day, as I paced upon the white sand of the shore with my ancient steward, the terror within me found words, and I spoke in haste, and said,

"Curus, what is that complaining song?"

And he answered, "There is sorrow on the sea; it can not be quiet."

So I farther questioned him; and thereafter I knew that those ships went on a voyage to some far land whence no traveler returned; and of that country I learned wonderful things—lessons that the stars in their courses and the opened heavens had taught to Curus, having in them but one speech and language to declare the glory of that land, and show forth the handiwork of its frame and fashion; but one sentence of those teachings burned into my thought, and while I said it to myself I was conscious of no deeper sound than its foreshadowing music—and it was this: "For there the glorious Lord shall be unto them a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby!"

But he said to me even more; and I found a certainty in place of a fear that my island home was fast crumbling into the ocean; some time should see it all engulfed, and I driven to seek the shore beyond in an unreturning ship. And the secrets of that voyage and its navigation were all intoned in the hourly song of the sea: and he who listened to its pleading accent should understand the intent of every cadence, and with patient waiting interpret all its meaning, and so set sail in hope for that country with spread canvas and steady prow. But yet I could not hear that fearful diapason of my life, more and more terrible as my need and obligation to hear it pressed on my unquiet soul.

After that day I returned to the palace, and walked no more by the sea. I reveled more madly than ever in all pleasure. I wound the white arms of my bride about me in a closer embrace, and bade the orchestral chorus swell higher and higher through the loftiest arches of my vaulted halls, till, drunk with perfume and music and beauty, the sobbing of the sea was no more heard, and the golden locks of *Délíce* hid its lurid horizon from my shrinking eyes.

And as time wore on I became more incredulous of Curus's warning. I believed no longer in the voyage or the crumbling shore; but I gathered my treasures closer to my heart, till, weary of their sweet excess, longing for the pure outer air and the free wind across the water, I wooed *Délíce* to stand with me upon the pebbly shore, and strengthen my heart with her blinding caresses against the terror of the sea.

The sunset came, redly burning in the west, and heaped with livid clouds, whose low thunder and vivid flash told of a distant storm; and

one by one the high, cold stars were blotted from the sky till utter darkness was folded about us as a garment; and mad with terror *Délise* clasped my neck in her arms, and with mine twined about her we awaited breathlessly the next outpouring of dismay.

Ah! even as we stood so interclasped a heavy wave crested with pale light rolled upward from the sea and smote the shore; one brief agony of fear, and the ocean received us, all unconscious, into its breast, and with another eager wave cast back its prey.

The storm passed; the stars burned clear and bright; the moon rode on a sea of surging cloud; and I lay on the sand with a dead, cold face pressed against mine, and the tenacious clasp of a mortal agony still tight about my neck.

Délise was dead, and I living!

Presently through the silence I heard steps drawing near, and *Curus* came upon me where I lay, his benign face pale yet joyful, and his lips speechless with emotion. He lifted me up, all trembling and helpless, from the shining sand and the hissing wave, and set me up against a rock; but vain were his efforts to unclasp the arms of the dead from about my neck. No human strength could separate the locked fingers, or unbind the clinging death-grasp; and in my anguish I drove him away with fierce words, and sunk back faint with terror and exhaustion, while the sightless eyes looked into mine with an unmoved, stony glare, and the rigid purple lips parted over the set teeth in a ghastly smile that was not a smile, but its most fearful mockery.

At length, worn out, I fell into a trance-like sleep, and while it lay heavily on my senses *Curus* returned, and with other aid bore me to my palace, and cared for me with tender zeal; but when I woke, under the gorgeous canopy of my own couch, I lay there in the embrace of a corpse—they could not sever me from *Délise*!

Day after day wore on in this new phase of life in death; day after day those lineaments, sad but exquisite in the first pallor of the relaxed muscle and tranquil calm that followed the immediate distortions of dying, grew first pinched, aged, yellow, a mask of time-stained parchment fearful to behold. Then came corruption! Ah! what words shall tell its horrors? The livid, blackening lips; the sunken eye-ball; the very fleshly decay that even savage decency hides from the living, bound to my eyes, my arms, my heart, in an indissoluble bond, and my ears haunted with the low moaning of the sea.

Words must fail to picture that slow consuming. At first I bore it in sullen silence; then came delirium, when I raved for weeks in tireless madness under the burden of death; and, last of all, I sunk into despair. I knew, as if some superior power had given me a more intense sight, how I had brought upon myself this misery, and how helpless I was under its most deserved curse. Yea, I now sought the ocean's song, and spent hours on its border trying to interpret the soft cadence that seemed of late to breathe an undertone of peace.

VOL. XXI.—No. 121.—H

As I sat one day upon the rock against which *Curus* had placed me on that fearful night, and felt the heavy arms about my neck, and turned my face away from its fearful companion, I cried out with irrepressible anguish:

"Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"

And the voice of *Curus* said at my ear in a whisper of awe-stricken love, "He cometh!"

So I lifted my eyes, and beheld! along the sand there appeared the form of a man, one without comeliness or fair stature; but, as He drew nearer, in the fragile shape and kingly presence, in the wan and grief-worn face, I saw the spirit of the ocean-hymn; I saw unutterable depths of love, pity, and power—a fire of human emotion, a majesty of divine strength, an unsounded sympathy that drew my heart to my lips, and without delay I cast myself down before Him, and breathed out in desperation—

"If thou canst do any thing, help!"

But if words were vain to speak of death, how shall they serve me to portray the divinity of life? how shall I speak of the smile that lit those deep eyes as if an eternal morning broke over them in its gracious dawn? how shall I tell the broken and tearful music of love that parted His serene lips in compassionate and tender utterance? or with what healing His speech distilled as the dew upon my fevered brain and despairing soul?

I lay, like a lost child found by its mother, in a dream of rest at His feet, forgetting my burden and my life in the peace past all understanding of His conquering presence, when I heard *Curus* say, "Rise! the Master calleth thee;" and I rose, burning with shame and self-disgust as I brought my accursed burden into the light of those pure eyes and heard from the rapt lips of *Curus*, half-whispered, the adoring cry, "Thou art all fair! There is no spot in thee!"

Where should I abide? whither should I flee from that stainless nature? But even as I stood, with downcast eyes and crimson cheek awaiting His will, I felt the arms of that death unloose, and between it and my defiled breast came a sense of purity, of healing, of power, that created me anew. In the first transport of relief I closed my eyes, and when I opened them it was no more upon the blasting face of decay. He had come between us! He had borne my grief, and I saw only His holy and shining eyes fixed upon mine, His tender lineaments lit with sacred joy, His worn and pallid face suffused with pity and love, and my heart turned within me like the heart of a child, as, clasped in his strong and friendly arms, I wept my long pain away in a flood of happy tears. And *Curus* at my side lifted a hymn of thanksgiving; while, in simple words as one teaches an infant, He, the Restorer, taught me His own work, and I learned to know that so long as I looked upon Him I should see no more the dead image of *Délise*, but grow into the likeness of His image, and be made fit for the voyage before me and the mist-veiled country. And I was saved.

But ah! forgetful heart, record thy wander-

ings for His greater praise. For, to my shame I tell it, there came days when I despaired and looked away from Him to the loathly vision of my lifted burden, and felt its cold arms about my neck again; but still He interposed, lifted my drooping head, smiled new life into my eyes, and banished the terror.

Yet again I sometimes remembered my past time of luxury, and grew weary of the flint-strewn shore on which we paced, studying the ocean voice and the soundings of the deep. I recollected the sweetness of my self-centred life, and withdrew from those guiding arms to gather unto myself a vision; but that vision embodied itself in corruption and dust, and I was again lost. Then came His divinest triumph; He smote my heart with one look of yearning affection; He showed me the scars that fearful burden pierced in his tender flesh; I saw its ghastly pressure and vampire touch wound Him day by day, and I beheld the crimson tracks of His bleeding feet as he bore me onward with His own strength, till my soul wept tears of blood in its repentance, and He forgave me again—seventy times seven! O Lord, Thy compassions fail not!

Now, after long years, the corpse of Délice has wasted to a crumbling skeleton; the face of my Lord brightens into the glow and loveliness of a celestial youth; the island is worn away to a rock on which we stand; and over the sparkling sea comes my ship with one blue flag flying from the cross at the mast-head.

He is my pilot. He is my hope and salvation; and the song of the sea is inarticulate no longer, though it singeth a new song, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, harpers harping with their harps:

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!"

ONLY WORDS.

TWO women, a mother and her daughter, sat together in a small room meagrely furnished. They had on mourning garments; but the gloom of their habiliments was not deeper than the gloom of their faces.

"What are we to do, Alice?" said the mother, breaking in upon a long silence.

"If we were only back again in dear Westbrook," fell longingly from the daughter's lips.

"Yes, if— But Westbrook lies more than a thousand miles distant. It was a sad day for us, my child, when we left there. We have had nothing since but trouble and sorrow."

Tears flowed silently over the mother's face.

"If I could only get something to do," said Alice, "how willingly would I work! But no one wants the service here that I can give."

"We shall starve, at this rate," spoke out the mother, in a wild kind of way, as if fear had grown suddenly desperate.

Alice did not reply, but sat very still, in an abstracted way, like one whose thoughts have grown weary in some fruitless effort.

"I dreamed last night," she said, looking up after a while, "that we were back in Westbrook, and in our old home. That dear old home! How plainly I saw every thing! I sat at the window, looking out upon the little garden in front, from which the air came in filled with the odor of flowers; and as I sat there Mr. Fleetwood came by, just as it used to be; and he stopped and said 'Good-morning, Alice,' in that kind way with which he always spoke to me. I cried, when I awoke, to find it was only a dream."

"Ah, if there was a Mr. Fleetwood here!" sighed the mother.

"Suppose you write to him," suggested Alice. "The thought comes this moment into my mind. I am sure he would help us. You know what an excellent man he is."

"I will do it this very day," replied the mother, with hope and confidence in her voice. "Isn't it strange that he was not thought of before? Some good spirit gave you that dream, Alice."

And the letter was written. It ran as follows:

"Edward Fleetwood, Esq. :

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write to you under circumstances of great extremity. Since we left Westbrook for this distant region we have known only trouble. Sicknes and losses met us on the very threshold of our new home; and death came at last to complete the work of sorrow and disaster. Six months ago my husband died, leaving me with three children and in circumstances of great extremity. How we have managed to live since that time I can hardly tell. We have suffered many privations; but worse things are approaching. We have no friends here. None to help, advise, or care for us. Alice—you remember my daughter Alice—has tried to get something to do. She is willing to work at any thing to which her strength is equal. But, so far, she has been unsuccessful. What are we to do? It looks as if actual starvation were coming. I write to you—remembering your kindly nature, your warm and human heart. Oh, Sir, can you not help us? It is the voice of the widow and fatherless that cries unto you. Alice dreamed of you last night, and we have taken it as a suggestion and an omen. Forgive me for this freedom; but when imminent danger threatens, we reach out our hands for succor in any direction toward which hope points us. I shall wait in trembling eagerness your reply.

*"Yours, in sorrow and hope,
"ALICE MAYNARD."*

Let us follow this letter to Westbrook, and note the manner in which it is received. We find it in the hands of Mr. Fleetwood, who has read it through, and is sitting with a troubled look on his kind face.

"There is no help in me," he says at length, folding up the letter and laying it aside. "Poor Mrs. Maynard! Is the day indeed so dark? God knows how willingly I would help you if it were in my power. But misfortune has not come to you alone. It has passed my threshold also, and the threshold of thousands besides. Westbrook has seen some sad changes since you went away."

"Dreamed of me?" he goes on, after a pause; "and you have taken the dream as a suggestion and an omen? Alas, my friend! It is not a good omen. Some spirit has mocked you with

a delusive dream. There is no help in me. None—none! For I am staggering under my own burdens: I am in fear all the day long lest the evil that threatens my home should fall upon it. May God help and comfort you! I can not."

Mr. Fleetwood took the letter from the table on which he had placed it and laid it in a drawer. "Poor Alice Maynard!" he sighed, as he shut the drawer and turned away. All day long the thought of that letter troubled him. How could he answer it? What could he say? It was an eager, expectant cry for help; but he had no help to give. The widowed mother had asked him for bread; and how could he offer her mere words in return—cold, disappointing words!

For two days that letter remained in the drawer where he had placed it.

"It is no use," he would say, as the thought of it now and again intruded. "I can not bring myself to write an answer. Say what I will, and the language must seem to her but heartless sentences. She can not understand how greatly things have changed with me since she went out from Westbrook. If she does not hear from me she may think her letter miscarried. She, like the rest of us, is in God's hands, and He will take care of her. We are of more value than the sparrows."

But this could not satisfy Mr. Fleetwood. He had a conscience, and it would not let him omit a plain duty without reproof.

"If you have no money to give, offer her kind and hopeful words," said the inward monitor. "Even the cup of cold water must not be withheld."

Unable to make peace with himself, Mr. Fleetwood at last sat down to answer the widow's letter. He wrote a brief, kind, suggestive note; but after reading it over twice tore it up, saying, as he did so,

"It reads like mockery. She asked me for bread, and it seems like giving her a stone."

Then he tried it again, but not much more to his satisfaction. This answer he was also about destroying, but he checked himself with the words,

"I might pen forty letters, and the last would read no better than the first. Let this one go."

And he folded, sealed, and directed it. The next mail that left Westbrook bore it away for its remote destination. Let us return to Mrs. Maynard.

"We should have had an answer from Mr. Fleetwood two days ago, Alice."

The daughter sighed, but did not answer.

"What time does the mail from the East come in, Alice?"

"At four o'clock."

"And it is five now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Won't you put on your bonnet and step over to the post-office?"

Alice went, but returned, as on the two previous days, with nothing in her hand.

"No letter?" said Mrs. Maynard, as she came in.

"None," was the sadly-spoken reply.

"Oh, why has he not written? If help come not from Mr. Fleetwood there is no help for us in this world."

Another day of waiting, in which that deferred hope which maketh the heart sick trembled like the light of a taper flickering in the wind, passed wearily away. At five o'clock Alice was at the post-office again. And now a letter was placed in her hand, directed to her mother, and on the envelope she read, with a heart-bound, the word, "WESTBROOK." Not fleetier than her footsteps was the wind as she ran back home.

"A letter, and from Westbrook!" she cried out, eagerly, as she entered the room where her mother sat anxiously awaiting her.

The hands of Mrs. Maynard shook as she opened and unfolded the long hoped-for answer. It was brief, and its contents fully understood in a few moments. Alice, whose eyes were fixed eagerly upon her mother while she read in silence, saw her countenance change, grow pale, and the look of hopeful expectation die out utterly. Then as the letter dropped to the floor her hands were held up against her face so as to hide it from view, and she sat with the stillness of one who had been paralyzed. Taking up the letter, Alice read:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Your letter has troubled me deeply; and the more so, because it finds me wholly unable to give that help of which you stand so much in need. Since you left Westbrook things have greatly changed with me and many others. I have lost nearly all of my property, and find myself in straitened circumstances. It pains me to write this; not so much on my own account as on yours, for it will come to you with a chill of disappointment. But you and I and all of us are in the hands and under the care of One who knoweth our wants, and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry. You have a Father in heaven, dear Madam, and a Father who has not forgotten you. Look to Him, and hope in Him. He will not forsake you in this great extremity. The earth is His and the fullness thereof. All hearts are His, and I am sure he will turn some hearts to you in kindness. There is no night without a succeeding day. The morning cometh as surely as the evening. Look up and trust in God. He has something for all his children to do: something for you to do, and your hands will find the work. It may now be lying, all unseen, around you.

"It is in my heart to offer deeds instead of words; but I can only give of what I possess. May the widow's Husband and the orphan's Father succor you in the hour of peril!

Your friend in heart,

"EDWARD FLEETWOOD."

"He writes kindly," said Alice, as she finished reading the letter; "and there is comfort even in words when they come from the lips of a friend."

"Words do not feed the hungry nor clothe the naked," answered Mrs. Maynard, in some bitterness of tone.

She had scarcely said this when the door of the room in which they were sitting was pushed open, and a boy about ten years old, barefooted and meagrely clad, came in with a pitcher in one hand and a small basket in the other.

"Mother sent these, Miss Maynard," he said, with a pleased smile on his face. The pitcher

was filled with new milk, and there was a loaf of bread, hot from the oven, in the basket. "She says, please accept them."

"Your mother is very kind, Henry," replied Mrs. Maynard. "Tell her that I'm very much obliged to her."

"And she's very much obliged to you," said the boy.

"For what, Henry?"

"Don't you know?" And the boy looked at her in a pleased way.

Mrs. Maynard shook her head.

"Don't you remember, one day, when I was over here, that you asked me if I could read?"

"I've forgotten."

"We haven't, then, mother and I. You asked me if I could read, and I said no. Then you told me that I must learn right away; and you got a book and showed me my A B C's; making me go over them a good many times until I knew them all by heart. Then you gave me the book. I have studied in it almost every day, and now I can spell in two syllables."

"And this is why your mother sent me such a nice loaf of bread, and a pitcher of new milk?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can't read yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you must bring your book over, and let me give you another lesson."

"Oh, will you?" A light like sunshine came into the boy's face.

"Yes, Henry, and with pleasure. You may come every day if you will."

"May I? Oh, that will be good! And Mrs. Maynard—" Henry checked himself. He evidently wished to go a little farther.

"What is it, Henry?" said Mrs. Maynard, encouragingly.

"May I bring Katy along sometimes? She wants to learn so badly. She 'most knows her letters."

"Why yes, Henry. Bring Katy by all means. Alice will teach her."

Henry glanced toward Alice, as if not fully satisfied in regard to her view of the case. But she gave him an assuring smile and word, and the boy ran home with light feet to tell the good news.

"What does this mean, Alice?" said Mrs. Maynard, looking at her daughter with a countenance through which a dim light seemed breaking.

"It may be true what Mr. Fleetwood says," replied Alice; "the work that God has for us to do may be now lying, all unseen, around us."

"This is no mere chance," remarked Mrs. Maynard, in a thoughtful way.

"Don't you remember," said Alice, "how often dear father used to say that there was no such thing as chance? that the hand of Providence was in every event? I felt, while reading Mr. Fleetwood's letter, as if it was father who was speaking to us."

Mrs. Maynard shut her eyes and sat very still

for many moments; then she opened the letter, which she held in her hand, and read it through slowly.

"It reads differently now. I am sorry for Mr. Fleetwood. It is hard, when years lay upon us their long accumulating burdens, to find earthly props suddenly removed. Poor man! It seems as if he ought to have been spared. What he had to give he has given freely, and I thank him with grateful feelings. Yes, I have a Father in heaven, and I will look up to Him in these days of darkness. He will show us the way. Who knows but the path is now opening before us?"

"My own thought, mother. There are more than forty children in this town who are growing up in as much ignorance as Henry Auld and his sister. Their parents will not, or can not, send them to school. These children have immortal souls, and almost infinite capacities that will be developed for good or for evil. They are God's children. Let us care for them, and God will care for us. Let us take this loaf of bread and this pitcher of milk as the sign of God's providence toward us. I feel, dear mother, that such trust will not be in vain. Mr. Fleetwood's letter has turned the channel of my thoughts in a new direction. May God reward him for all he has said to us in this our time of need, and said so kindly and so wisely!"

The daughter's hope and faith flowed into the mother's heart. They were not indolent, self-indulgent women. All they asked was to be shown their work; and now, in their eyes, it seemed to be lying all around them.

On the next day Henry Auld came over with his sister Katy, and received the promised lessons.

"Do you know any other little boys and girls who wish to learn how to read?" asked Mrs. Maynard, as the children were going away.

"Oh, yes, I know a good many," replied Henry, and then stood waiting to hear what would come next.

"Bring them along when you come to-morrow," said Mrs. Maynard. "It will be as easy to teach half a dozen as two."

"Won't Tom Jones be glad, though!" she heard Henry say to his sister as they went out through the gate.

Three months went by, and yet Mr. Fleetwood received no response to the answer which he had given to Mrs. Maynard's imploring letter. He did not remember distinctly what he had written. He only knew that he had sent her mere words when she asked for deeds. He never thought of her without a troubled feeling.

"How cold and heartless that letter must have seemed!" he would say to himself sometimes. "Ah, if she really knew how it was with me! If she could see into my breast, poor woman! But she is in the hands of God, and He is the friend who sticketh closer than a brother."

At last there came a reply to his words of encouragement and hope, which, though flowing

warm from his heart, seemed to grow so cold in the utterance. Mrs. Maynard wrote:

"MY DEAR SIR,—More than four months ago you wrote to me, 'You have a Father in heaven, dear Madam, and a Father who has not forgotten you. Look to Him, and hope in Him.' And you said also, 'He has something for all of His children to do; something for you to do, and your hands will find the work. It may now be lying, all unseen, around you.' My heart blesses you, Sir, for those hopeful, suggestive words. Yes; God had work for me to do—and it was lying, even when I wrote to you in my fear and despair, all around me, though unseen by my dull eyes. Like apples of gold in pictures of silver were your fitly spoken words. I had taught a child his letters, and his poor but grateful mother sent me in return a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk for my children. Your letter and this offering in God's providence came together. I had the text and illustration side by side. There were many ignorant children in our town, said Alice and I, one to the other, and they are God's children. Let us teach more of them, as we taught this child, taking that loaf of bread and offering of milk as a sign that God will provide for us in the work. We did not hesitate, but

acted on the suggestion at once. And now, we have over thirty poor little children under our care, and we have not wanted for bread. Some of the parents pay us in money, some in provisions, and some do nothing in return. But we take all children who come. Yesterday, we had notice from the Town Council that an appropriation of one hundred dollars a year had been made out of the public funds for the support of our school! Does not the hand of a wise and good Providence appear in all this? Oh, Sir! I can not too warmly thank you for the wise words of that timely letter. God bless you for having spoken them! Gratefully yours,

"ALICE MAYNARD."

"Only words," said Mr. Fleetwood, as he folded the letter, with moist eyes. "Only words! They seemed such a cold and heartless return for good deeds, asked pleadingly and in tears, that I had to compel myself to write them. Yet see their good fruit! If we can not do, let us speak kindly and hopefully at least. I will not forget the lesson."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE greater portion of the time of Congress during the month has been devoted to speeches upon the slavery question. In the House, on the 11th of April, the bill for the admission of Kansas, with the Constitution lately framed at Wyandot, passed by a majority of 134 to 73; in the Senate the bill has been referred to the Committee on Territories. The Tariff, the Homestead Bill, and the Pacific Railroad Bill have been discussed at length, but without any positive action being taken.—Senator Wilson has introduced a bill providing more effectually for the suppression of the slave-trade. It calls for five swift steamers, adapted for service on the coast of Africa; offers \$100 bounty for each kidnapped African delivered to a United States marshal; makes the ownership and fitting out of slavers piracy; but substitutes imprisonment for life for the death penalty; and requires American vessels sold abroad to return to the United States for a new register.—In the House the Covode Investigating Committee succeeded in procuring the publication of the letter of instructions written in July, 1857, by Mr. Buchanan to Hon. Robert J. Walker, then Governor of Kansas. In this letter the President says: "The point on which your and our success depends is the submission of the Constitution to the people, and by the people I mean, and I have no doubt you mean, the actual *bona fide* residents, who have been long enough in the Territory to identify themselves with its fate. The Legislature determined three months as the period of residence to entitle persons to vote for members of the Convention; and if the Convention should think proper to adopt the same period to entitle individuals to vote for or against the Constitution, it appears to me this would be reasonable. On the question of submitting the Constitution to the *bona fide* resident settlers of Kansas I am willing to stand or fall. It is the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the principle of popular sovereignty, and the principle at the foundation of all popular government. The more it is discussed the stronger it will become. Should the Convention of Kansas adopt this principle all will be settled harmoniously, and you will return triumphantly from

your arduous, important, and responsible mission. The strictures of the Georgia and Mississippi Conventions will then pass away, to be speedily forgotten. . . . Should you answer the resolution of the latter, I would advise you to make the great principle of the submission of the Constitution to the *bona fide* residents of Kansas conspicuously prominent. On this you will be irresistible." The policy adopted by the Lecompton Convention was very different from that indicated in this letter; but its advocates maintained that it was in accordance with the wishes of the Administration. The existence of this letter was positively denied by members of the Government; and Mr. Walker at first refused to produce it before the Committee; but finding that its existence and the general purport of its contents could be proved, he gave it to the Committee, after making a long speech, in which he reviewed his whole connection with the affairs of Kansas, affirming that, while he believed that the scheme of the Lecompton Convention was framed by members of the Government, he was convinced that it was done without the sanction or approval of the President. Mr. Black, the Attorney-General, was among those who denied the existence of this letter of the President; and Mr. Walker, considering this denial as equivalent to a charge of falsehood, challenged Mr. Black, who refused to accept the invitation to the field.

The Lovejoy and Pryor fracas in the House, noted in our last Record, nearly occasioned a duel between Messrs. Pryor and Potter of Wisconsin. Mr. Potter made some corrections in the report of his speech for the *Union*; Mr. Pryor erased these from the printer's manuscript; Mr. Potter animadverted severely upon this proceeding; Mr. Pryor sent him a challenge; Mr. Potter accepted it, naming bowie-knives as the weapons; Mr. Pryor's second refused to accept the terms, on the ground that the weapons were barbarous and inhuman, and not in use among gentlemen; Mr. Lander, the second of Mr. Potter, replied that his principal considered the practice of dueling barbarous and inhuman, but having been challenged on account of what he had said in Congress, he accepted, and not being accustomed to the

usual weapons of the duelist, he had availed himself of his privilege, as the person challenged, to name such weapons as would place him on equal terms with his opponent; Mr. Lander, moreover, offered to take the place of his principal, and fight Mr. Pryor with any weapon he would name. Mr. Pryor's second declined this proposition, on the ground that neither his principal nor himself had any quarrel with Mr. Lander.

The Democratic National Convention assembled at Charleston on the 23d of April. Every State in the Union was fully represented by delegates, equal in number to its representation in both Houses of Congress—the whole number of delegates being 303. From New York two sets of delegates appeared, claiming seats. One set, headed by Dean Richmond, represented the "Soft" branch of the State Convention of September, 1859, noted in our Record for November last; the other, headed by Fernando Wood, represented the "Hards" of New York politics. The claim of the "Soft" delegates was allowed by the Convention, the other delegation formally protesting against this decision. Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, was chosen as permanent Chairman of the Convention. A resolution was passed allowing all delegates to cast their individual votes, except in cases where the Conventions which appointed them had instructed the delegations to vote as a unit. It was resolved that no ballots should be taken for Presidential candidates until a "platform" had been adopted. A "Platform Committee," consisting of one member from each State, was appointed. This Committee, after refusing to report the "Cincinnati Platform" without alteration, presented the following, by a majority of 17 to 16:

Resolved, That the platform adopted at Cincinnati be affirmed, with the following resolutions:

"That the Democracy of the United States hold these cardinal principles on the subject of Slavery in the Territories: First, that Congress has no power to abolish slavery in the Territories; second, that the Territorial Legislature has no power to abolish slavery in any Territory, nor to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to exclude slavery therefrom, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever.

Resolved, That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect, when necessary, the rights of person and property on the high seas, in the Territories, or wherever else its Constitutional authority extends.

Resolved, That the Democracy of the nation recognize it as the imperative duty of this Government to protect the naturalized citizen in all his rights, whether at home or in foreign lands, to the same extent as in its native-born citizens.

Resolved, That the National Democracy earnestly recommend the acquisition of the Island of Cuba at the earliest practicable period.

Whereas, That one of the greatest necessities of the age, in a political, commercial, postal, and military point of view, is a speedy communication between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts; therefore be it

Resolved, That the National Democratic party do hereby pledge themselves to use every means in their power to secure the passage of some bill for the construction of a Pacific Railroad, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, at the earliest practicable moment."

This platform, presented by Mr. Avery, of North Carolina, was voted for in the Committee by the delegates from the 15 Slaveholding States, and by those from Oregon and California. The minority platform, presented by Mr. Samuels, of Iowa, was as follows:

Resolved, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in Convention assembled, hereby declare our affirmance of

the resolutions unanimously adopted, and declared as a platform of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, in the year 1856, believing that Democratic principles are unchangeable in their nature when applied to the same subject matters; and we recommend as our only further resolutions the following:

"Inasmuch as differences of opinion exist in the Democratic party as to the nature and extent of the powers of a Territorial Legislature, and as to the powers and duties of Congress, under the Constitution of the United States, over the institution of Slavery within the Territories;

Resolved, That the Democratic party will abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States on the questions of Constitutional law.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the United States to afford ample and complete protection to all its citizens, whether at home or abroad, and whether native or foreign.

Resolved, That one of the necessities of the age, in a military, commercial, and postal point of view, is speedy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States, and the Democratic party pledge such Constitutional Government aid as will insure the construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast at the earliest practicable period.

Resolved, That the Democratic party are in favor of the acquisition of the Island of Cuba on such terms as shall be honorable to ourselves and just to Spain.

Resolved, That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect."

Another minority platform, presented by the delegates from Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Minnesota, offered as a substitute for both the others, simply reaffirmed the Cincinnati platform. This was rejected by a vote of 105 to 198. The minority report was then accepted, in lieu of that of the majority, by a vote of 165 to 138. Of the votes for this substitution 12 were from the Slave States and 153 from the Free States; against it were 108 from the Slave States and 30 from the Free States. The resolutions contained in the minority platform were then taken up separately and adopted by large majorities, several of the Southern States declining, however, to vote. At this point the Chairman of the Alabama delegation announced that they withdrew from the Convention; this was followed by a similar movement by the majority of the delegations from Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. These proceedings, and the debates and discussions growing out of them, occupied eight days. On the evening of May 1, the Convention having adopted a rule that 202 votes—being two-thirds of the entire number of delegates—should be required for a nomination, proceeded to ballot for candidates for the Presidency. During this and the succeeding day 57 ballots were taken. We give the results of a portion of these ballots, those which are omitted being essentially the same with those which immediately precedes them:

Ballots	Douglas (Ill.)	Hunter (Va.)	Guthrie (Ky.)	A. Johnson (Tenn.)	Dickinson (N. Y.)	Lane (Oregon)	Jeff. Davis (Miss.)
1.....	145½	42	36½	12	7	6	1
2.....	147	41½	36½	19	6½	6	1
3.....	148½	36	43	12	6½	6	1
4.....	149	41½	37½	13	5	5	1
12.....	150½	33	39½	12	4	6	½
13.....	149½	23½	39½	12	1	20	1
23.....	152½	25	41½	12	1½	19½	1
24.....	151½	25	41½	12	3½	19½	1
30.....	151½	25	45	11	13	5½	1
34.....	152½	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
35.....	153	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
36.....	151½	22½	47½	11	5	12½	1
37.....	151½	16	64½	1½	5½	12½	1½
38.....	151½	16	66	1½	5½	12½	1½
55.....	151½	16	65½	—	2	16	1
56.....	151½	16	65½	—	2	16	1
57.....	151½	16	65½	—	2	16	1

The last 20 ballots presenting no essential change

it was evident that no nomination could be effected. It was voted, upon the motion of Mr. Russell, of Virginia, to adjourn, to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June. At first Mr. Toucey received $2\frac{1}{2}$ votes, and Mr. Pierce 1. The whole number of votes, after the Southern secession, was 252; Mr. Douglas's highest vote being 152, he lacked 16 of a two-thirds vote of the remaining delegates, and 50 of the 202, the number required for nomination under the rule adopted. The seceders, numbering about 50, met in a separate Convention, elected Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, as Chairman, adopted the platform presented by the majority of the Committee, but made no nominations. They adjourned, to meet in Richmond on the second Monday (the 11th) of June. All States which approve of the "Anti-Squatter Sovereignty Platform," are requested to send delegates to the Richmond Convention.

The United States steamer *Powhatan* arrived at San Francisco on the 27th of March, bringing the Japanese embassy to this country. This embassy, the first ever sent by Japan to any "barbarian" country, is an evidence of the tact and good-feeling with which our negotiations with Japan have been conducted by Mr. Townsend Harris, a report of whose death—we trust erroneous—has reached us by way of England. The embassy consists of two principal ambassadors, princes of the highest rank in the empire, with two associates of nearly equal rank. The following is a list of the members of the embassy: Simme, Prince of Boosen; Mooragaki, Prince of Awadsi, envoys; Ogoori Mata-itse, chief censor; one vice-governor of the treasury; one vice-governor for foreign affairs; one secretary of the first rank (Serabay Akoo); two inspectors of the first rank; two secretaries of the second rank; two treasury officers; two inspectors of the second rank; two interpreters; two doctors; and fifty-three servants. —The *Powhatan* touched at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, on the 5th of March. The ambassadors were received with the highest honors; the King and the Queen held court for their reception, and they were entertained with a grand ball on board of the steamer. At San Francisco they were received with great respect, being treated as the guests of the city, which appropriated \$20,000 for their entertainment. The Governor of the State, the officers of the Corporation, members of the Legislature, and many private citizens, visited them; and on the 2d of April a public reception, attended by the United States officers, the foreign consuls, and State authorities, was accorded to them. They bring \$100,000 to defray their personal expenses, and many boxes of presents to the members of our Government, though they were invited to come as the guests of our country, and at its sole expense. Their appearance and deportment has been such as to give a very favorable impression of the country which they represent. Their arrival on the Atlantic coast is daily expected. They will be taken directly to Washington; from thence they will visit many of the principal cities of the Union.

The Legislature of the State of New York adjourned April 17. The following embraces the principal business of the session:

The completion of the canal enlargement has been provided for, and the last tax levied for it.—The Pro Rata Railroad Freight bill was passed by the Assembly, but failed in the Senate.—The Railroad Toll bill falls through by disagreement between the two Houses, which the Conference Committee was not able to adjust.—Six New York city railroad bills were passed. One was signed by the Governor, the others vetoed. But the five vetoed bills

were then passed through both Houses by a two-third vote, and have become laws.—The grant of \$1,000,000 to the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad was first passed by the Senate, but reduced by the Assembly to \$350,000, and the reduction concurred in by the Senate. The Governor vetoed it. The Senate passed it over the veto, but was lost in the Assembly.—The Annual Appropriation bill and Supply bill have both been passed and signed.—The Tax bills have also become laws. The total tax this year will be three mills and three quarters on the dollar, viz.: For school, three quarters of a mill; completion of the canals, half a mill; interest on the two and a half million loan, quarter of a mill; for support of Government, a mill and one-eighth; interest on canal debt, a mill and one-eighth.—The Capital Punishment bill, establishing a distinction between two classes of murder, and making one punishable with imprisonment for life, is now a law.—The bill repealing the enactments of 1865 in regard to alienation to deed, commonly called the 'Anti-Rent bill,' also becomes a law.—The bill perfecting the constitutional amendment abolishing the property qualification for colored voters, was passed and approved.—The bill securing to married women their earnings and property in trade was passed and is a law.—The amendments of the Metropolitan Police act were passed and go into effect.—The bill establishing a Department of Public Charities in the City of New York passed.—The bill providing for the sale of the West Washington Market in New York was passed, vetoed, and then passed by a two-thirds vote in each House over the veto.—The bill to remove the City Hall in New York to Madison Square was passed in both Houses.—The Divorce bill failed to pass either House.—The proposed repeal of the Ury Laws also failed to receive the sanction of either House.—The bill prohibiting bequests by will to Charitable Institutions exceeding a specified amount, in certain cases, was passed and signed.—The bill for the relief of Insolvent Debtors passed both Houses, with a provision that it is not to take effect until April, 1861.—The bill prohibiting railroad stockholders from voting by proxy, and that empowering members of religious and charitable societies to vote by proxy, both failed to pass.—The extension of the Chenango Canal was passed by the Senate, but failed in the Assembly.—The bill providing for the appointment of Canal Appraisers in each of the counties along the line of the canal failed to become a law.—The changes and amendments in the laws relating to State prisons were adopted.—The bill giving the State custody of the unclaimed deposits in the savings' banks failed to pass either House.—The bill to amend the Excise law and the Prohibitory Liquor law, also failed to become laws.—The bill 'to lengthen the canal locks without cost to the State' passed the Senate, but was not acted on in the Assembly.—The New York Tax Levy bill, after being amended by striking out the item of \$30,000 for the Commissioners of Record, was passed and signed.—The bill to guard against unsafe buildings in New York, and the Brooklyn Park bill, have both become laws.

From California the mining intelligence is very favorable. Discoveries of silver mines upon the Washoe River of unexampled richness have recently been made. The receipts of gold at San Francisco, for the quarter ending March 1, are \$10,800,000, an access of more than a million of dollars above the corresponding period last year. From British Columbia, also, the mining news is of an encouraging character, new diggings having been found on the Upper Frazer River.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Since the failure of Miramon's expedition against Vera Cruz, and the capture of his steamers, no change of importance has occurred in the aspect of Mexican affairs. The present position of the parties is briefly this: The Church party hold possession of the chief places in the interior, from Orizaba to Guadalupe; while the Liberalists have the entire coast on both sides of the continent. Their object is to get possession of the capital. If they can accomplish this the contest will be brought to a speedy close. But they have no money with which to carry on their operations, and there seems to be little prospect of their receiving any substantial aid at present from the United States.

EUROPE.

The annexation of the Italian Duchies and the

Romagna to Sardinia, and of Savoy to France, notwithstanding the objections, avowed or secret, of the Powers of Europe, may be considered as accomplished facts. The King of Sardinia, in a speech delivered in the hall of the Senate on the 2d of April, said, that the last time he had opened the Parliament it was amidst the troubles of Italy; but now, thanks to the exertions of a magnanimous ally, and the valor and sacrifices of the soldiers and people, an invasion had been repulsed, Lombardy had been freed, and the representatives of the people were assembled around him; two nations who had a community of origin and destiny had been consolidated. He had found it necessary to make some sacrifices, and had, reserving the vote of the people, concluded a treaty for the "reunion of Savoy and Nice with France." In entering upon the new order of things the welfare of the people and the greatness of the country—which was no longer the Italy of the Ro-

mans or of the Middle Ages—was to be consulted. Italy must no longer be left a field open to foreign ambition, but must, for the future, be the Italy of the Italians."—In Savoy the question of annexation to France was submitted to popular vote on the 22d of April; the result was a vote in its favor.—Austria, Prussia, and Switzerland, protest against these measures of annexation. The Pope, also, on the 26th of March, issued a bull of "major excommunication" against all those who have promised aid or counseled rebellion, invasion, or usurpation in the Romagna; and the Papal Government has formally protested against the annexation of the Legations to Sardinia.—Insurrectionary movements, which were repressed, have occurred in Spain and the two Sicilies.—The preliminaries of peace between Spain and Morocco have been adjusted. Morocco cedes some territory to Spain, and makes indemnity for the expenses of the war.

Literary Notices.

Harper's Series of School and Family Readers, by MARCIUS WILLSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The friends of education, especially those devoted to the duties of practical instruction, will receive this new manual with a hearty welcome, both on account of the novelty of the plan and the ingenuity and excellence of its execution. The author is himself an experienced teacher of youth, and has brought to the preparation of his work not only a rare fertility of resource, but no small degree of practical sagacity, which has evidently been exercised to advantage in the daily routine of the school-room. He has employed the leisure of several years in perfecting his method and completing the necessary details, so that the series possesses a solidity and permanence of character which can seldom be claimed in manuals of elementary instruction. It is no less than fourteen years ago that the plan was submitted to that distinguished educationist, Mr. Horace Mann, from whom it received the warmest approval, although he was in doubt whether the expense attending the thorough pictorial illustrations, which form an essential feature of the series, would not place it beyond the reach of the great mass of children in the public schools of this country. The difficulty is obviated, however, by furnishing the books at an equally low price with other Readers, the first cost of which was not one-tenth the cost of these. The main idea of Mr. Willson in preparing the series was to popularize the higher branches of English study to the capacities of children, so that they might obtain some useful knowledge of the various departments of natural history and physical science while engaged in their ordinary reading exercises. At the same time the matter is arranged in a series of volumes, adapted to the wants of children of different ages and attainments, and forming a system of progressive Readers, by which the pupil is led on, by an agreeable succession, from the most simple to the higher and more difficult results of scientific investigation. Numerous selections, both in poetry and prose, produce a pleasing variety, and sustain a constant interest in the facts and principles that are expounded. The elements of elocution are taught in connection with the scientific illustrations in a manner to cultivate the habit of correct reading; while its principles, as an art, are almost unconsciously impressed on the

memory. The series consists of eight volumes, namely, the Primer; six Readers, adapted to the different classes in common schools; and the Academic Reader, suited to the capacity and wants of the most advanced rank of students in the higher seminaries of education. The beauty and attractiveness of the execution of these manuals can be fully appreciated only from an actual examination of their pages. The typography is not only prepossessing in its appearance, but possesses a simple and finished elegance which is uncommon in school-books, and which would be creditable to works of the highest pretension and character. Of the engravings, with which each volume of the series abounds, many are specimens of admirable design and beautiful execution; and all of them are free from the exaggeration, imperfect detail, and careless completion which, in numerous educational manuals, are so trying to the patience of the teacher and so injurious to the taste of the pupil. It is no small boon to supply the means of thus presenting to the eye of the young the elements of beauty. Many of our readers can remember the hideous caricatures with which the love of art was nurtured in their youthful days. If these have, to a great extent, been banished from the school-room, it is rarely that their place has been filled by productions of such excellent taste as are found in the present volumes.

The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley, by WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The recollections of boyhood and the experience of mature life have made the Great West a land of enthusiastic interest to the writer of this volume. His young imagination was powerfully excited by the spectacle of the broad and flowery savannas, the island-like groves arrayed in their robes of emerald, the mighty rivers giving a fresh beauty to the luxuriant scenery of the virgin forests; nor has the enchantment yet passed away from his memory; to him the West is still half dream, half reality. He has, accordingly, engaged in the composition of this work, not only under the stimulus of intellectual activity, but with a strong feeling of personal sympathy. The pages are alive with emotion, and the sentiments of admiration, in which he freely indulges, come spontaneously from the heart. Among the topics to which the volume is devoted are the original French

explorers of the Mississippi Valley; the war of Pontiac; the cabin homes of the wilderness at the beginning of the Revolution, and during its progress; the old preachers and their preaching; and the eloquence and humor of the Western mind. The concluding chapter on the past, present, and future of the Great Valley is written in the spirit of hopeful promise, and amply sustains its cheering views by statistical facts. Some of Mr. Milburn's statements on this subject are sufficiently striking to be repeated in this place. The northwestern portion of the valley, lying between the Ohio, the Lakes, and the Mississippi, and comprising over two hundred and sixty thousand square miles, so recently as 1754 contained five little French towns, with about one thousand inhabitants, and no other European settlements. The first State admitted into the Union from it was Ohio, in 1802. The earliest English settlements within Ohio were in 1773, but none was of any importance until the settlement of Marietta in 1788, when the English inhabitants were probably about five thousand. Within three quarters of a century this portion of the great valley has grown into enormous dimensions. Five great States occupy its territory; seven millions of people inhabit it; its farms give an annual product not less than three hundred millions of dollars in value; its mines, eighty millions; its lumber, seventy millions; its manufactories, a hundred and thirty millions; its fisheries, three millions. It has more than nine thousand miles of railroads; fourteen hundred miles of canals; seven thousand miles of telegraph. Nor has the progress of the Northwest been confined to material interests. It has built eight thousand churches, which will hold four millions of people; fifty colleges, and twenty-five thousand schools, with a million and a half of pupils; and it supports a thousand newspapers, twelve hundred public libraries, and innumerable scientific and literary societies. Mr. Milburn regards this immense valley as the hospitable city of refuge for the poor and oppressed of other lands. He cherishes no fear of evil consequences from the admixture of men of different races, different religions, different modes and degrees of cultivation. There is room for them all, and all are needed. So far as human foresight can discern, a future of marvelous grandeur and power awaits the nation of the Great Valley. Its millions of inhabitants, masters of an almost fabulous wealth, may look forward to the day when they shall rule the destinies of the New World. Aspiring to the chief place in the long panorama of human history, it may become a monument of intellectual power, of exalted moral worth, of genuine Christian goodness, presenting a fabric of beauty and strength beyond even the most brilliant dreams of Utopia, or the loftiest speculations of philosophy.

The Mill on the Floss, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The masterly delineations of character, combined with the minute sketches and skillful coloring of details, which distinguish the productions of this writer, have naturally provoked inquiry as to the secret of their authorship. It is now, however, well understood that the person who rejoices in the pseudonym of George Eliot is a lady named Evans, who has heretofore been eminently successful in a different branch of literature. The delight which has been enjoyed in the perusal of "Adam Bede" by thousands of readers will, to a great extent, be renewed by the present remarkable story. It is founded on scenes of country life in England; the charac-

ters are all taken from the humbler classes of society; and the plot is constructed of elements in the everyday experience of the great world of industry and business. With these slight materials we have a narrative blending the fierce struggles of passion with a curious painting of manners; the peculiarities of individual character are presented in bold relief, but without caricature; scenes of natural pathos alternate with descriptions of vulgar pretension; and the whole is pervaded with an air of such intense reality that you seem to have been a witness of the incidents of the tale rather than the subject of the ingenious illusions of the artist. Rarely are such powerful effects produced with such slight appeals to the imagination. The author calls in the aid of no ghosts or hybrids; deals neither with "gorgons nor chimeras dire;" indulges in no flights of morbid or perverted sentiment; exhibits no convulsions of her own heart for artistic purposes; but trusting alone to the perennial feelings of human nature, in the free exercise both of its dignity and its waywardness, has constructed a work of fiction which, for force, pathos, and genuineness of representation, has few recent parallels.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: Collected and Republished by THOMAS CARLYLE. (Published by Brown and Taggard.) The very essence of Carlyle's great and audacious nature is more signally exhibited in the critical essays, biographical sketches, and miscellaneous papers which, half sportively, half earnestly, he threw off at a heat in the earlier stages of his literary career, than in the works of greater pretense and elaboration, which are the fruit of wide historical research and dogged perseverance in composition. Many of these productions are pervaded by a kindly and genial spirit—rich in touches of a fine humanity—revealing a noble vein of personal sympathies—flavored by a racy and generous humor—clothed in a quaint, Richterian diction, without the crabbed asperity of his "latter-days", and abounding in curious out-of-the-way learning, as well as in marvelous insight and acute dissection of character. The present collection, in four shapely volumes, and with all the tasteful typographical appliances of the Riverside press, will be welcomed by the admirers of Carlyle as an unimpeachable edition of his most remarkable early writings. It contains the admirable expositions and criticisms of German literature which have done so much to stimulate the intelligent study of that language in this country; the sketches of French history and biography which grew out of Carlyle's labors on the French Revolution; the incomparable essays on Johnson, Burns, and Sir Walter Scott; and a variety of shorter articles, which can scarcely be arranged in any specific category. The volumes are accompanied with a copious summary of contents and an accurate index, which greatly facilitate the convenience of reference, and leave nothing to be desired, in that respect, on the part of the reader.

The Life of Stephen A. Douglas, by JAMES W. SHEAFAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A biography of the distinguished Illinois Senator, written by one who agrees fully with him in political views, and "who, since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, has been engaged in maintaining before the people of Illinois the wisdom, justice, and expediency of the policy of the Democratic party upon the question of Slavery in the Territories." It presents a complete account of the life and public services of Mr. Douglas, an exposition of his principles in legislation and politics, and copious specimens

of his popular and parliamentary eloquence. The writer has aimed to confine himself strictly to the public career of Mr. Douglas, abstaining from irrelevant details and comments on the acts of others.

Our Living Representative Men, by JOHN SAVAGE. (Published by Childs and Peterson.) The prominent men who have been named as candidates for the next Presidency are here sketched in a series of biographical essays, which aim at accuracy and impartiality of statement rather than at brilliancy of delineation or rhetorical flourishes. The facts made use of in the volume have been derived from public and official records, from information furnished by numerous eminent political and literary men, and from the personal knowledge of the writer, whose connection with the press at Washington gave him peculiar advantages for the preparation of the work. Of the list of possible aspirants for the succession there are names which can not fail to suit the reader, whatever his political relations and principles. It comprises, in alphabetical order, a distinguished roll of statesmen, soldiers, and politicians, including Banks, Bates, Bell, Botts, Breckinridge, Brown, Cameron, Chase, Cobb, Crittenden, Cushing, Dallas, Davis, Dayton, Dickinson, Douglas, Everett, Fillmore, Frémont, Guthrie, Hammond, Houston, Hunter, Johnson, Lane, McLean, Orr, Read, Seward, Seymour, Slidell, Stephens, Wise, and Wool. In compiling the work Mr. Savage has abstained from critical estimates of the character or principles of the individuals whose biographies are presented, leaving their position to be understood from the record of their public words and acts. He has performed his by no means easy task with evident honesty of intention, and with perhaps as much success as the nature of the subject permits. The interest of his work is not limited to the pendency of the election, but contains a great amount of valuable material for future reference.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky, by JACOB ABBOTT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The closing volume of this favorite juvenile series has recently been issued under the title of "Selling Lucky." It abounds in the familiar details, lively descriptions, and happy illustrations, which give such an interest to Mr. Abbott's writings for young people.

American History, by JACOB ABBOTT. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) In this neat volume Mr. Abbott gives the commencement of a popular history of this country, which he intends to continue through a series of volumes, extending from the earliest periods to the present time. The portion now issued comprises a succinct account of the aborigines, describing their social condition, peculiar habits and customs, and mental characteristics. It is written in a fluent and easy style, and abounds in familiar illustrations, but without pretension to historical research or original discussion. The author has succeeded in his professed purpose, which was to furnish all that is essential for the general reader to understand in respect to the subject of it, while for those who have time for more extended studies, it may serve as an introduction to other and more copious sources of information.

The Bible and Social Reform, by R. H. TYLER, A.M. (Published by James Challen and Son.) The usual evidences of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Scriptures are presented in the introductory portions of this volume in a lucid and forcible manner. The practical influence of the Bible on the condition and progress of society is there illustrated by considerations derived from ancient

history, from modern civilization, and from the internal characteristics of Holy Writ. In treating the subject, the author, although compelled to repeat many of the arguments which are familiar to readers conversant with theological discussion, has not servilely followed the track of any previous writer, but has taken his point of view from the position of an independent and secular thinker.

Popular Astronomy, by O. M. MITCHEL, LL.D. (Published by Phinny, Blakeman, and Mason.) The method adopted by Professor Mitchel in the composition of this volume is distinguished by its clearness of arrangement, precision of statement, consecutive progress, and adaptation to the popular mind. It is devoted to the description of the sun, planets, satellites, and comets, with an explanation of the laws which reduce their wonderful phenomena to a system of order and harmony. As an exposition of the principal facts established by modern astronomy, combining exactness of detail with liveliness and even eloquence of illustration, this work has few, if any, rivals among the popular scientific treatises of the day.

Memoir of the Duchess of Orleans, translated from the French. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The materials of this volume consist of a memoir by the Marquis de H—, which is an interesting narrative of the varied and peculiar fortunes of the subject, and a collection of souvenirs and original letters by Professor Schubert of Germany, who was the family tutor of the Duchess of Orleans. The work derives not a little interest from the character of the Duchess, which was equally remarkable for loveliness and heroism, especially during her troubled career after the abdication of Louis Philippe. The translation shows fidelity and considerable skill, and will be regarded as a valuable accession to biographical reading.

Old Leaves, Gathered from "Household Words." By W. HENRY WILLS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A collection of popular contributions to *Household Words*, illustrative of civic and social life in the British metropolis. It presents a series of lively sketches of several of the prominent institutions of that city, with frequent glimpses of the inferior social strata, which serve as the basis of modern civilization.

Poems, Lyric and Idyllic, by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. (Published by Charles Scribner.) In this volume we find the productions of a mind naturally attuned to the expression of melody, but one not yet fully master of its own powers of reflection or illustration. Several of the descriptive poems are of unusual excellence; most of the volume betrays a genuine gift of song, and indicates the promise of a brilliant future.

J. M. Emerson and Co. have published an excellent chromo-lithographic engraving of Rosa Bonheur's great picture of the "Horse Fair." The painting is too well known in this country to need any description. Its distinguishing merit is its simplicity of conception and its perfect fidelity to nature. These qualities are apparent in the numerous engravings and photographs which have been issued. In this print, in addition to the faithfulness with which the drawing has been executed, the brilliancy and harmony of the coloring of the original picture is very satisfactorily represented. It is altogether the best specimen of printing in colors which has been produced in this country, and the very moderate price at which it is sold places it within the reach of those to whom costly works of art are unattainable.

forms. Toward the fold of Christ, toward the world as a redeemed world, we must walk by faith, not by sight; and therefore faith is just as needful to comprehend the offices of the Church, to give us a clear and animating insight into the tenderness of Christian brotherhood, as to realize the mediation of Christ our Lord.

The same devotion to the real as addressed to the senses and the understanding, the same intense fondness for the tangible and the outward practical that characterizes our relations to civilization, has deeply penetrated our religious life. As a people, we love the Church visible. As a people, nothing could induce us to resign our hold on Christianity. But religiously we are half paralyzed because the Church Invisible, because the spiritualities of Christianity, are neither adequately perceived nor deeply felt. The form, the truth and beauty of the form, the conservatism and the moral aspects of the form, as addressed to the senses and the intellect, and to some extent as controlling the conscience, these are apprehended and revered. But the religion that permeates every interest of human life, hallows trade, and education, and literature, and statesmanship, asserts and maintains its sovereignty over all our affairs, is not yet our inspiration, our joy, our blessedness. No doubt this is only acquired as the fruit of years, of much suffering, of long endurance; but it deeply concerns us to know whether we are in the right path of progress toward a consummation so desirable. Are we sowing the seed for such a harvest?

There is certainly a sad dearth of culture in our churches, and this grievous defect is in the very heart of a vigorous and aggressive Christianity. To say that our religion as a people lacks depth and scope, energy and comprehensiveness, is to utter a bald truism. Wherein consists this want of force and fullness? A partial answer is all we can now give. Whatever other deficiencies may exist, it is quite obvious that there is a serious want of what may be specifically termed Christian sentiment. We mean by this expression that the imagination is a dead element in our religion. We mean that this mighty faculty, through which God's spirit brings the invisible nearer than the visible, and introduces us into the consciousness and secret communion of all with whom we live and on whom we act from day to day—this faculty that sees and sympathizes beyond the boundaries of sense and reason, and through which the highest manifestations of the soul are made—this faculty is entombed beneath visible shapes and outward services. Our religion is like our civilization—far more of a body than a spirit. Our Christian fellowship is more external than internal. The tangible presentations of Christianity, its signs and symbols, its triumphs and trophies, engross both our admiration and our adoration. The tears of penitence affect us more than penitence itself, and the hosannas of children in the temple, or the hallelujahs of angels returning to the Throne, move us more deeply than the spirit of praise from which they come. Led, or perchance driven, by this same slavishness to the outward, we exult over science when it undertakes to confirm the testimony of the Scriptures, allow the insects of a day to patronize our faith, and look to the wings of butterflies and humming-birds to demonstrate the sunshine of God's majestic firmament. We get up certificates of the infinite worth of the Sabbath, and ask poor puny men to indorse the words of Jehovah so that they may pass as current coin in the market-

places of Mammon. Has it come to this, that the Christianity of nineteen centuries—the same Christianity that the Son of God taught and illustrated and established by his ministry and miracles—the same Christianity to which we owe our daily bread, our homes, and our nation, must stoop from its high estate to decipher rocks, to interpret the inscriptions on pyramids, to open musty volumes and read out its authentications? The doctrine of Christ crucified is the answer of God to all questions. All wonders, all signs, all history, all science, all miracles, concentrate in the spectacle of Calvary's Cross. If our faith sees that sight it sees every thing which this universe and the Jehovah who created its glories has to show to mortal men.

Will the culture of art help us? It may or it may not. Confined to its own sphere, taken on its own ground as a mere æsthetic thing, we have no more confidence in its utility as a religious influence than in any other form of worldliness. It may minister to the senses, degrade the intellect, and corrupt the heart. But we rejoice in the growing taste and in the love of the beautiful among our countrymen, because it is an evidence that an element of our mind hitherto neglected has been aroused into activity. If by this means imagination is awakened and stimulated, it will at least become a candidate for the honors of recognition and appreciation among our cultivated and religious circles. It will demonstrate its presence, make itself known and felt as a living energy in our midst. Aside from other results, art has an indirect agency of great value in those objects which it presents to the mind, and in that general elevation of spirit which it is competent, under proper conditions, to produce. And, moreover, it may prepare the way for Christianity to establish itself in closer alliance with the imagination, and, by means of this developed faculty, enlarge our sentiments and intensify our sympathies. One fact is quite clear to us; viz., the culture of the imagination is now the great need, so far as the intellect is concerned, of popular Christianity. Indeed, it is the only opening in this direction that is left for a progressive movement. If reason were supplied with a thousand-fold more arguments in behalf of Christianity, we do not believe that the average religion of the country would be at all increased. Nor have we any thing to hope from science. Astronomy may reveal the heavens, geology may explore the earth, history may recite her story, and philosophy furnish its ultimate analysis in every department of investigation, but we should not expect to see a more vital and productive Christianity as the fruit of these demonstrations. It would be otherwise, we think, with a true and genuine culture of the imagination. Not, indeed, that art and religion are identical, for they are radically and essentially different. Religion is founded in the conscience; art in the imagination. Religion, in the sense of Christianity, is supernatural; art is natural. Christianity is a new birth; art is a mere embellishment. But nevertheless art may contribute indirectly to religion by quickening those sensibilities which, when Christianity takes possession of the heart, may assist to vitalize our virtues and render them more prolific in deeds of goodness.

Nature serves man that man may serve his Maker and Lord. Nature educates his senses, intellect, and life that they may receive a higher and purer culture from Christianity. Nature renders her allegiance and adoration to God through him. The grass of the field, the flowers of the gar-

den, the fruits of the orchard, the anthem of the ocean, the light of the stars, the splendors of the sun, return to their Creator through man. Human worship is not merely the prayer and praise of human beings; but the cry of the young ravens, the bleating of lambs, the lowing of herds, and the voice of all nature ascend in those strains with which humanity approaches its Father. We are unconscious mediators. High-priests and intercessors, in their humble measure, are all holy men; and for them, and by virtue of their offices, harvests wave over our plains and oceans keep their appointed bounds. Is our vast civilization thus rising to God?

Look now in the light of this great truth on the vine that God's hand has planted on this continent. It has taken root in the deep earth and filled the land. The hills are covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof are like the goodly cedars.

Once there was such a vine. It sent out its boughs unto the sea and its branches unto the river. But its hedges were broken down, the boar out of the wood wasted it, and the wild beast of the field devoured it. Then rose to heaven the saddest cry that patriotism and piety ever uttered: "Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts, look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine."

And it is for us to say whether this vine shall madden our brain with its juices, or be a sacramental fruit, through which God and man shall interchange their pledges of abiding love.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE of the most curious, crotchety, copious, entertaining, humorous, interesting, and valuable biographies in English literature is to be discontinued. Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg has withdrawn his "Life of Shelley" from the press. Only two volumes, of about five hundred pages each, had been issued about two years ago, and the Shelley family were so annoyed by it that Lady Shelley (wife of the poet's son) published a memoir by way of antidote and correction to Hogg's, and the family have now procured the suppression of the remainder.

It is a very serious loss; not only because it plunges Shelley back again into the vagueness by which his personal life has always been obscured, after it had been partially freed from it, but because the poet's shade has a right to demand that, since so full a light has been shed upon a part of his life—and that during his indiscreet years—the other part shall not be left to conjecture, or to the utterly unsatisfactory and incomplete account of his daughter-in-law, Lady Shelley.

It is not easy to describe the two volumes of Hogg's already published, and which bring the story but a little beyond Shelley's first marriage. Mr. Hogg is a violent Tory; a man more than sixty years old; and an intense, characteristic Briton, whether he be born in England or not. The book is as much about himself as Shelley; but it is all equally good. When it appeared, some of the critics made light of Hogg for thrusting himself into the memoirs of his friend; but he states the reason of his doing so. He says (vol. ii. p. 46):

"Shelley was fugitive, volatile; he evaporated like ether, his nature being ethereal; he suddenly escaped, like some fragrant essence; evanescent as a quintessence. He was a lovely, a graceful image; but fading, vanishing speedily from our sight,

being portrayed in flying colors. He was a climber, a creeper, an elegant, beautiful, odoriferous, parasitical plant. He could not support himself; he must be tied up fast to something of a firmer texture, harder and more rigid than his own pliant, yielding structure—to some person of a less flexible formation: he always required a prop. In order to write the history of his fragile, unconnected, interrupted life it is necessary to describe that of some ordinary, everyday person with whom he was familiar, and to introduce the real subject of the history whenever a transitory glimpse of him can be caught. In exhibiting a phantasmagoria, a magic lantern, a spectrum of prismatic colors, a solar microscope—the white sheet, the screen of blank paper, the whitened wall, claim no merit, no share in the beauty of the exhibition; yet are these indispensable adjuncts in order to display wonderful, beautiful, or striking phenomena."

Hogg's Biography of Shelley presents its subject even more completely than Boswell gives us Johnson. The author has such perfect faith in his friend's genius, and its power of counterbalancing every ridiculous detail of his life, that he recoils at nothing. He does not hesitate to bring him upon the scene under all possible circumstances; and thinks it by no means necessary that he should always appear in his singing robes.

As the book is now suppressed, and has been very little known in this country, the loungers about the Chair will be amused by some of the excellent stories in it. At one time Shelley lived in the Lake region near Southey, and Hogg relates that—

"Bysshe chanced to call one afternoon, during his residence at Keswick, on his new acquaintance (Southey), a man eminent, and of rare epic ability. It was at four o'clock; Southey and his wife were sitting together at their tea, after an early dinner, for it was washing day. A cup of tea was offered, which was accepted, and a plate piled high with tea-cakes was handed to the illustrious visitor; of these he refused to partake, with signs of strong aversion. He was always abstemious in his diet—at this period of his life peculiarly so; a thick hunk of dry bread, possibly a slice of brown bread and butter, might have been welcome to the Spartan youth; but hot tea-cakes, heaped up in scandalous profusion, well-buttered, blushing with currants, or sprinkled thickly with caraway-seeds, and reeking with allspice, shocked him grievously. It was a Persian apparatus which he detested—a display of excessive and unmanly luxury, by which the most powerful empires have been overthrown—that threatened destruction to all social order, and would have rendered abortive even the divine Plato's scheme of a frugal and perfect republic. A poet's dinner is never a very heavy meal; on a washing day we may readily believe that it is as light as his own fancy. So far in the day Southey, no doubt, had fared sparingly; for he was a hale, healthy, hearty man, breathing the keen mountain air, and working hard—too hard, poor fellow! He was hungry, and did not shrink from the tea-cakes which had been furnished to make up for his scanty mid-day repast. Shelley watched his unworthy proceedings, eying him with pain and pity. Southey had not noticed his distress; but he held his way, clearing the plates of buttered currant-cakes and buttered seed-cakes with an equal relish.

"'Why, good God! Southey,' Bysshe suddenly exclaimed, for he could no longer contain his boiling indignation, 'I am ashamed of you! It is aw-

ful, horrible, to see such a man as you are greedily devouring this nasty stuff!"

"'Nasty stuff, indeed!' said Mrs. Southey. 'How dare you call my tea-cakes nasty stuff, Sir?'"

"Mrs. Southey was charming; but it is creditably reported that she was also rather sharp.

"'Nasty stuff! What right have you, pray, Mr. Shelley, to come into my house and to tell me to my face that my tea-cakes, which I made myself, are nasty, and to blame my husband for eating them? How in the world can they be nasty? I washed my hands well before I made them, and I sprinkled them with flour. The board and the rolling-pin were quite clean; they had been well scraped and sprinkled with flour. The flour was taken out of the meal-tub, which is always kept locked; here is the key! There was nothing nasty in the ingredients, I am sure; we have a very good grocer in Keswick. Do you suppose that I would put any thing nasty into them? What right have you to call them nasty? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and not Mr. Southey. He surely has a right to eat what his wife puts before him. Nasty stuff! I like your impertinence!"

"In the course of this animated invective Bysshe put his face close to the plate and curiously scanned the cakes. He then took up a piece, and ventured to taste it, and finding it very good, he began to eat as greedily as Southey himself. The servant—a neat, stout, little, ruddy Cumberland girl, with a very white apron—brought in a fresh supply; these also the brother philosophers soon dispatched, eating one against the other in generous rivalry. Shelley then asked for more, but no more were to be had; the whole batch had been consumed. The lovely Edith was pacified on seeing that her cakes were relished by the two hungry poets; and she expressed her regret that she did not know that Mr. Shelley was coming to take tea with her, or she would have made a larger provision. Harriet (Shelley's wife), who told me the tale, added, 'We were to have hot tea-cakes every evening "forever." I was to make them myself, and Mrs. Southey was to teach me.'"

Throughout his work Mr. Hogg is unsparing in his description of incidents which would place Shelley in an utterly ridiculous light, except for the evident love and enthusiasm with which, under all circumstances, the biographer regards him. Thus, immediately following the Southey tea is another story of the same kind.

"The Divine Poet, like many other wiser men, used to pass very readily and suddenly from one extreme to the other. I myself witnessed, some years later, a like rapid transition. When he resided at Bishopsgate I usually walked down from London and spent Sunday with him. One frosty Saturday, in the middle of the winter, being overcome by hunger, I halted by the way—it was a rare occurrence—for refreshment at an humble inn on Hounslow Heath. I had just taken my seat on a Windsor chair at a small round beechen table in a little dark room with a well-sanded floor, when I saw Bysshe striding past the window. He was coming to meet me. I went to the door and hailed him.

"'Come along! it is dusk: tea will be ready; we shall be late!"

"'No, I must have something to eat first; come in!"

"He walked about the room impatiently.

"'When will your dinner be ready? What have you ordered?"

VOL. XXI.—No. 121.—I

"'I asked for eggs and bacon, but they have no eggs; I am to have some fried bacon.'

"He was struck with horror, and his agony was increased at the appearance of my dinner. Bacon was proscribed by him; it was gross and abominable. It distressed him greatly at first to see me eat the bacon, but he gradually approached the dish, and studying the bacon attentively, said, 'So this is bacon.' He then ate a small piece. 'It is not so bad, either.' More was ordered: he devoured it voraciously.

"'Bring more bacon.' It was brought and eaten.

"'Let us have another plate.'

"'I am very sorry, gentlemen,' said the old woman, 'but indeed I have no more in the house.'

"The poet was angry at the disappointment, and rated her.

"'What business has a woman to keep an inn who has not bacon enough in her house for guests? She ought to be killed.'

"'Really, gentlemen, I am very sorry to be out of bacon, but I only keep by me as much as I think will be wanted. I can easily get more from Staines: they have very good bacon always in Staines.'

"'As there is nothing more to be had, come along, Bysshe, let us go home to tea.'

"'No, not yet, she is going to Staines to get us some more bacon.'

"'She can not go to-night; come along!"

"He departed with reluctance, grumbling, as we walked homeward, at the scanty store of bacon, lately condemned as gross and abominable. The dainty rustic food made a strong impression upon his lively fancy, for when we arrived the first words he uttered were,

"'We have been eating bacon together on Hounslow Heath, and do you know it was very nice? Can not we have bacon here, Mary?"

"'Yes, you can if you please, but not to-night. Here is your tea; take that!"

"'I had rather have some more bacon,' sighed the poet."

The "Life of Shelley" gives some capital glimpses of William Godwin, whom the poet profoundly revered, and who was the father of his second wife. The letters of the young enthusiast to the veteran philosopher are extremely entertaining.

"A dull, boring fellow, who was accustomed, as other slow-witted seekers after truth were also, to propound questions to William Godwin, and to accept his answers, when they could be extracted, as oracles, inquired one day in Shelley's presence, with all solemnity, 'Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?' The oracle was silent. After a while, he who came to consult repeated his question: 'Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?' The oracle was still silent, but Shelley answered for him:

"'My opinion of love is, that it acts upon the human heart precisely as a nutmeg-grater acts upon a nutmeg.'

"The grave inquirer heard the jesting answer with mute contempt, and presently repeated his question a third time: 'Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?"

"'My opinion entirely agrees with that of Mr. Shelley."

This anecdote reminds the Easy Chair of one of which Thackeray was the hero. One evening, at a jolly symposium of authors, artists, and clever men, with some not very clever, Thackeray was leaning against the wall, his chair tipped back, and, while

he smoked, chatting with Washington Irving. A gentleman at Thackeray's elbow, more persistent than wise, kept murmuring questions in an undertone, to which he received no answer from Mr. Tittmarsh, who was engaged in talking, and probably did not hear. But at length the resolute inquirer said, distinctly,

"Mr. Thackeray!"

The satirist stopped in the middle of his sentence, took his cigar from his mouth, put his chair down, and turning as if to attend to something important, said,

"Well, Sir?"

"Mr. Thackeray, what do you think of Mr. Tupper—as a poet?"

Thackeray looked at the speaker for a moment, and then answered, gravely,

"I don't think of Mr. Tupper at all."

He then tipped back again, the cloud curled once more above his head, and his neighbor prepared a question about Shelley, as a poet, which he presently propounded, but without success.

Yes, in losing the two other volumes of this biography we lose a great deal of amusement and knowledge of the England of forty and fifty years ago. We lose also the crisp, infinitely droll, and often shrewd criticisms and gibes of Thomas Jefferson Hogg. It is a pity that one poet could not be painted as he really was; for one such "life" makes us feel how fabulous the "lives of the poets" are.

It will not be the fault of intelligent and enterprising Americans if the materials of our national history are not preserved. In every State there are forming Historical Societies, and in none more zealously than in some of the newest. The Wisconsin Society, for instance, has been busy for two or three years in rescuing the early records of that region, and thus facilitating the work of the historian. It is a pleasant sign of the times to mark the same spirit in a region apparently so remote (if any spot upon the continent *could* be far away) as New Mexico. The people have not waited until they were a State, but have begun betimes, and the Historical Society of New Mexico was organized on the 26th of December, 1859. Colonel John B. Grayson, U.S.A., is the President; W. A. Street, Vice-President; Dr. W. J. Sloan, U.S.A., Corresponding Secretary; and D. V. Whitney, Recording Secretary. Who can tell how long it will be before the distinguished lecturers of all parts of the country will take their *MSS.* and carpet-bags at the invitation of the New Mexico Historical Society? The Easy Chair wishes it all kinds of prosperity, sincerely hoping that it may remain always fresh, vigorous, and sympathetic with the youth and the youthful genius and impetus of its own region, and not decline into that sere and yellow old fogysm which is the complexion of so many such societies in older States.

ONE of the fine sights of the spring was the Academy of Music filled to hear Bryant speak of Irving. It was a historic occasion, and the Easy Chair could not but recall that other evening, some six years since, in Metropolitan Hall, when Irving himself was present, as a kind of presiding officer, at the commemoration of Cooper. There were, in fact, so many noted people that it was difficult to say who was the President. Mr. Webster was there, bending his gloomy brow above the crowd; and seated upon the sofa with him were Bryant, Irving, and Bancroft. All the rank and file of the *littérateurs* were present. The

chief discourse was Bryant's. Then Webster made some remarks in his grandiose manner, which were certainly impressive, if not eloquent. They were not eloquent, however. Mr. Webster was rarely so. He made his mark by weight, not by motion—by the feet, as it were, and not by wings. After the services at the Hall Mr. Webster went, on that evening, to the Century Club, which had its rooms on Broadway, opposite Niblo's. There the members were presented to him, and there he made another speech, which those members have probably not forgotten.

Bryant's oration upon Cooper was dignified and discriminating. If it had less glow and sweetness than his recent tribute to Irving the reason of the difference is to be sought in the differing characters of the men. The Easy Chair never saw Cooper; but the universal testimony is that he was not a very genial or retiring man; and his long and angry quarrels and suits with newspapers, for no other apparent reason than that they did not like his books, had sadly alienated public sympathy from him. The sense of personal loss and regret was not poignant when he died, as it was upon the death of Irving. And yet doubtless the national homage was his due, as the author who had introduced the name of American literature in regions where no other of our authors was known. Probably, in the world at large, Cooper is our best-known and most illustrious literary name. Of course this is greatly owing to the fact that he wrote stories, and stories go every where.

It was the head of the poet—if an Easy Chair may say so—which offered the eulogy to Cooper; but it was his heart that spoke of Irving. And that is the secret of the peculiar heartiness of every act of homage to his memory. I am told that his grave at Tarrytown is never without a green memorial wreath; and the building of a monument to Washington Irving would not languish, however slowly the marble is piled to Cooper. The hearts of all the people would be more eloquent orators than those whose winning words raise columns to others.

BUT while we speak of monuments the Easy Chair is reminded that the Abbott Egyptian collection remains yet unpurchased. A committee, including the names of many of the richest men in the city, was appointed to complete the subscription. Only about thirty thousand dollars in all were wanted, but they have not been found. One of the most valuable museums of its kind in the world appeals in vain to the desire, the pride, and the purse of New York.

It is not fair to blame people for not caring to hear or read about any particular Pharaoh, Thothmes, or Ptolemy, nor for failing to be profoundly interested in mummied birds and crocodiles. But it is very clear that a people whose interests are not universal will never surround themselves with memorials of art and science and history in every department, and can never make their city, in any just sense, a metropolis.

We have lately had in New York, also, another unique and invaluable collection—that of M. du Chaillu, made during several years of travel in an unexplored region of Northern Africa. M. du Chaillu went out partly under the patronage of the Philadelphia Society of Natural History, and wandered among strange tribes, finally returning with several gorillas which he had shot, and the skins of which are among the most interesting objects in his collec-

tion. The gorilla, the largest of the apes, is a comparatively recent *bonne bouche* for science, although there are traditions from old Roman and Carthaginian times. Some years since the body of a gorilla was brought to England, and the skeleton was obtained by Owen, the famous English naturalist, by dissecting the corpse in a field far removed from any house. But before Owen's specimen Dr. Wyman, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, had examined a skeleton gorilla presented to him by an African trader; and his paper upon the subject is, as the Easy Chair learns, by some years earlier than that of Professor Owen.

Du Chaillu's collection has been heard of in England, and application has been made to him with regard to its purchase in that country. While it was in New York there was some curiosity to see it, but upon the whole it awakened comparatively little interest. In Boston, Professor Agassiz, who is forming a museum already admirable, was very much impressed by its value. Perhaps New York will lose it to Boston, perhaps to London. But any city that loses it loses one of those treasures which make real wealth.

It is curious and melancholy to observe how little manly and dignified pride New York has in its own character and position. It has plenty of the good-humored snobbery which delights to call Boston, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore "provincial." It rubs its prosperous sides with infinite glee at the idea that the New York newspapers are sent to Albany before breakfast, without the slightest disposition to inquire whether, when they are unfolded and read, they may not be crammed and overflowing with the details of civic shame, which have made the great city a by-word, and which reconcile every rural resident to his retirement. There is nothing very dignified or majestic in going very fast, if you are going for a very poor purpose. A man may be large; but if his size be bloat, there is nothing imposing in it.

Suppose that New York continues to build larger shops and more "palatial residences"—to double the tonnage of her shipping and the whole amount of her property. Suppose she has six great morning papers instead of three, and a hundred hotels able to hold a thousand guests each. Suppose she covers the island with solid city, and extends for busy, swarming miles along the rivers; and while she is doing all this, suppose that her government is a cess-pool of corruption; that, crowded with rich, uneducated people, she suffers treasures of literature, art, and science to slip through her fingers; that she impedes or paralyzes the growth of the Central Park, and still affects to sneer at her civic neighbors, she will be as like a great city—a metropolis—as a rich, ignorant bully, six feet high, is like a gentleman, and no more.

The effort of the Yankee—and of every other person or nation that tries it—to make money stand for the noblest and best results of character and life is sure to fail. Money is valuable for what money will buy. The Yankee can do much, but he can not make money stand for education, taste, heroism, religion; and though it be as remote from our resolutions and habits as the airy tongues that syllable men's names in wildernesses from the actual human tongue to say it, yet it is forever true, whether a man be worth ten thousand a year or one hundred, that the loftiest historical fame, and the purest private character and success, can only be attained when money is regarded merely as a means, and

not as an end. An unexpected opinion confirms what experience and common sense teach in this respect; and we find Sir Joshua Reynolds saying:

"The estimation in which we stand in respect to our neighbors will be in proportion to the degree in which we excel or are inferior to them in the acquisition of intellectual excellence, of which trade and its consequential riches must be acknowledged to give the means; but a people whose whole attention is absorbed in those means, and who forget the end, can aspire but little above the rank of a barbarous nation."

It is true, although Sir Joshua Reynolds was a painter—as true as if William Cobbett, or Thomas Robert Malthus, or Sir Robert Peel, or any illustrious American statesman, had said it. And that is the reason, not certainly why New York should retain the Abbott and Du Chaillu collections, if it doesn't want them, but why it should consider that not to want them is to want the essential principle of civic greatness. If Florence were willing to lose the "Tribune" and the Pitti—if Rome were not loth to part with the *stanzze* and the immortal group of the Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome, the Madonna di Foligno, and the Coronation of the Virgin—the world would sigh to perceive that the intellectual pride, which is the true civic glory, had died out of the hearts of the Romans and Florentines. If we make more money, and more easily than any other people any where in the world, what should we do with it, if not invest it in the results of human genius, science, and heroism? Why is it that the scientific man prefers France or Germany—that the artist and lover of art seek Italy and Greece—that the man of society lives in Paris or London, and willingly spares our cheap enthusiasms about getting the New York morning papers to Albany before breakfast? Why is it that, until the Astor Library (which was the work of one man), our scholars could not write nor illustrate our history without crossing the sea?

The answer to these questions, of course, is, the necessary poverty of a young nation in those works of every kind which the scholar, the artist, and the philosopher naturally seek. But how long shall we be contented with this poverty? How long shall it be said with truth that the hangers-on of a prize-fight are the "governing classes" of the country?

Now and then, indeed, we have a work that shows the creative power to be inherent in American genius also, or an evidence of that tranquil and refined scholarship which is the secret charm of so many of the most cherished books in the world. The spring has given us a specimen of each of these kinds, in the "Marble Faun" of Hawthorne and the "Travel and Study in Italy" of Charles Elliot Norton.

The latter is a work very rare in our literature. It is, indeed, a diary of travel, which is, perhaps, our most common form of literary performance; but it is remarkable for its quiet elegance and repose. It is a series of social, political, and æsthetic observations in Italy—shrewd, often profound, always intelligent and sympathetic, and expressed in a pure and simple style which at once wins and confirms the utmost confidence. The contemplative American is a much more infrequent spectacle than the ardent, picturesque, declamatory, and superficial; so that his work is sure to be like this—a fresh and permanent addition to our literature. And whoever, in these summer days, wishes to see some of the less visited parts of Italy, and some of its grandest mon-

uments, will not fail to choose Mr. Norton for his mentor.

But if he be more romantic than contemplative he will naturally turn to the "Marble Faun," and own once more the weird spell of Hawthorne. The hero of this pure romance is a creation; the central idea of the work, divested of its incidents, is one of the happiest possible. A faun—blithe citizen of fields and woods! whose very name is musical with sylvan scenes and charms—marries at some remote period a human maiden, and from the union springs a race of beings whose human nature is mingled with the attributes of their rural ancestry, having a mysterious sympathy with nature—a broad, sweet, sunny mood of sentiment and feeling—full of joyous impressions, of simple impulses, of sylvan tastes, and affections that have the warmth of the human and the unreasoning ardor of the animal character. In the hands of so subtle an artist as Hawthorne you may conceive what this character becomes. You see Donatello (the faun) standing or moving at the will of that sad, shadowy genina. His whole existence is passed upon the vague, doubtful boundary-line of the brute and human nature. Every action and impulse partake of that mystic duality. Sometimes it rises to painful prominence, as in the conversation about his ears; whether they are indeed pointed and furry, as in the rustic traditions and the statue of Praxiteles. But the creature bounds away, and shakes his long black locks, but does not betray the secret. So all through the tale you believe the ears are there as in the stained statue. You wait for the coy wind that shall lift in airy jest the curls of the human lover, and reveal the lower form that binds him with the animals. Nothing can be more poetic and fascinating than this. It is as if the enchanter had touched the frieze upon some rustic temple or the bas-relief upon some Greek urn, such as Keats sang, and the sweet society of Pan and all the nymphs were alive again—but with that glimmering, perplexing lower life which is so pathetic and appealing.

The scope of the story is that of Fouque's *Undine*, and its theme is properly the elevation of a being, not quite human, through suffering. Undine acquires a soul through love; Donatello through sin and sorrow. The description of the loss of sympathy between Donatello and the animal world, after he has sinned, is very touching and lovely; and the whole work is conceived with such tender art that you do not hold Donatello responsible for crime as if he were a human being like ourselves, but the animal nature that he shares pleads for him continually, so that the offense seems to be the irresistible impulse of a semi-brute, and not the malignity of a superior intelligence. This point is very essential to the proper artistic symmetry of the tale.

That the story ends unsatisfactorily is true; but it is because the story-tellers are so much in the habit of finishing every thing to the least detail, and explaining the plot in full. But no reader who has read the "Marble Faun" in its own spirit can expect the same intelligent completeness in the conclusion of a chapter of mystic, sylvan life. It is not the realm of the novel in which we have been moving, but of the pure romance. The forms are vast and vague in significance. Kenyon, the only strictly human being in the book, is the least real of all. He is not quite in keeping with the rest. He has strayed out of the broad, common daylight of the novel, which is a very different sphere from the romance.

There is another charm in this work which can be chiefly enjoyed by those only who have been in Italy. Hawthorne has written his Italian impressions in the "Marble Faun" as Andersen wrote his in the "Improvisatore." The book abounds with the most faithful descriptions of the details of Italian scenery and character. The old familiar places—the old familiar dirt, and inconvenience, and decay—all reappear in these pages. The story itself lingers as it winds its way through the description of a life and region so sympathetic with the sombre romance of the author's imagination. It is not surprising that many readers find it dull, for it presupposes a familiarity and interest upon the part of the reader with Rome in its decay. In fact the whole work, with its profoundly pathetic charm, is not unlike the melancholy, mystic, weird old city.

THE Easy Chair must have a word, if it be but one, about the "Mill on the Floss"—the new story by Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede." It is a delicately told domestic tragedy, involving few characters, but those are conceived and delineated in the most masterly manner. The account of the children, although rather too long, is exquisitely done, and the kindly humor and earnest feeling throughout the work make an impression akin to that of Dinah in "Adam Bede."

The grand central theme of the story is the struggle between love and a sense of duty. Maggie Tulliver has two lovers, Philip and Stephen. Philip is personally deformed; but he is refined, and intellectually superior. A feud between the parents, which is espoused by Maggie's brother Tom, compels Maggie and Philip to meet privately. He declares his love. Her feeling is evidently a mingling of love and pity. Their meetings are discovered by Tom, and Maggie promises that she will not again see Philip alone. She disappears for some little time; then reappears in the home of Lucy Deane, her cousin, a sweet, lovely girl, who is upon the point of betrothal with Stephen Guest. But when he sees Maggie he loves her. She perceives it, and begins to doubt herself. They both struggle—he less constantly, for he is a slighter, selfish nature, but she heroically and religiously. She feels as if it were a double treachery to yield to Stephen—on the one hand to Philip, and on the other to Lucy. But Stephen's influence upon her is pure fascination. She is a bird before the charming snake. His presence paralyzes her will, but not her perceptions; for throughout the impression is conveyed that she recurs to Philip, in her heart of hearts, if not as the man she ought to marry, yet as a man of a nobler mould, and therefore worthier of the deepest affection than Stephen, who is not a bad man, but entirely mastered by his passion.

One summer day there was to be a boating party in which the four were to join. But it chanced that only Stephen and Maggie go. They float and drift with the current, she lost in the exquisite languor of love and bewilderment, he lying at her feet, gallant, persuasive, beloved; until she sees suddenly, and he has known all the time, that they have drifted so far as to render return impossible that night. "Now you must marry me," urges Stephen. "We love each other entirely. We are not really bound to others. Why should you insist upon making us both miserable?" During the night the veil slowly passes from before her eyes. She sees how enormous the consequences are. Already Philip and Lucy believe that they are betrayed. But Maggie resolves

that she will not lose all, and, still fearful of Stephen's fascinating influence, tells him that she will return. He pleads in vain, and she does return, while he goes abroad. Her brother scorns her and casts her out. The village sneers and stings. Her mother is true to her; and Maggie begins again to earn her living. The clergyman of the parish consoles her after a fashion. Philip writes her a letter full of faith in her still. Stephen writes from abroad urging his suit; and at last Lucy Dean, who has been stricken with illness by the blow, comes to see her, and to kiss her, and to smile in her eyes with the same old confidence. But the struggle has clearly broken Maggie's heart.

One night a flood comes, ingulfs the village, sweeps away the mill, from whose *débris* Maggie saves her brother Tom; and as they are pulling the boat toward the high, dry land, another building, swept off by the freshet, drives its ruins upon them, and they are drowned.

Whatever the author's intention may be, the impression is left very forcibly that, despite the fascination Maggie feels in Stephen, she perceives that it is not that deep, holy love which consecrates and justifies marriage; and she knows it because her love for Philip, although not strong or entire enough, is yet of that nobler, truer type. If she did feel that her love was the one central and soul-satisfying passion, it is not possible that a woman so thoughtful, and sustained, and mature would have wrecked the happiness of all four by persisting in refusing to marry Stephen. At least, in that case, knowing how they loved each other, she could not have failed to say to Lucy, "Your lover loves me entirely." Even if she did not marry him herself, she certainly could not have been so false a friend to Lucy as to allow her to marry a man who loved another woman more.

However, the Easy Chair merely propounds the question, which will be widely enough discussed this summer in the light of all kinds of eyes and experience. But do not forget, oh gentle moralists! that the heart has its duties as well as the conscience.

Our Foreign Bureau.

PUNCH has two good cracks at the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell. In one, Lord John is stiff and paste-boardy, a pipe-clayey artilleryman, whose field-pieces is a gun-shaped roll of parchment, marked Reform Bill, which Lord John is in the act of firing; and along the Strand, in the back-ground, various distances are marked by such signals as "six-pound suffrage;" "household suffrage;" "universal suffrage;" and it seems as if the flimsy artillery would hardly reach the nearest mark of limitation.

Then again, Lord John, as a bedraggled Irish girl fag, is pushing a baby cart up stairs (the stairs of the British Lords), and the bandaged baby is labeled Reform Bill. Mr. Punch, as policeman, at the bottom of the stairs, looks compassionately at the poor bedraggled wench (whose face is piteously like Lord John's), and says, "Now, little 'un, do you *think* you'll be able to shove that perambulator up them steps?"

How they laugh at this; how we all laugh at this! Fat Punch at the bottom of the stairs; Serving-maid, John Russell, with the baby (of progress) in her hand-cart upon the lower step. At the top, all the peers and the bishops. Shall Reform be trundled up?

Shall hundreds of thousands, who have no vote

now, and never had, come into the phalanx that name England's rulers? At length shall the factories and the miners have a voice to say who shall make laws for them?

So we make jokes of the great things of life, and forget them. There was no joke about the old days of reform in England, when Henry Brougham was as great with the strength of manhood as he is now garrulous with age; when Lansdowne had vigor in him—gone now; when the Iron Duke (whose dust is under St. Paul's dome) put iron gratings to his windows to keep out the brick-bats of the mob, and when the conqueror of Waterloo yielded at length to the leaders of the people, and the Reform Bill passed. England is not so much in earnest now; at least not in the direction of an elective franchise.

Louis Napoleon, who defests English Toryism, is just now its best friend; he is diverting attention by his energy, and strategy, and ambition from the griefs of privilege. Those who band so joyously in the volunteer corps do not band for democratic rights but for the conservation of English power, for England as it is; for England as against aggressive neighbors; for England as capable of showing a great front in war. The crash of the six-pounders of Mr. Whitworth and of Armstrong will drown all sound of the six-pound voter.

Punch has the truth of it. Nurse John Russell is weak with seventy years (though he writes in brave tones about Savoy), and can not trundle any big baby of Reform up the steps of the established powers.

And Savoy, and Nice, and Switzerland?

Like a drifting summer's cloud Tuscany, and the twin Duchies of Modena and Parma, and the Romagna have passed under the dominion of the Sardinian king; and easy as a cloud Savoy has passed away from its old inheritors, and Mont Blanc now throws its shadow upon French territory. Of course there was swift execution: not much time taken up with consultation of the Great Powers; not much time taken up in consultation with England: whereat Lord John makes a most vigorous protest against the ambitious designs of France, and the benches applaud. Who in England wanted France to be stronger or greater than she was? Perfidious France to-day; and to-morrow it may be perfidious England.

Louis Napoleon may possibly have consulted the Great Powers; but he certainly did not indulge himself in a very long consideration of what the Great Powers advised; least of all does he seem to have been deferential to the opinion of England. After all, there are a great many arguments (of policy) to defend the course of the Emperor, and a great many of justice and honor which make against him. France applauds and admires the swift Imperial tactics, which in a month pile up the Alps on her frontiers of the East, and scoop out a new sea-basin for her on the shores of the Mediterranean. There is a loud municipal consent, which tickles the ear as much as a popular vote, and which does not offend the inherited prejudices of Russia and autocracies generally. Louis Napoleon would gladly have submitted the *annexion* to a vote of Savoyards, as he submitted to the vote of France, and yielded to the vote of the Romagna. But the Great Powers, which he had offered to consult, recognize least of all a nation's right to pronounce her own fate. If Savoy may speak by ballot, why not Galicia, and Bohemia, and Hungary, and all the Caucasus? Political legerdemain is better than any outcrop of democratic principle. So Napoleon says, "If you prefer legerdemain, legerdemain let it be;" and, presto! the re-

turning French regiments (from Lombardy) show their colors in Chambery and in Nice, and the cup of the conjuror is lifted, and there is a blue ball where we saw green.

Of course, you know, this is not the pious and comely way in which we annex Texas—doing it all honestly, and with no bravado and threatening; it is not altogether the utterly simple and honest fashion in which John Bull annexes Afghan or Aden, or what he wants eastward; not altogether so humane a regard for the wishes and rights of the annexed people; and yet, bating pretenses and hypocrisies, it does not seem to us very much worse or wickeder. We want that little piece of border property, and are able to buy it, if you will sell; and are able to take it, if you refuse; and are able to find arguments, if you love discussion; therefore from being yours it comes to be ours—Texas, and Afghan, and Savoy. We are ambitious of course, for we have a growing family that needs room; we were modest about it, and said we were content with what we had, and so for a time we were; but as we grow we want range. And the British Parliament chafes and grows angry; but all its anger comes to no grander focus than a buoyant period or two in Lord John Russell's speech, which serves as an escape valve for the Government irritation. In short, England has given to France a "piece of its mind" about the matter, which, under the circumstances, must be an immense relief. Overzealous Englishmen, such as Mr. Kinglake and Sir Robert Peel, may possibly refuse to go to Italy henceforward by the way of Mont Cenis; but still, awkwardly enough, Mont Cenis will be there, with the French flag flying on it.

If Louis Napoleon had never done a worse thing than to drive a private bargain with Sardinia for the possession of the mountain district of Savoy, he would be a fitter subject for canonization than the Pope is, or the Directors of the East India Company.

God will ripen the sour grapes they grow by Aix as regularly as before; and the hills will look on the sea, and the sea will look up at the hills as when the Savoyards of old planted olives on all the steps of the Mediterranean shore; and Mont Blanc, with his eternal white lifted into the sky, shall stand there challenging all the poets of Christendom to bring Chamouni Hymns of sunrise bravely as ever.

And if Mr. Kinglake can write a hymn like Coleridge's, he will do a better thing in writing it than by proving by ever so much logic (as he clearly does) that no man can tell what "Louis Napoleon will do next."

There is something funny almost in the alternations of British feeling *apropos* of the Emperor Napoleon and France. We chanced to be in England on the occasion of that visit of the Emperor to Victoria in 1855; there was a world of banners, and a great craze of welcome; now the Strand, and Fleet Street, and Trafalgar Square, and Whitehall, and all the purlieus of St. James Park, fairly bubbled over with noisy and crowded greeting! We had nearly been crushed upon the broad steps by the Duke of York's column in the mass that surged down to catch a glimpse of the great Imperial ally. A few old gentlemen, indeed, in the dining-room of the United Service club, kept doggedly at their lunch and the morning *Times*, ignoring, with a pleasantly proud impassiveness, the upstart Emperor. But for all that the shouts must have come to their ears and made them frown.

Afterward came the murderous attack of the

Rue Lepelletier, and the boastful speeches of the French colonels, which all England resented manfully. Punch gave a humorous point to the resentment, which the dear young Guardsmen had the courage to send by mail to every French colonel they could hear of. After this, the conduct and successes of the Italian war made a hero of the Emperor; and after this again, the panic, and the volunteer corps—growing out of Cherbourg—and the waxing strength of the French navy.

Then comes Mr. Cobden with his treaty—interpreted into eloquence by Mr. Gladstone, and made piquant at every club-room dinner by cheap *mouton* and *Chateau Margaux*. What a philosopher he is—this Emperor! What a shrewd man of business! What a true friend of England!

Then the Savoy project looms up, with coy slowness and a complimentary hesitation; the quidnuncs prick up their ears. At last the cloven foot: France is to be enlarged; Belgium will come next, and the Rhine border. But the Government (has not Palmerston dined at Fontainebleau, and played at *piquet* with the Empress?) says Pooh!—pooh! We know the Emperor; he is good friend of ours; he will do nothing without consulting us: we are the "Great Powers!" we shall hardly allow him to consummate this change; at least that is our impression. And the Count Persigny attends the Queen's drawing-room reception; and Lord Cowley hobnobs at the Tuileries, chucking the brave little Prince Imperial under the chin.

The couriers meantime, French and Sardinian, are riding back and forth. The Emperor plies my Lord Cowley with as good wine as he ever drank, but he does not forget the mountain barriers. And so one day it is settled. Mont Blanc, as we said, spends its shadows where the French flag is flying; and the Savoy and organ-men grind out, "Long may it wave!"

WE have given enough space to this Savoyard matter: France might do a worse thing than make this hasty annex; a worse thing she has done just now; and yet you will scarcely hear of it. Some years ago two men in the south of France were brought to trial for robbery: they were convicted, condemned; and one died of fever at Cayenne, the other in the hulks at Brest. Within the winter past, however, there was reason to suspect that the real criminal was still at large. Inquiry was prosecuted; the suspected ones interrogated, and the result was perfect demonstration of the innocence of the condemned parties who had died with the great dishonor weighing on them and on their families, and the conviction of the suspected ones.

It would seem that tardy justice would demand the fullest possible declaration of the innocence of those who had suffered, and that the least which the erring officials could do, would be to lift publicly the vail of disgrace from the memory of the injured.

But no: the French judges, in virtue of a law of the realm, deny all publicity to the new trial: the authority of French justice might be shaken if its errors were made matter of public discussion: the doors of the court-room are closed; the new and real culprits are condemned in secret; the ignominy still rests upon the innocent; and the French judges maintain their composure. Even the Belgian paper, *Le Nord*, which has the honesty to give a history of this procedure, is seized, and refused circulation. It is a little injustice to you, and to us, and to Sa-

voyards; but to those friends—mothers, brothers, sisters, who mourn yet the shortened lives of those who died of wasting fever, under a great cloud of dishonor, who died pure as the judges, and innocent as they—what a cankerous tyranny is in it! What love or tolerance of a law that sanctions the wrong! Of such spawn come Massaniellos.

Yet who knows, or who cares?

Is this injustice as significant a fact as that the Prince Imperial, now turned of four, is corporal of the grenadiers of the Guard, and has learned to handle his mimic musket of wood as adroitly as any guardsman of them all? Poor little corporal of the grenadiers of the Guard! Hard as you may find the practice with the mimic musket, there is every chance that, in the twenty years to come, you may find musketry practice to which this shall be child's play!

And the papers tell us (since we are in the train, now, of lesser gossip) that certain American ladies are presently to marry titles, and the men belonging to them. We wish them joy. But we wish still more—that Americans, possessed of wealth enough, properly applied, to make their lives illustrative, had some nobler and, if you please, homelier ambition than to blazon a decaying fragment of heraldry. Wealth is a weapon in the civilization of our day, and can make and gain battles: more the pity, then, that it should become only a brush in the hands of a burnisher, to rub bright some old escutcheon. Wealth will buy titles any where. In England the wealth must be vast; in France, only large; in Germany, only moderate; and in Italy, only sufficient.

AND this brings up, pleasantly enough, Hawthorne's story of the Transformation, and of the Count of Monte Beni. It is a new picture, and yet a most just one, which he has given of the Count's eyrie in the Apennines, half reminding of the slender, proud grandness of the Master of Ravenswood; and yet with a local coloring about it so characteristic and so vraisemblant that we know it is so. It brings, with new relish, home to the sympathies the broken fortunes and failing resources of that old, chivalric Italy which we know in story. Even like Donatello, chivalrous Italy has a taste of the woods and the mythologies. We seize its essence best when it is most shadowy: we can not give it hard, human type. Its great crimes are so red that we need a Tarquin and Lucrece, or a bounding ballad of Virginius, to moderate their color to our eye. Crimes so great they need a ground-work of red. Donatello throws a man from the Tarpeian rock (which is not very high, however), and the dreadfulness is only relieved, yet is relieved, by a confused ground-work of dim, mysterious wickednesses, making a bloody, purple back-ground which never clears, and which keeps our eye and imagination when the story is wholly done.

Then, of the book, let us say—what large, and free, and natural judgment about art in it; none of the pettiness of the professional critic; no assumption of superior discernment; no patronizing airs; no overbold defense of indecencies, sustained, as such generally are, by sneers at prudery; but open, clear, zealous, honest, downright.

Then the pictures of Romish streets and gardens and hills are as if a photograph had painted them. Those who have sauntered on the Pincian, through the warm afternoons of a Roman winter, or lounged below in the copses of the Borghese Garden,

seem to go there again, as they read the "Marble Faun," and live over the Romish experience with the added zest of story. Another noticeable thing about the book is the way it weans you (with all its vraisemblance) from the matter-of-fact life of Rome, and from all cognizance of the bubbles that break on the stream of to-day.

Who thinks in reading it of the French occupation, or of the Papal troubles, or of Austria, or of the freed Romagna? but rather finds his thought colored with the deep tints of Italian life in the abstract; the romance, the poetry, the chivalry, the mystery, the art-love of Italy: these all blended, make the color with which Hawthorne gives light and shade to his Italian story. By reading it you would never come to know Cavour, or Mazzini, or Antonelli; but yet from its pages there might come a breath of the Italian atmosphere to touch your cheek as true, and fresh, and warm, and passionate, as if you had pored over its history, or yourself looked upon the domes and the purple Apennines.

It is not pleasant to see such men as Leverrier engaged in quarrel; and yet the distinguished astronomer has given very special interest to two or three of the later meetings of the Academy of Sciences by his altercations with fellow-members of the Institute. It would make a pretty story of a quarrel if the grounds of difference were fairly written out; but it is enough for us to chronicle the fact that even so clever a computator as Leverrier has weaknesses—is not so far removed from common infirmities as to deny himself the luxury of a sharp quarrel. The issue will be no way fatal—save to some few errors which have crept into the Imperial almanac.

AMONG later projected Paris improvements we may allude to the construction of three new churches of imposing size: one at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin, upon the site of the old Caserne de Clichy; a second near to the *Arc de l'Etoile*; and a third upon some site still undetermined. The new Opera-house also is among the designs in reserve, and which, on completion, will add to the brilliancy and completeness of the new capital. The bridge already joins the old terrace of the Tuileries garden to the opposite bank of the river; and along the quay trees, which seem nearly half a century old, fling their shadows where, five years since, the sun shone broadly on the bald asphaltum. Never did the café windows shine more temptingly; never Paris hold more of charm for those who live for pleasure or for self-indulgence. What boots it to us, who consume the best which the *Café Anglais* can bestow, or listen to all the melodies that waken the Salle Ventadour, that the poor Messinese are uneasy at sight of their butchered children, and the Neapolitans shrinking under a tyranny worse than that of the old king's? What boots it who may be crying for mercy or aid, if only the sound does not trouble our ear? The harshest sighs, whether they come from Palermo or the battle-fields of Morocco, are tempered with the soft breezes that blow over the pretty *Pré-Catalan*. In Paris one hears every thing, and straightway forgets every thing.

OF the American Bonapartes we may put this little current mention on record:

"The seventeenth volume of the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' by M. Thiers, just published, contains a note which M. Jerome Napoleon

Bonaparte, 'a French citizen residing at Baltimore, in the United States,' requested the publisher to insert. The note states, that, on the 24th of December, 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, then a naval officer in the service of the French Republic, married Miss Elizabeth Paterson, daughter of a citizen of the United States; that the marriage was celebrated by the Bishop of Baltimore, according to the rites of the Catholic church; and that the marriage was regularly registered. That Jerome Bonaparte, then nineteen years of age, had attained the age required by the French law to contract a valid marriage. That his father being dead, his mother, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, did not within a year, as required by the French law, demand that the marriage should be declared null and void. That, on the contrary, Madame Letitia called M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the issue of that marriage, 'her dear son,' and signed herself, in a letter to him, 'his very affectionate mother.' That in 1805 the Emperor Napoleon demanded of the Pope a bull annulling that marriage, and that the Pope replied that there was no reason to annul the marriage, and that were he to do so he would be guilty of a most abominable abuse of his sacred ministry before the tribunal of God, and before the entire Church. An answer to this note, transmitted by Prince Napoleon, is annexed by the publisher.

"At the re-establishment of the empire under Napoleon III., the descendants of the marriage with Miss Paterson attempted to establish a right, and Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde appealed to an imperial family council, the only competent tribunal, to forbid Jerome Paterson to attribute to himself, with the name of Bonaparte, a filiation which does not belong to him legally. The family council, on the 4th of July, 1856, having heard M. Allon, the advocate for Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, and M. Berryer, for M. Jerome Bonaparte, maintained the right of the defendant to the name of Bonaparte, but without the right of availing himself of the advantages conferred by the 201st and 202d articles of the 'Code Napoleon.' The Emperor sanctioned the judgment, and when the present note was submitted to him for his approbation, he added, with his own hand, the following paragraph:

"His Majesty the Emperor, by his conduct toward the descendants of Mademoiselle Paterson since the judgment was determined, thought it right to prove that he did not consider them even as belonging to his family *civile*."

"The question was raised again by a claim made by M. Jerome Bonaparte to a portion of Cardinal Fesch's property, and which was rejected by a decision of the imperial family council, in December, 1859."

Editor's Drawer.

THE TWENTY-FIRST Volume of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* begins with this number. To the Drawer is assigned the honor of making this announcement, and wishing the reader all sorts of compliments on the arrival of this eventful period in its history. We are coming of age; if not in years, at least in volume. Other Magazines have been blown up long before they reached the years of discretion, while we have gone on increasing in age and numbers till now we are about to enter on our majority. Thanks to an appreciating public, to a corps of contributors whose genius and industry meet the wants of the age, and to artists whose illustrations are a bright peculiar feature of the work, we

are, in this twenty-first volume, in the enjoyment of a prosperity that has no parallel in this department of literature. The publishers intend to regard past success only as incitement to better things in future.

The Drawer is selected as the place into which every body looks first; and here the publishers intimate that the present is the auspicious time for all who are interested in the Magazine to aid in extending its circulation. The terms are elsewhere stated, and to them we refer the reader, trusting that hundreds of thousands will help themselves and us by enlarging the number of our subscribers. So much for business: now for pleasure.

RIDING in a stage-coach in Kentucky, last week, we heard a fellow swearing at a great rate about the Abolitionists.

"They ought to be hung as high as Haman," he said.

"And how high was Haman hung?" asked a grave old gentleman in the corner.

"Wa'al, about as high as folks is generally hung, I reckon," said the other.

"And pray, who was that fellow Haman you are speaking of?" pursued the old gentleman, his eye kindling with a gentle smile as he blandly spoke.

"Why, he was one of them scamps that was hung up at Cynthiana for spreadin' 'sendiary dokymints."

The old gentleman chuckled faintly and dropped the subject.

"IN the flush times of California, when San Francisco was not what it now is, I went into a barber's shop to have my beard cut off. The barber was not learned in his profession, and his time was too valuable to be spent in sharpening razors. Near me a stranger was undergoing all the torture of another dull razor and another dull barber. Just then a monkey came in, noiselessly, hopping about on two feet and a hand, or three hands or three feet, I don't know which, and after gymnasticizing a while, jumped on the lap of my neighbor, and immediately jumped off again and disappeared into another room. We left the shop together, and after we had got off a little distance the stranger asked me in the most confidential manner if I saw 'that thing.'

"What, that monkey? Certainly."

"Ah, I'm glad of it; for I had heard so much of monkeys follering a fellow *after drinking* that I was afeard 'twas one of them blue devils."

"I never saw the man before, nor have I seen him since; but I'll be bound the fright saved him from running the risk of *delirium tremens*."

DURING the great speculation in town lots in 1835 and '36 in Mississippi, Doctor T—, of Vicksburg, went in largely, investing all the cash funds received in his lucrative practice, and, as usual, paid one-third cash, the balance in six and twelve months, with interest, these being the usual terms of buying and selling. One day when the Doctor was deep in town lots, he had to answer the call of an aristocratic patient, for whom he hastily prescribed a box of pills, and allowing his mind to return to the town lots, was on his way out when the question was asked, how the pills were to be taken? To which the Doctor replied, "One-third down, the balance in six and twelve months with interest."

GENERAL BLANK, of Arkansas, being a widower, somewhat advanced in years, had occasionally visited a widow residing in an adjoining county with a

view to a matrimonial connection. At length the General determined to make a disclosure of a matter before it might be too late for the widow to retract. Addressing her with the remark that, of course, she was aware that he did not claim to be a very young man, yet he thought it his duty to acquaint her with a fact, of which, perhaps, she was not aware; he doffed his wig and bowed low before her, exhibiting a poll as bare and slick as a peeled onion. The widow, with the utmost calmness, replied that she admired his candor, and felt called upon to be as frank as he; and raising her cap, showed that her head was as bare and slick as his own!

They were married the next day.

ROSES.

Roses always roses are—
What with roses can compare?
Search the garden, search the bower,
Try the charms of every flower;
Try them by their beauteous bloom,
Try them by their sweet perfume.
Morning light it loveth best
In the rose's lap to rest;
And the evening breezes tell
The secret of their choice as well.
Try them by whatever token,
Still the same response is spoken;
Nature crowns the rose's stem
With her choicest diadem.

Roses always roses are—
What with roses can compare?
Roses are of royal birth,
Loveliest monarchs of the earth!
Not the realm of flowers alone,
But human hearts their sceptre own.
They more than all the flowery throng
Can wake the poet's soul to song;
They more than all possess the power
To soothe or cheer life's passing hour.
Mark what flowers the maiden's hand
Gathers for her bridal band;
What the sweetest influence shed
Round the grateful sufferer's bed;
What with holiest light illumine
The grief and darkness of the tomb.
To every flower some charm is given,
For each reveals the love of Heaven;
But roses so all charms combine,
That roses rule by "right divine;"
And roses still must ever be
The garden's Royal Family.

"In a little village in Connecticut, several years ago, there lived one David Barnes, a person of an excitable temperament and violent passions, especially—as was often the case—when under the influence of strong drink. Not far from him resided old Squire Nelson, famous in all the region round about for his ready wit, with which few were able to cope successfully.

"The Squire had at the time of which I write a pig of remarkable promise, which one day effected a stolen exit from its domicile, and wandered about seeking what it might devour; till finally it happened into Barnes's garden, where, following the impulse of its nature, it (as Barnes himself graphically expressed it) 'rooted around like all posset.'

"The animal was at length espied by Barnes, who—it being the hour when his bitters most were felt—issued forth with murderous intent and a stick, and so gave vent to his emotions that the poor beast 'withdrew' as speedily as possible, and reached home more dead than alive.

"When recovered from the effect of his potions

Barnes regretted his hastiness, and resolved to visit the Squire, explain, and make it right, if possible. Off he started, and found the Squire at home. He hardly knew how to open the subject, so he began with,

"'Wa'al, Square, I'm a-thinkin' o' leavin' these parts.'

"SQUIRE. 'You don't say! I'm sorry for that.'

"BARNES (*with some surprise*). 'Be ye? An' why, may I ask?'

"SQUIRE. 'Wa'al, I'll tell you. Years ago there come a Mr. Robinson to live where you do, and he was a mean sort of a man, and it was hard gittin' along with him. And after him come Tom Mullen, and he was a dretful mean man—worse, if any thing, than the other. And after *he* left there come Bill Mosher, who was really tejus; and then one worse'n all the others together—old Ned Bolles. You see, they kept a-growin' worse. And finally, you come; and I'm afraid that, if you go, *the Evil One himself will be next!*'

"Barnes left."

We have the following from Three-Rivers, in Canada, our Drawer being strictly international:

"Although we Lower Canadians, as your constant guests, never fail to partake of the good things you spread before us with such a bountiful hand, still it is very seldom we ever think of returning you the compliment. To make amends for this seeming neglect on our part I invite you to partake of the following, hoping you will find them to your taste:

"A worthy son of Erin, quite fresh from the Emerald Isle, having just arrived in Quebec, and wanting some article of clothing, inquired of the first man he met where he could find a clothing store. The man, who happened to be a French Canadian, told him, with much politeness, that he could get any thing he wanted by going to L. and C. Grenier, in St. Peter Street. At this Pat flew into an awful passion, and pitched into poor Jean Baptiste with the greatest fury, to the latter's most visible astonishment. A policeman, attracted by the row, took both parties into custody and brought them before the Recorder. Jean made his deposition; and Pat was asked why he *had* behaved in such a brutal manner toward a man who had sought to oblige him? 'Oblige me, yer Honor! faix an' it's I that's obliged him by not knocking his dirty head off. Sure, didn't I ax him perlately an' dacently as where I could find the like of a clothing store; an', by Saint Patrick, didn't the dirty spalpeen of a Frinchmin till me to go to h—ll and see granny!' The sides of the Recorder fairly shook with laughter at Pat's mistake. He explained matters to him, and warned him not to be so ready with his fiats in future. The Irishman, sorry for what he had done, invited Jean Baptiste to take a *dérop* with him, and they both went out rejoicing.

"In Three-Rivers we have an old French Canadian named Féron, who is crier of the court, and quite a character in his way. Not long since a Judge from Montreal asked old Féron if he understood English.

"'Entendez vous l'Anglais, Monsieur Féron?' said the Judge.

"'Oh oui, votre Honneur, je l'entends très bien; mais je ne le comprend pas!'

"Entendez vous means, in French, 'Do you understand?' or 'Do you hear?' So when the Judge asked him do you hear (understand) English, the old

fellow answered him, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'I hear it very well, but I do not understand it.'

"A YOUNG LADY called on a reverend Father and confessed all her sins, big and little. The *Pater* asked her to give him her name. This she was not obliged, and was not inclined to do; so she answered, rather pertly, 'Father, my name is not a sin.'

"A FARMER who had the habit of seasoning his conversation with a large quantity of curses determined one day to get rid of the habit; and, as a first step toward attaining so desirable an end, he sought a priest and confessed his failing. The *curé* made him promise that he would, as a penance, swallow a grain of sand every time he swore. The man returned home and commenced to plow, and every time he swore—which was every two or three seconds—he swallowed the prescribed quantity of sand. At last he could stand it no longer. He went to the *curé*, and with the greatest earnestness said, 'Father, I beg you will change my penance; if you don't, I will eat up the whole of my farm before long!'"

FROM the extreme of the Northwest—from British Columbia—a constant reader of the *Drawer* writes:

"Perhaps a few items from this barbarous region may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Drawer*. Since your Magazine penetrates to all portions of the globe, each in return should contribute its own mite to the fund of amusement.

"Every one upon this part of the Pacific coast is familiar with the name of Captain Tom Wright, son of 'Bully Wright,' of San Francisco, whose eccentricities prove him to be a 'chip of the old block.' During the last winter he was running a small stern-wheel steamer, cycled the *Enterprise*, an old specimen of Oregon ship-building, much the worse for hard usage. Her boiler, particularly—which was originally intended to carry 120 pounds steam—had become so dilapidated, and been 'plugged' so many times with pine-wood, that any attempt to raise an unusual amount of steam always resulted in its leaking so as to put out the fires. Still Captain Tom never hesitated, at any season of the year, to try the trip up Frazer River, probably the swiftest stream which is navigated by steamers in the world. On these occasions he had an understanding with the engineer of the boat, which in one instance resulted as follows: Upon coming to one of the shoal places in the river, where the water ran so rapidly that he knew it was impossible to steam through, he worked along slowly until the boat came to a dead 'stand-still'—at times going ahead a few feet, and then gradually allowing the current to take it down again. The captain quietly headed her in toward the shore, and ordered the mate to get a line ashore. By dint of hard towing the few hands of the vessel succeeded in getting her some rods farther, when again she stopped and no efforts could move her. Some twenty or thirty of the passengers were congregated forward, and, of course, much interested in the strife.

"'Gentlemen,' said the commander, politely, 'I am under the disagreeable necessity of asking your assistance on the line until we get to yonder point; I am afraid, otherwise, that we can't make the riffle.'

"No one stirred. One specimen of a veritable Pike muttered, in an under-tone, 'that he'd paid his passage, and was dern'd if he'd tow for any body.' Another said, 'he'd heer'n tell of the Paddy who worked his passage on the canawl by leading the

tow-horse, but he wasn't so green.' All manifested a very decided disinclination to the proposal.

"'Wash!' sings out the captain to the engineer, in tones loud enough to be heard through the whole boat, 'how much steam have you got on?'

"'One hundred and forty pounds!' was the ominous reply.

"'Put on ten more, Sir, at once!' thundered back the 'skipper.'

"'The boiler is leaking very badly now, Sir, and I am afraid she won't stand any more,' was the response, well calculated to assure the timid.

"'Raise her to one hundred and fifty, if you blow her up!' was the next order from the apparently excited captain.

"During this short colloquy the passengers had been staring at each other perfectly thunder-struck. A tall Missourian was the first to recover from his lethargy. Making a leap from the guards of the boat to the shore he cried out, 'I'll tow, for one!' His example was followed by the rest, and in a minute's time there was not a passenger left upon the boat. With a sly twinkle in his eye Captain Tom turned to the pilot and remarked, 'We'll have no trouble with those fellows during the rest of the trip!' And so it was. At all future similar places—and they were not few—a simple request was sufficient to attach them all to the end of the tow-line."

FROM far-off Oregon a genial correspondent of the *Drawer* writes:

"Even in the mines, in our mountain fastnesses, in our pleasant, smiling valleys, amidst the shining gold-fields and gloomy cañons of the furthest 'Far West,' that bounteous *cornucopia* the *Drawer* pours out its wealth of convivial humor. Here, where the relentless tide of human fortune bows the stoutest heart beneath its breakers—where 'blues' and hypochondria are often known and felt—it comes with its grateful panacea to 'raise up the bowed down.' Mine costs me nine dollars a year per express, but I reckon it among the indispensables. While the desperate *felo de se* contemplates his destiny in cold steel and arsenic, give me the prolific *Drawer* and I'll 'laugh and grow fat.'

"I tender you the following, which is too true to be very laughable:

"A case was being examined before Justice A. B. Mc—n of our place, who was generally known as the 'village squire,' and of whom the village poet-aster once facetiously rhymed:

"'In judgment he sat like a Turkish bashaw,
For he was, whilom, dubbed "a limb of the law;"
And while he dispensed law and justice to some,
To others he vended wise counsel and rum.'

"During the examination the lawyers quarreled, became pugnacious, and finally 'pitched in,' handling each other 'without gloves;' and but for the meddlesome interference of the constable, they would have had a 'fair fight.'

"The Squire sat gazing over his spectacles at this scene in horrific amazement, till, suddenly losing his equilibrium, he sprang up a-tip-toe, and roared out:

"'The Court fines you fifty dollars a piece and three days' imprisonment! Constable! to jail with them! *Gü!*'

"The two clients looked askant at their culpable counsel. Would Court adjourn, the jury be dismissed, and they be compelled to wait three days for counsel and the closing of their case? They were anxious to have a verdict, and both looked alternately at the Squire and then at a 'Notice' in the

Squire's establishment, which read: 'Pay at once, and don't keep us waiting. Time is money.' The jury seemed fidgety, and even his Honor manifested some uneasiness. But before the constable could muster his thoughts sufficiently to prompt action in the premises, one of the lawyers arose and relieved himself and others by saying:

"May it please the Court, your Honor has fined us more than the law allows."

"SQUIRE (in a husky but emphatic tone): 'Then the Court fines you as much as the law does allow!'"

"The lawyers being left to determine the point as to how much the law *did* allow, agreed on fining themselves twenty-five dollars and no imprisonment, which being satisfactory, his Honor took fifty dollars, and the examination was resumed."

LYING evidently runs in the blood of some negroes as well as many whites, as the following anecdote will illustrate:

"Some time ago, when squatting on claims in Kansas was more profitable than now, I was induced to go over, and, to assist me in cooking, I had occasion to take George and Jesse, two negro boys, with me. One night, as three or four of us were seated in the front room of my cabin, I heard quite an altercation between these sable sons. It seemed that George had forcibly taken away a jack-knife, the property of Jesse, at which Jesse's ire was raised to such a pitch that my presence was required to quell the disturbance. On entering the room I discovered George, with one hand pressing hard against his left hand vest-pocket, loudly vociferating:

"'Mass' Frank! I ain't got Jess's knife! I ain't seed it! 'Fore God, I ain't!'"

"Calling George toward me, I made a motion to search him, when the little fellow exclaimed:

"'Mass' Frank, you may feel in ev'ry pocket but dis un.'"

"'Why not in that one, George?'"

"'Kase de knife's in dar. But I 'clare on my soul I ain't got it.'"

"Sure enough, I felt every other pocket, and no knife; but when I put my hand in the one he objected to my searching, there I found the 'bone of contention.' With childish simplicity he exclaimed:

"'Well, Mass' Frank, if you hadn't felt dar I wouldn't 've had it!'"

"I SEND you an account of a desperate legal dog-fight that came off in the Superior Court of Chicago a few days ago.

"The defendant had shot the plaintiff's dog in the month of July, 1857. Plaintiff immediately brought suit in trespass, which has been tried in the inferior courts some three times, in which trials victory was sometimes on the side of the plaintiff and sometimes the defendant. On the final trial James B. Bradwell, a tall 'limb of the law,' celebrated for his extravagant expressions and great eloquence, appeared as counsel for the plaintiff; and Robert Hervey, a fine specimen of a Scotch lawyer, and noted for being a leader in the St. Andrew's Society, for the defendant.

"It was proved by Mr. Martin, formerly groom for Lord Shurtleff, an English nobleman, that the father and mother of the plaintiff's dog at one time belonged to the said nobleman, and were imported by the witness.

"The defendant's counsel wound up his plea as follows:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, it is proved that the plaintiff's dog was an *aristocratic* dog; that he had noble blood coursing through his veins; and, having crossed the great water and come to a land of freedom, any good Democrat like my client had a right to open the vein of this aristocratic dog and let the kingly blood flow out. Gentlemen, you can not find my client guilty for doing to this dog what your fathers of the Revolution did to the aristocratic English. No, gentlemen, never—never!'"

"The plaintiff's counsel closed on him in the following way:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, the point my learned friend makes in regard to the right to let aristocratic blood flow, undoubtedly applies as well to *men* as *dogs*; but my friend is the last man to make that point. What! he, who boasts descent from a line of Scottish lords as ancient as the Douglasses, talk of being an enemy to aristocratic blood! It is preposterous! Why, gentlemen, you and I have seen him on holidays, in the St. Andrew's Society, with his body as erect as a bean-pole, all decorated with rosettes, ribbons, and furbelows, neither looking to the right nor left, but marching along to the music of the Light Guard Band as carefully and stately as if the fate of worlds depended upon every step he took.

"'No, gentlemen, this will not do; for if the logic of my learned friend is true, you would open that vein of his in which courses the blood of kings, and moisten our democratic soil with it before my friend could return to his office.

"'No, gentlemen, no such aristocratic man can justify the killing of our noble dog on any such ground.

"'We may be forsaken by father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all our kindred—kicked out of doors, and turned loose upon the wide, wide world—but our dog—noble, heroic, faithful—will cling to us with unwavering fidelity till the last faint spark of life dies out!'"

"'But he is dead! and we ask you, by your verdict, to punish his murderer so that he shall remember shooting our dog with sorrow until the last moment of his life.'"

A LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, correspondent writes:

"Before the adoption of the new Constitution in Indiana, the circuit courts were ornamented with a couple of associate judges who received a compensation of two dollars per day while court was sitting. Of course they were plain old farmers, guiltless of all legal knowledge. In the absence of the circuit judge they were authorized to try ordinary common law cases. Upon one occasion, in the County of C—, the presiding judge was absent, when a little appeal case from a justice's docket was called up for trial. Small as the case was, a formidable bundle of papers had accumulated in it. One party moved to dismiss the appeal, and the other side responded with a motion to dismiss the case. A legal argument of some hours left the Bench completely bewildered, and as a last resort, the two judges called Major T—, the Nestor of the bar, into their councils, and, in a stage whisper, asked his advice.

"'The case ought to be thrown out of court,' was the sententious judgment of the Major.

"'Mr. Clerk, give us all them papers,' said the judge who did up the talking. They were handed to him. 'Mr. Sheriff, open that window!' The next moment the entire bundle of papers were beyond the reach of *certiorari*, scattered over an adja-

cent hog-wallow that lay conveniently beneath the window.

"How the clerk made up the record I never learned."

OUR "wealthy" North Carolina correspondent, writing again from "High Johnsing," winds up with a *postscriptum* as follows:

"P.S. I ought to have told you of an *issue of veracity* between Mr. Shakspeare and Mr. Simon which the county-court jury had to try last term. You see it was a case of assault and battery, and the facts were, that an officer of the county, having an execution to levy, was confronted by the plaintiff's wife right in front of the crib door he was about to enter in search of corn wherewith to satisfy the writ. She told him in plain terms he shouldn't 'tetch that ar corn; it war hern, and daddy made it not subjec' to any sich debts or contractings or the like.' The officer, unawed by this remonstrance, nevertheless proceeded to open the crib, and in so doing jostled the good lady a little; he took her by the arms, not, perhaps, handling her as gently as he would a less belligerent dame, and for this assault he stood indicted.

"Our friend Simon appeared for the defense. He enlarged upon the necessity of law and order: 'A great principle, gentlemen of the jury, is involved in this prosecution. Is the law able to vindicate itself? Shall a woman be entitled to leave the sacred spot which should be hallowed by her footstep and presence, the bedside of her sick husband, and, so to speak, unsex herself by resisting a public officer in the proper and lawful discharge of his duties? My client was taking the corn under the command of the law, and he only used force enough to put her out of the way, and he was a sworn officer.'

"The honorable member resumed his seat, and wiping his spectacles, was immediately surrounded by some six or ten clients who wanted a petition for partition. Immersed in the details of the names of heirs, dates, etc., and writing as fast as the crowd and noise would permit, his attention seems entirely to have been taken away from the case, when it was recalled in the following manner:

"Our old friend Gus was employed to prosecute, and his zeal had been fully aroused by a fat contingent. He thought it horrible that, in this land of boasted chivalry, women were to be subjected to such insults.

"Gentlemen," said he, "more than three thousand years ago the immortal bard of Avon said,

"The man that lays his hand upon
A woman, save in the way of kindness,
Is a wretch;"

and here he turned, 'flaming in full circle,' as friend Sym would say, and looking to where Simon was writing away in the midst of a crowd of clients, totally oblivious of what was going on, and elevating his voice to its full compass, added,

"Yes, gentlemen, a wretch (that's the point!)

"Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward!"

"Mr. Simon looked up a moment at the speaker, and then rising with evident indignation at what he supposed to be an epithet applied to him or his client, remarked, with emphasis and warmth, 'Gentlemen of the jury, I pronounce that an infamous falsehood!'

"You ought to have seen Gus at that moment. He was evidently at a loss, but it was the work of an instant to recover his equanimity. Rubbing the point of his nose, he said, turning to the jury, 'Well, gentlemen, there is evidently an issue of veracity be-

tween Mr. Shakspeare and somebody, and I know it ain't me; I will proceed with my argument.'"

CAN the following, in the way of advertisements, clipped from the *Texas Christian Advocate*, published at Galveston, Texas, be beat?

"Follow Peace with all men, and Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

I WISH to say to the public, through the *Advocate*, that, by the help of the good Lord, and the use of His money (I am only a steward on earth), I have erected a

Good Flouring and Corn Mill.

It is situated ten miles north of La Grange, near the road leading from that place to the town of Caldwell.

My days for grinding, in each week, are—Corn on Tuesday, and Wheat on Wednesday and Thursday.

Fayette Co., Feb. 29, 1880.

JOHN RABB.

"THE shining light of our house is a little five-year-old named Simeon; but, from his old-fashioned ways, he is better known as 'Papa' about the premises.

"One of those traveling nuisances called organ-grinders has latterly made a weekly visit to our neighborhood, and one of his stations is in front of the house. As 'Papa' has some music in his soul, he gravely ceases from all worldly pursuits, and gives his serious attention to 'Old Dog Tray,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' 'The Girl I left behind me,' 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Jim Crow,' and after the whole opera is performed honestly rewards the maestro with a cent. Latterly the organ has been sadly out of tune—a very lamentable hoarseness seemed to afflict it—and 'Papa' became annoyed at the doleful sounds emitted, and it sadly puzzled him to distinguish 'Coming through the Rye' from 'Our Mary Ann.' Hearing his mother say that hot lemonade was good for hoarseness or a cold, he got her promise that the next time the organ came, if no better, it should have a dose. On the usual day the organ was heard—and, if possible, more dismally afflicted than ever. 'Papa' reminded his mother of the promise; and she, believing it to be a great error to promise and not perform, to children especially, prepared a small pitcher of lemonade and handed it to her son. 'Papa' soon presented himself before the organist, his mother watching the proceedings.

"Got cold?" pointing to the organ.

"Ees, ees!" said the smiling grinder.

"Give it this," handing the pitcher.

"Ees, ees!" taking hold of it, and pouring the contents down his thirsty throat.

"Papa" stared, evidently thinking there was something wrong. He looked very wisely at the stomach of the man and the back of the organ, to see where the connecting link joined the two; and his whole action and demeanor showed a wonderfully-perplexed youngster.

"Having returned into the house his mother questioned him as to his success, but he was not talkative. He kept up considerable of a thinking, however; and in the evening, when all were at home and acquainted with the facts, the quizzing he got was by no means palatable.

"On the usual organ day 'Papa' was very fidgety; time seemed to hang heavy on his hands, and the whole household were constantly telling him what o'clock it was. At the stated time an organ was heard; the sounds were fresh and clear; the notes burst forth sharp, and seemed to grind out with a will, 'Here's a Health to all good Lassies!' 'Papa'

bounded to the door, and was soon before the musician. He examined the instrument and found it was the same he had always seen.

"Better, eh?"

"Ees, ees; good for organ!" making signs of pouring down his throat. "Organ good now! a leetle more make much better!"

"Papa was evidently pleased that the organ was better, but still there was a mystery about it he could not explain. Having rewarded the leader of the choir with a penny he turned on his heel; and from that day to this can not bear to hear the matter spoken of, nor will he ever go near either the organ-grinder alluded to or any other, seeming quite convinced there is yet something in it beyond his conception."

THE editor of the Georgia —, on going to his office one fine April morning, found a rough-looking backwoodsman seated in his sanctum, apparently in the "height of contentment," as he was in the editor's easy-chair, reading the exchanges of the day before.

"Good-morning!" quoth the editor, on entering.

"Good-mornin'!" said the countryman.

A few minutes elapsed, when the countryman—still occupying the only chair in the room—inquired,

"Do yer advertise runaway niggers in your paper; and what do yer charge?"

"We do," replied the editor; "and our charges vary, Sir, owing altogether to the length of the advertisement."

"Wa'al," quoth the countryman, "I got a nigger in the woods, and I come here to git you to put him in the papers."

He here produced a piece of paper on which was written the following advertisement. We were furnished with the original copy, and consequently can testify as to the correctness of every thing we write. Here it is:

STATE OF GEORGIA }
WARREN COUNTY }

THOMSON
GEORGIA Ga Ra R

Runaway from ml over sear on the fift Day of march 1860 My Negro boy Amon about five Feet Six hight Black complectede tolerableare Well Bilt Quick When Spoken to marks a Schar on his forrad Small heade A very Smaul years one or the other of Illas little fingers Stiff Between twenty five and thirtee years of age I Suppose from his Chat that he is Eather harbird or Stolede by Some White Pearson I will Pay a Reward of Ten Dollers for the boy Deliverde to me or five dollers in Some Safe Jale whear I kin git him I wil pay twenty five doller Rewarde fur him And the Thieaf or harber with Suffishon Prouf, to Convict them &c.

AN excellent clergyman in the country writes to the Drawer:

"In reading the February number of your most excellent *Monthly* I noticed the sad experience of a 'Western New York' preacher; and the question is asked, 'Who can beat that?' I will try; and I can vouch for the truth of the following, as your humble servant was the man who received the 'grapes and pumpkins.'

"I was seated quietly in my room, one pleasant day, reading *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, when my wife remarked, 'There is a gentleman at the gate, my dear. He says he wishes to see you, and is in a great hurry.'

"I stepped to the door, when the following conversation occurred:

"DEACON. 'Good-morning, Brother Jones!'

"'Good-morning!'

"DEACON. 'The Church in — sent me over here to see you, and git you to go over thar and preach for us all. Our minister is clean broke down, and thar is a powerful work gwine on 'mung the nabors, and every body wants you to go over.'

"I pleaded bad health, but all to no purpose, the good Deacon still urging me. 'Come, git your critter and let's be off in time for evenin' meetin'!'

"I went and preached *twenty-four* sermons; there were several additions to the church, and I trust much lasting good accomplished. The congregation gathered in the church after the ordinance of baptism had been administered, to sing the parting hymn and give to each other the parting hand, when the good Deacon delivered the following speech:

"'Well, breethring and sisters, we've all bin a prayin' and a singin' and a zortin' here for a gwine on now more'n two weeks, and our pastur broke down, and you sent me over to town for Brother Jones. Well, he comed and preached in great power and weekness; and we orto do the hansum for him, bein' as how he can't live on wind and is got a large family.'

"The church then agreed to 'do the hansum' for me; and I reported to my good wife the speech of the Deacon and the resolution of the brethren.

"A few days after, as I was quietly lounging in my room, I heard a voice at the gate. It was the Deacon with the 'hansum' offering of the church for two weeks' hard labor 'in great power and weekness.' My wife stepped out.

"DEACON. 'Good-evenin', sister. Come out and see what we've done for you!'

"Wife peeped into the cart, and there she saw *seven pumpkins and a half bushel of wild grapes!* The deacon looked at wife and remarked, 'Now ain't they hansum fellers?'

OLD Colonel Tom S—, of the infantry, a very large, burly, red-faced gentleman, with a snow-white head and a voice like a bass-trombone, has an unfortunate habit of thinking out loud. While stationed temporarily in Washington the old gentleman one Sunday morning took it into his head to go to church, where he took a seat in a pew beneath the pulpit, and, Prayer-Book in hand, attentively followed the clergyman through the service. It happened to be the 17th day of the month; but in giving out the Psalms for the day the Rev. Mr. P— made a mistake, and announced, "The 16th day of the month, morning prayer, beginning at the 79th Psalm." When, to the astonishment of the congregation, old Colonel Tom, in the pew below, in a deep bass voice, *thought* aloud, "The 17th day of the month, by Jupiter!" The clergyman immediately corrected himself, "Ah! the 17th day of the month, morning prayer, beginning at the 86th Psalm." When the propriety of the assembly was immediately disturbed by another *thought* from old Tom, who, in the same deep tone, remarked, "*Had him there!*" He had, certainly, and the congregation also.

A LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, friend says:

"'Once upon a time,' when the writer was younger than he now is, dueling had become epidemic among the midshipmen at the Gosport navy-yard. A determined effort was made by Commodore W—, then in command of the yard, to suppress the practice. The entire body of reeferers were 'quarantined,' i.e. confined strictly to the limits of the yard. The armory was locked up, and all private arms tempo-

rarily sequestered. In addition to these precautions a general order was issued from the Navy Department threatening with instant dismissal from the service all participants in any future duel.

"Under these unfavorable conditions a difficulty occurred between Bob H— and Tom S—.

"After a private consultation between themselves two points were agreed upon—1. That a fight was indispensable; 2. That they would not involve any of their friends in the consequences by calling upon them to act as seconds.

"An important difficulty remained to be overcome. They had no weapons. After a diligent search they succeeded in finding one old flint-lock boarding pistol; and provided with this, they sought and found a 'quiet spot' behind one of the ship houses, and after loading the pistol tossed up for the first fire. Bob H— won, and the parties took their places at 'gentlemanly distance.' Here let me remark that Tom S— was one of the most inveterate stutters that I ever remember to have met.

"Are you ready?" asked Bob.

"Y-y-yes! c-c-crack away!"

"Bob took deliberate aim and snapped; recocked and snapped again; and then, coolly drawing an old key from his pocket, commenced picking the flint of his pistol. Tom, who had all the while stood with his arms akimbo waiting his turn, now interrupted the proceedings with,

"S-s-see here, Bob S—! b-b-blast your eyes, do you think y-y-you're shooting woodcock?"

"The duel went no further."

At the close of a hotly-contested election in the "Iron City," a few years since, Tom McGlinsey, blacksmith, a patriot of the purest water, having faithfully served his country through the day by drinking and voting half a dozen times in each of the wards, staggered into the "head-quarters" of his party to "liquor" before retiring to his home. "Landlord," said he, "give us a horn of brandy and water."

The landlord, a very decent specimen of his class, seeing that Tom was already pretty considerably "corned," politely refused to grant his request. Indignant at the refusal, Tom threw himself into an arm-chair in front of the bar, where he sat wishfully gazing at the decanters and glasses so temptingly displayed upon the counter—"in sight of heaven, but feeling hell"—and bitterly complaining of his "confounded hard case," that, after having served "the party" all day as he had done, he couldn't have a horn of brandy and water at head-quarters in the evening.

Presently entered two of the leading spirits of the party, Captain R— and Doctor C—. "Come, Captain," said the Doctor, pouring out the liquor for his friend, "let us have a drink before we go home."

"Hold on! hold on!" said the Captain, "you are giving me too heavy a dose."

"Never mind," said the Doctor, "'twill only be another nail in your coffin."

"Do you call that a nail?" said Tom, who had watched their proceedings with intense interest, "that's what I call a spike!"

The Doctor "owned up," "acknowledged the corn," treated Tom to a spike, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

THE Valley of Kittochtinney, which runs through Cumberland and Franklin Counties, Pennsylvania, was, as history informs us, originally settled by Scotch-Irish immigrants, with stockings of the most

orthodox Presbyterian true blue. In the early days of the settlement, when church edifices and stationed preachers were not so numerous there as at present, it was the custom, when a minister of the gospel "came along," to have worship in some suitable place in the woods, in fine weather, to which the inhabitants of the valley gathered from far and near, on foot and on horseback. And a very solemn and beautiful sight it must have been to see a congregation of such people on a fine summer's morning. The venerable patriarch, the aged matron, the manly youth, and the modest maiden, seated in dignified composure or standing erect beneath the bright canopy of heaven, and, with united voices, praising the God who made the heavens and the earth. Lofty piles of architecture with spires piercing the clouds have since then been erected in that valley as temples to the Most High; but it may well be doubted whether those who kneel at such costly shrines bring with them purer hearts than the simple people who worshiped under the spreading trees of the Kittochtinney woods. In these primitive days the arrival of a preacher from the old country was certain to produce a lively sensation; and among the most distinguished of these arrivals was the Rev. Archibald M'C—, from the north of Ireland, a man of noble aspect, great simplicity of manners, profound learning, and commanding eloquence, whose fame was in all the churches. On one occasion a large congregation had assembled in the woods to hear him preach. The people were ranged around a natural amphitheatre, and the officiating clergymen were seated upon the trunk of a large decayed fallen tree. It was in the days of knee breeches, long stockings, buckles and shoes, and, unfortunately, the decayed log was inhabited by myriads of large black ants, who very soon commenced a minute examination of the persons of the reverend squatters. One of the divines gave out a psalm, another offered a prayer—both of them hitching and jerking as if suffering with St. Vitus's Dance. The orator of the day sat with immovable firmness, his brows knit and his hair erect, looking for all the world like the great Carolinian, or the Carolinian's great rival, the hero of New Orleans, the noblest Roman of them all.

Rising with majestic dignity, he gave out his text and commenced his discourse, with an occasional and sudden pinch or slap at his inexpressibles. But his tormentors could not thus be subdued. They spread themselves in troops over all his person. His sufferings were intolerable; flesh and blood could not stand it. Eugenius's hot chestnuts, in "Tristram Shandy," were nothing to it. He stopped suddenly and grit his teeth, while the perspiration in large drops rolled down his face, and, stretching forth his right arm, with emphasis and energy he exclaimed (seizing at the same moment with his left hand that part of his person most tormented), "Brethren, the word o' God is in my mouth, but the *de'il* is in my breeks!"

THE late Judge Duncan, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, used to tell the following story of his youthful days:

"At the commencement of my practice," said he, "I had a client of the name of Kockersperger, an old, close-fisted German, of considerable property, for whom I did many little matters in the way of my profession, being always paid in promises that all would be right by-and-by. Finally, he sent for me to prepare his will. I made my memorandums of the items and was about to retire, when he stopped me,

and said, 'Mr. Duncan, you have been my good friend, and attended to all my business, and have never got any thing yet for your trouble; I want to leave you \$500 in my will.'

"Greatly surprised and delighted, I said, 'My good Sir, you are too generous! I have no claims on you for more than a fair compensation for my services, which would not amount to one half that sum.' The old man *insided*, however, and I inserted the legacy, nothing loth; and the will was executed in due form. There or four years afterward, when the matter had passed out of my mind, I was attending court in a distant county, and, while sitting at the hotel with the Judges and my fellow-members of the bar, one of the company read from a newspaper the announcement of the death of my old German friend. 'Well,' said I, 'he's gone at last (he was very old), and I am \$500 the richer by it!' and I told them the story of my legacy. They overwhelmed me with congratulations, as a matter of course, and it was unanimously resolved that I should 'treat the crowd' to a supper upon the strength of my good fortune. We had the supper, accordingly, and I footed the bill (a matter of no little consequence to me at the time in a pecuniary point of view).

"On my return home I lost no time in calling upon his executors, to *lament with them the loss of our excellent friend*; but, to my surprise, they preserved a dignified silence on the subject of my legacy! My impatience led me to the Recorder's office, where, to my astonishment, I found that the old skinflint had *copied the will*, in his own handwriting, *omitting the legacy!*"

DURING the recent trial of a man in Baltimore for a cruel and outrageous assault upon his daughter—a pretty, gentle girl, just entering womanhood—it was proven that the traverser had seized his daughter in the street by the throat, had dragged her from the protection of persons with whom she was living as a nurse, and having reached his home with his *prisoner*, and regaled himself with a hearty supper, that he had entertained himself for a period of two hours, varied by intermissions for rest and refreshment, by beating his daughter unmercifully with a cart-whip. The defense interposed by his counsel was as extraordinary as the character of the misdemeanor of the accused; and, among other arguments in justification of the father's brutality, it was urged that the daughter was unworthy of belief; that she was habitually disobedient; that the father's "finer feelings" made him solicitous to reform the girl's heart; and that he had only obeyed the spirit of Solomon's maxim, "Not to spare the rod, lest he should spoil the child." As the counsel finished his argument for the defendant, Mr. R. S. Mathews, a member of the bar, handed the following impromptu to Mr. Whitney, the State's Attorney, who closed the case for the State by repeating it to the jury with humorous effect:

"His 'finer feelings' made him seek his child,
To train her steps in ways 'uncommon mild,'
And lest her feet from duty's paths should slip,
He kept her upright by a *drayman's whip*.
The ancient teacher—holy man of God—
Advises 'parents not to spare the rod,'
But in this case the query rises—Whether
Solomon meant the rod should be of *leather?*
If *Pugley's* rule the jury should indorse,
His child will fare scarce better than his horse!"

The prisoner was convicted, heavily fined, and im-

prisoned for three months, by Judge Bond, the admirable Judge of the Criminal Court.

BABY'S SHOES.

THESE very dainty little things,
With bow and buckle bright,
And fitted to dear little feet
So soft, and smooth, and white;
And all the children eager rush
To tell the wondrous news,
"That our baby has short clothes
And pretty little shoes."

Why is it that my timid heart
Is full of anxious fears,
And all unconsciously my eyes
Glisten with blinding tears?
It is, that up to this my babe
Lay on a loving breast,
To which he ever eager turned
For nourishment and rest.

But little shoes, ye bid me think
That from this very day
I send another pilgrim forth
Upon life's weary way,
Into the world of sin and care,
Its struggling and its strife,
Until with Job his soul may wish
It never had known life.

'Twas just two years ago I put
On little Kitty's feet
Such shoes as these with fond cares
And kisses warm and sweet,
Things just as fragile as these are
And not a bit more stout;
Yet she had joined the angels' band
Ere they were quite worn out.

Ah! many a mother's bitter tears
On little shoes are shed,
Relics of household treasures gone,
Idols among the dead.
Whether this babe reach man's estate
Or soon his course be run,
I only ask for grace to say
"Father, Thy will be done!"

THE beauty of the following story is that it is as old as the hills, and was told long before the gallant Colonel was born who is now made the hero of it by our Westchester County correspondent:

"A long time ago (if I am not mistaken all true stories commence in that way), when we used to have our general militia musters for Westchester County, New York, at White Plains, when our present Hon. General Aaron Ward was *the Colonel*, there lived at that time *all* over the country three of the laziest men the sun ever shone on, and known as Crazy Lawrence, Possum Joel, and Stuttering Dave. It so happened that, at one of our grand general training days, the said three lazy men—I presume, by sympathy—got together, and sat sunning themselves like snakes in the spring of the year, when our Colonel and several of his officers chanced to pass that way. As soon as the Colonel saw the men he remarked to those with him, 'There sit the three laziest men in the county, and I would give a dollar to know which is the laziest man of the three!' Suiting the action to the word, he took from his pocket a silver dollar, and threw it on the ground a few yards in front of the men, and said, 'There is a dollar for the laziest man. And now to decide who he is.' Crazy Lawrence commenced crawling on his hands and knees toward the prize, saying, 'It's mine, I'm lazy—I'm laziest.' 'Not so fast!' says the Colonel; 'let us see what the other two say to that.'

Possum Joel then put in his claim, by rolling over toward the dollar, saying, 'It is mine; I am too lazy to creep for it.' 'Wait a moment,' says the Colonel; 'wait a moment, and let us hear from Dave.' Dave had sat during the whole time perfectly unmoved, smoking a short pipe. The Colonel said, 'Dave, what have you got to say about the dollar?' Dave deliberately took his pipe out of his mouth, and coolly drawled out, 'We-we-wy, Cur-Cur-Curnel, 'f I'm to h-h-have the do-do-dollar, y-y-you ma-ma-must put it in ma-ma-my pocket!' He then put his pipe in his mouth, and the 'Curnel' put the dollar in his pocket."

"EVERY body that has traveled much on the Lakes is conversant with the name of Captain Fred W——, and hundreds still live who were proud of classing him among their list of particular friends. Fred had an extreme sense of the ludicrous. In a thriving city of the West a splendid church had been erected; and in order to keep up with the times it was decided to build a parsonage, which, as the church was called St. Paul's, must of course be St. Paul's parsonage. A door-plate to this effect was accordingly prepared, and in due time adorned the front door.

"Passing that way one day, with three or four companions, Fred discovered the door-plate, and without a word to his companions mounted the steps and rang the bell. A blooming descendant of the Emerald Isle answered the summons, when Fred, with a slight bow, inquired if 'Mr. St. Paul was in?' The girl promptly answered, 'No, Sir;' when Fred, with all the *sang froid* of a lawyer, asked if 'Mrs. St. Paul was in?' Looking at him a moment, she said she would inquire. I would only add that when the girl returned Fred and his companions had gone; and the next day the door-plate was gone too."

"COLONEL B——, formerly commanding officer at Fort Vancouver, was a 'character'—gruff and fond of a joke, yet kind-hearted withal, as most men fond of a joke are. There are several good things told of him, which, unless the Drawer will spread them, are doomed to remain in their present limited circle of the camp fire and barrack-room. Here is one:

"The guard-house had been undergoing repairs, and the Colonel was looking through the rooms, attended by the sergeant of the guard. The latter seized the opportunity to ask the commanding officer to sign a 'requisition for a couple of brooms for the use of the guard;' as heretofore, while the floors were in a dilapidated state, only brushes of willow, birch, and other undergrowth had been used to sweep about the place, and these were very rude affairs made by the soldiers.

"'What's that?' says the Colonel; 'oh yes! oh yes! come up to my quarters with me and I'll give you an order for brooms; certainly—certainly!'"

"So when the Colonel's informal inspection was over, the sergeant followed him 'at a respectful distance,' in silence, to his quarters. The Colonel mounted the steps of his front piazza, wheeled suddenly, and beckoning the sergeant to hurry, waited until he stood beside him on the porch, then with a magnetic wave of his hand at the horizon of undergrowth in the distance, exclaimed pompously,

"'Sergeant, all brooms—all brooms! take as many as you please!'"

"THE Colonel was a chicken-fancier, and prided himself on his 'stud' of Bantams, Polands, and Shang-

hais, making daily visits to the coop and counting many an egg before it was hatched. One morning he missed a couple of choice birds. Inquiries were immediately instituted, with the aid of the whole detective force of his standing orderly and housekeeper, and by night it was pretty clear that two of the soldiers were the depredators; but as there was no proof positive against these amateurs, the Colonel had them brought before him and delivered himself somewhat as follows:

"'Now don't you feel mean? Don't say a word, I know you did it—I see it in your faces! What did Congress raise your pay for? To keep you from stealing officers' chickens, to be sure!'—and the Colonel paced up and down before them impatiently. Then, after a pause, 'You know I can't prove it—you know it, you rascals—so off to your quarters, and mind you don't say a word about it; and if your consciences trouble you, just think to yourselves, 'how well we did it—how well we did it!'"

"Afterward one of these men was detailed for orderly to the Colonel, and coming up to the porch, was greeted with,

"'Here you come—here you come again! run to the post-office while I lock the chicken-coop and hide the key!'"

A TRUE wife writes the following to her beloved husband. The letter is genuine. What a comfort it must be to receive such an epistle!

SIR,—I amuse myself by addressing you a few lines as I received a letter from you, and that you were quite welcome as you wrote without the slightest consent and as for your awkwardness I did not see and as for your rashness I did not perceive and as I will be very much gratified to being in your favor as I am not opposed to speaking a word in secret to you as I think I will agree if your opinion of me is of a true heart and willing mind if you are under any good design as I hope you will be as I have the proper mode of choosing to my notion as this is a charming pleasure as I think you will be comforted by my little opinion as I am so worthy of speaking in your favor for truly I have used my own pleasure and if you are not advancing on firm foundation it is at my reception and not at my refusal and please understand me for I shall not be counterfeit false hearted and deceitful and believe me if I have not turned to your great pleasure I have so endeavored so answer my affection but use your own pleasure excuse me for my bad mistakes and reveal this secret to nun.

MARY ———.

"Mr oldest boy—a four-year old—had a present of a little wheel-barrow not long since; and in the evening he was propelling it up and down the parlor floor at a rapid rate, and so disturbing the company with his noise that his father directed him to cease his racing, and, if he must play with his wheel-barrow, to walk up and down. He is a very obedient boy, and for some time he endeavored to comply with the directions. At last he exclaimed, 'Papa, I do try to walk; but the wheel-barrow won't walk.'"

SOON after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Martin County, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught that way, and replied,

"Oh no, Mr. Telegrapher, you can't fool me that way. I'm not as green as you think I am! That darn'd tickin' thing of yours ha'n't been out of this room; I watched it all the time!"

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS

BY Professor Bumps B.D.



"Man know thy Self!!"



"This child Madam is destined to— become one of our greatest statesmen— Madam!—the Presidential Chair is within his grasp!!!!"



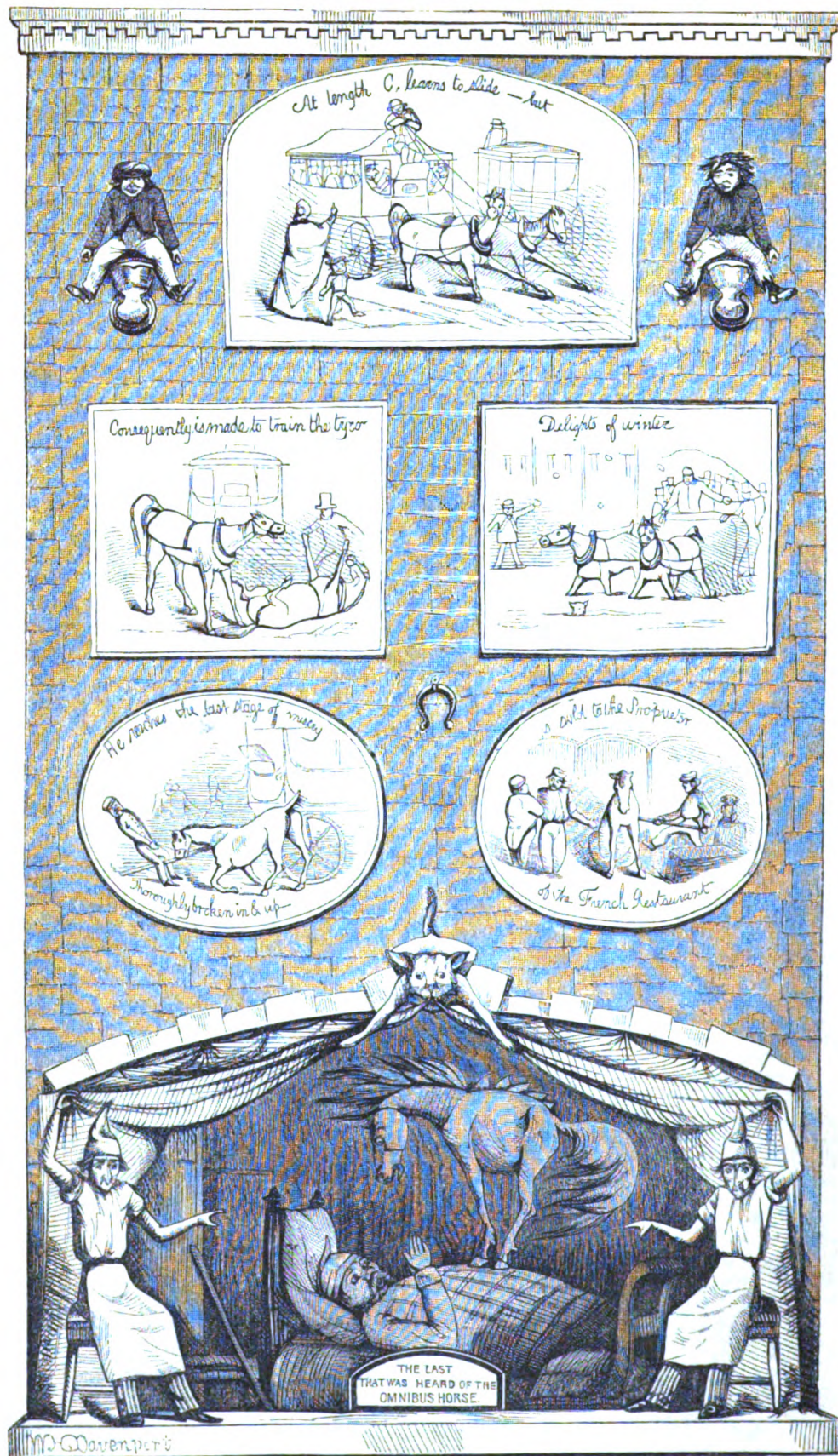
"Your bump of Veneration Sir! is— fearfully and grandly developed— Och! murther an isn't me self that's thankful to Paddy Rooney for that bump— when he rapped you the hed wid a Club!!"



"This subject— Ladies and Gents— judging from the beautiful development of her head— is destined for a Poetess— One whose gushing amiability will be known throughout the land!!"



"Professor! You sir have mistaken your vocation— you a Butcher! with that head!— No Sir are Artist— nature intends you for one and a big one at that."



Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—DRESSING-GOWN.

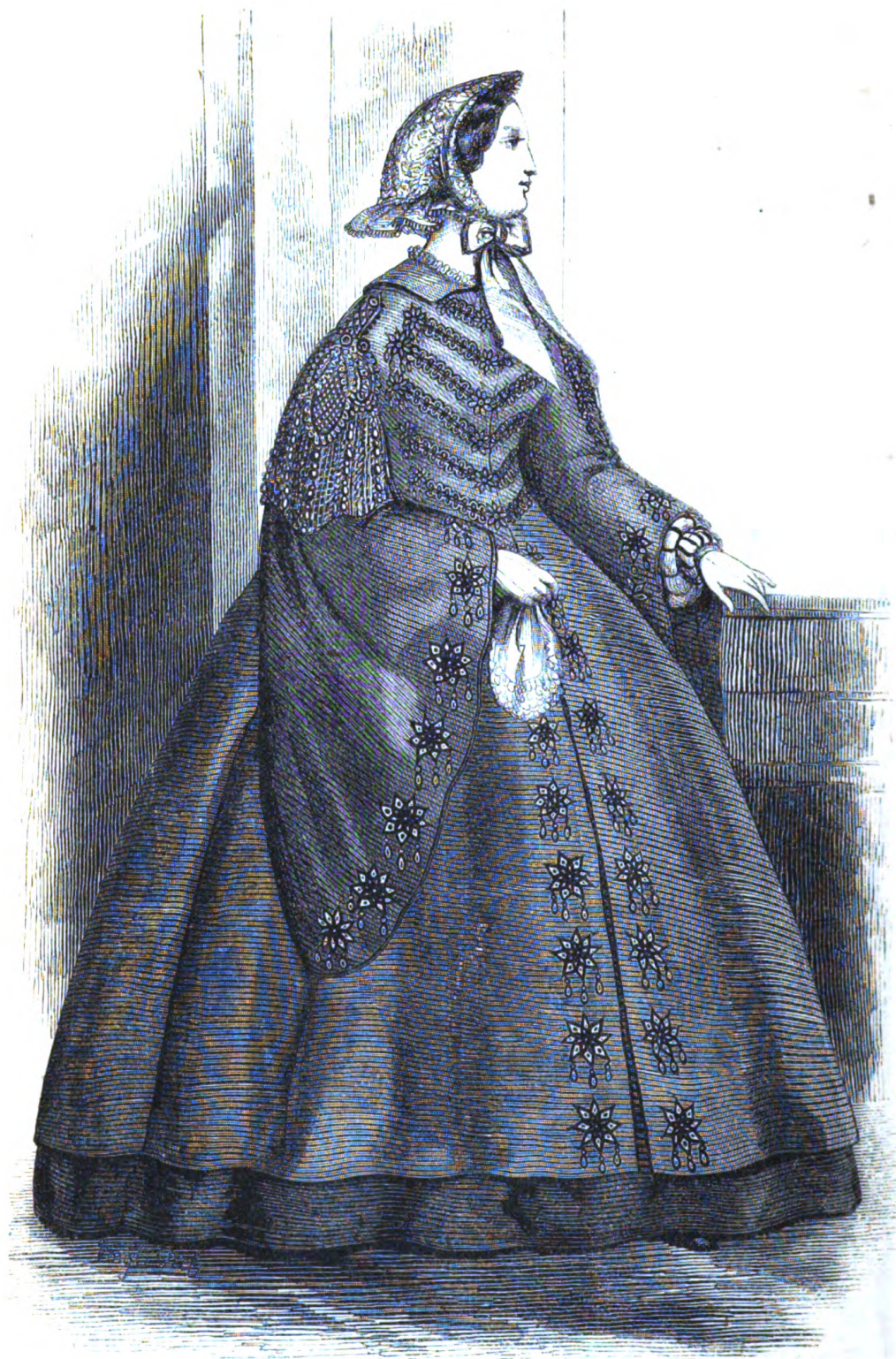


FIGURE 2.—PARDESSUS.

THIS Pardessus is one of the most marked styles of the season. It is made of cloth. The epaulets will be noted as one of its distinguishing features.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXVI.—NOVEMBER, 1860.—VOL. XXI.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

JOHNSMITH, the real founder of the Commonwealth of Virginia, was born in January, 1579, in the Parish of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, near the coast of the North Sea, between the Wash and the Humber. He could trace his line of paternal ancestry in Lancashire, back to the Conquest, and his mother (a Yorkshire woman) was far up on a family tree. In reference to his parentage, Smith's friend, Braithwait, wrote, in a sonnet addressed to him on his return from Virginia,

"Two great Shires of England did thee beare,
Renowned *Yorkshire*, Gaunt-stiled *Lancashire*."

From earliest boyhood Smith was restive under restraint, loved the forest and the sea, and, at the age of thirteen years, as he says, he was "set upon brave adventures." At that time he was at a parish school in Alford. He secretly made preparations to go to sea; and to procure money for that purpose, he sold his books, satchel, and other property in

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VOL. XXI.—No. 126.—Z z

his possession. His father sickened and died before he had accomplished his object, and young Smith, being left with a competent estate for his support, was persuaded to remain at home and to prepare for a mercantile life. His guardian apprenticed him, at the age of fifteen years, to Thomas Sendall, of Lynn-Regis, on the southern shores of the Wash. Sendall was "the greatest merchant of all those parts."

The inactive life of the counting-room was distasteful to young Smith, and because his master would not send him to sea, as he desired, he left his service and entered into the train of Peregrine Barty, second son of Lord Willoughby, who was going to France. His conduct had been so offensive to his friends that they were glad of his departure, and gave him, "out of his own estate," he says, "ten shillings to get rid of him." He seems not to have pleased his new master, for, six weeks afterward, he was discharged from his service, at Orleans, and Barty gave him sufficient money to defray his expenses back to England. But the young adventurer, delighted with his gratified taste for travel, was unwilling to go back and bury himself in the solitudes of Willoughby. He lounged in Paris for a while, when David Hume, a benevolent Scotchman, who had perceived the talent and energy of the boy, gave him some money, and several letters to friends in Scotland, in which young Smith was recommended to the patronage of King James.

But the lad still lingered in Paris. At length his money was exhausted, and he went to Havre, where he began to learn the art of war. He finally enlisted under the flag of Captain Duxbury, and for three or four years he was a soldier in the Low Countries, aiding Prince Maurice against the Spaniards. In that struggle Maurice was successful, the Netherlands became independent of Spain, and Smith found himself out of employment. With David Hume's letter he started for Scotland. Shipwreck and sickness almost destroyed him. He survived both, and sought the favor of the Scotch court. His letters of introduction gave him kind friends among the hospitable Scots, but he found very little encouragement to become a courtier; so, after a brief tarry there, he made his way to his native place, and received a portion of his patrimony. Society there was too tame for his restless ambition, and he withdrew from it altogether. In the bosom of a great forest, by the side of a stream of pure water, he built for himself a comfortable lodge of boughs, and there he became devoted to the study of military tactics in the best authorities of the day. He amused himself with hunting and horsemanship, and his single serving-man brought him whatever of life's comforts he needed. He became a wonder to the surrounding country, for rumor spread wide many tales of the young and accomplished hermit. The curiosity of Theodora Polaloga, an Italian gentleman, an accomplished horseman, and a highly esteemed attaché of the Earl of Lincoln, was excited, and he visited Smith in his retreat. They

became warm friends, and at length Polaloga enticed Smith back to society.

The ardent temperament of Smith would not allow him to bask long in the dreamy sunshine of commonplace society. His soul, full of aspirations to perform great deeds, was again aroused to action. He looked around for a theatre whereon he might gain personal renown. He saw it, broad and inviting, in the East. At that time Rudolph the Second, Emperor of Germany, was waging war against the Turkish Sultan, Mohammed the Third. The encroachments of the Ottomans in the direction of Central Europe had alarmed Christendom. Already the Turks had gained possession of Lower Hungary, and were moving steadily onward toward the heart of the country. There appeared to Western Europe a necessity for another crusade. The prospect delighted the quick mind and stout heart of Smith, and he resolved to make his way to the field of conflict, join the German army, and fight for Christianity and his own fame and fortune.

Our hero was now only nineteen years of age. His frame was strong, his health robust, and he had an iron will. He first went to the Low Countries, where he unfortunately became acquainted with four French rascals who planned a successful scheme to rob him. One pretended to be a nobleman and the others his attendants. They persuaded Smith to travel with them into France. The captain of the vessel in which they sailed became their accomplice in villainy, and on a dark night, while Smith was asleep, he sent a boat ashore with the four Frenchmen, who took the young adventurer's baggage with them, and the victim never saw them nor his property afterward. The passengers, suspecting the villainy of the captain, offered to assist Smith in killing him, and in taking possession of the vessel. He promptly rejected their proposal, for his sense of honor would not allow him to oppress the innocent to punish the guilty, by appropriating to his own use the property of others.

He landed at St. Valery, on the coast of Picardy, and by the kind aid of a fellow-passenger, he made his way to the town where he ascertained the robbers lived. But he sought for justice in vain. Poor, friendless, and a foreigner, his words had no weight with the authorities, but the story of his wrongs awakened the sympathies of several noble families in the vicinity, and they entertained him hospitably. His fine personal appearance, agreeable conversation, and chivalric ardor, made him a favorite among the young ladies, and love and valor had strong conflicts for a while. But a life of ease and a sense of dependence were unsuited to his spirit, and soon, with high resolves, a trusty sword, and a lean purse, he turned his face toward the field of conflict in the East.

The young adventurer's means were soon exhausted, and he suffered greatly from hunger, fatigue, and exposure. One day, when utterly overcome, he lay down on the margin of a spring to die. He was discovered by a wealthy farmer, who became his friend, and furnished him with



SMITH IN HIS FOREST RETREAT.

means to reach the Mediterranean coast. In a sea-port town he met one of the rascals who robbed him. Both drew their swords at the same moment, and a desperate fight occurred. Smith was victorious, and in the presence of a crowd he compelled the culprit to confess his villainy. The confession was all he obtained, yet it satisfied him.

Finding himself in the neighborhood of the seat of the Earl of Ploven, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Paris, he went there and was very hospitably entertained. He did not tarry long. His purse was well filled by his noble friend, and in high spirits he journeyed to Marseilles. There he embarked for Italy, with a large crowd of Roman Catholics of all nations, bound on a pilgrimage to Rome. A heavy storm arose. They touched first at Toulon, and then cast anchor under shelter of St. Mary's Island,

off the coast of Savoy. The storm increased. The tempest howled terribly, and the superstitious pilgrims regarded Smith as the cause of their peril. Always bold in the utterance of his sentiments, he had not disguised the fact that he was a Protestant and an Englishman. They thought of the fugitive prophet on the voyage to Tarshish, and regarded the storm as a token of Heaven's displeasure at the presence of a heretic among them. They reproached him scornfully, spoke harshly of his "dread sovereign," Queen Elizabeth, and so ill-treated him that he fell upon and beat them with a cudgel. They had the advantage of numbers, and they cast him into the sea to appease the angry tempest. He swam to the island of St. Mary, and the next day he was taken on board a French vessel bound for Alexandria, in Egypt, commanded by a neighbor and friend of the Earl of Ploven.

The captain treated Smith with great kindness, and in the course of a few days the young enthusiast was sight-seeking in the streets of the capital of Lower Egypt.

New adventures awaited Smith. The French captain, after delivering his freight, coasted in the Levant. They met a Venetian vessel, richly laden with silks, spices, gold, and diamonds. It was a rude age, and separate nations regarded each other as natural enemies. With good intentions the French captain attempted to speak with the Venetian commander. The suspicious Italian responded by a broadside from his heavy guns. A sharp conflict ensued, and the Venetian vessel, with its rich cargo, became the spoil of its antagonist. Smith had behaved with the greatest bravery throughout the conflict, and he shared in the honors and profits of the victory. His proportion of the spoils amounted to about eleven hundred dollars, and a box of jewels of about the same value. These riches tempted him from the war path for a time. At his own request he was landed on the northern shores of the Adriatic, and then he visited many parts of Italy to gratify his curiosity. When that was satisfied he left Venice, and hastened on to Grätz, in Styria, where Ferdinand, then Archduke of Austria, afterward Emperor of Germany, resided. The war between Rudolph and Mohammed was still raging, and Smith was soon a prominent actor in the scenes. This was toward the close of the year 1601.

At Grätz Smith met two of his countrymen, who introduced him to several officers of distinction in the imperial army of Austria. They immediately offered him employment, and he entered the service of Baron Kissell, general of artillery, as a volunteer. At that time the Turks were devastating the country around the fortress of Carrissia, in Hungary; and soon Ibrahim Pacha, with twenty thousand men, laid siege to Olympach. The garrison was reduced to great extremities, and Baron Kissell prepared to march to its relief. No one was bold enough to carry a message to Lord Eberspaught, the commander at Olympach. Fortunately Smith had communicated to that officer a plan of telegraphing by torches, which he had learned in reading Polybius. He proposed its use to Baron Kissell, and that night he was conveyed to a mountain, within seven miles of the besieged city, from which he telegraphed to Eberspaught the welcome message, "On Thursday, at night, I will charge on the east; at the alarm sally you." An answer was immediately returned, "I will." The movement was successful. The Turks, assaulted from without and within, and greatly alarmed by a stratagem arranged by Smith, were thrown into inextricable confusion. Many were slain, hundreds were driven into the river, and the Austrians having pressed two thousand additional men into the garrison, the Turks were compelled to abandon the siege. In this affair the conduct of Smith was extremely brilliant, and he was at once placed at the head of a troop of horse, two hundred and fifty strong, of the

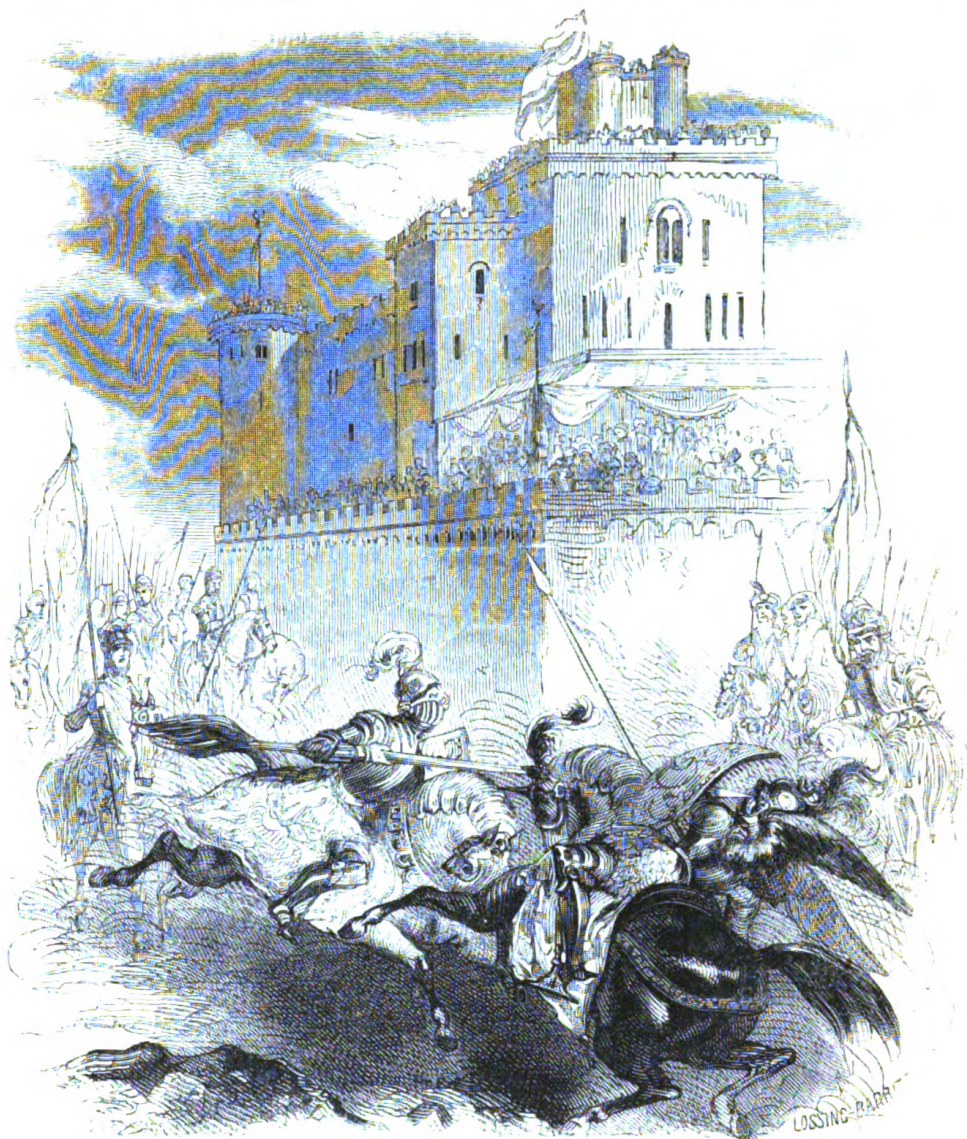
regiment of Count Meldritch. Under him it obtained the title of the Fiery Legion.

The war continued with increased vigor, and Smith was conspicuous for his valor and his ingenuity. The latter quality made his services in stratagem of great value. His invention served him in every emergency, and the regiment of Meldritch obtained great celebrity. It was under the special command of Duke Mercury, who sent the Count into Transylvania to oppose Sigismund Bathor, the native prince, then contending for his crown with the Emperor of Germany, on one hand, and with the invading Turks on the other.

Meldritch was a soldier of fortune, and was not strongly attached to the German Empire. As his own estates lay in Transylvania, he joined the army of Sigismund with his whole corps, and gained permission to march immediately against the Turks, then in possession of his paternal acres. After a desultory warfare he laid siege to the strong fortress of Regal, with eight thousand of his own men, and more than that number under Prince Moyses, to whom he resigned the supreme command. The siege was protracted, and many bloody skirmishes took place. The Turks ridiculed the almost futile attempts of the Christians to dislodge them; and at length Lord Turbshaw, a nobleman of acknowledged valor and great renown, challenged any captain in the besieging army to fight him in single combat, giving as a reason that he wished to please the ladies of Regal with a courtly pastime. Instantly a large number of brave men offered to accept the challenge. The champion was chosen by lot, and it fell upon Smith. He was delighted by his good fortune, and immediately prepared to meet the proud Turk.

On the day appointed for the combat the ramparts of Regal were covered with ladies and soldiers, who loudly cheered Lord Turbshaw as he entered the arena. Their weapon was the lance of the old knights, and both were clad in trusty armor. The challenger wore a suit of splendid mail, richly wrought with gold and jewels; and upon his shoulders were huge wings made of eagle's feathers, within a rim of silver, which was also garnished with gold and precious stones. Three Janizaries attended him. One bore his lance; the other two walked by the side of his horse. Captain Smith appeared in plain armor, attended by a single page, who bore his lance. Passing his antagonist as he rode in, he saluted him with courtly dignity. Then the trumpet sounded; the antagonists poised their lances; a shout went up from the ramparts of Regal and from the line of the Christian army; and as the combatants met in mid-career the spear of Captain Smith pierced the brazen vizor of the Turk, and penetrated his brain. He fell dead from his horse. His head was cut off and carried in triumph to the Christian camp, and his body was left to his friends.

There was great grief in Regal when Lord Turbshaw fell, and Grualgo, his bosom friend, resolved to avenge his death. He challenged



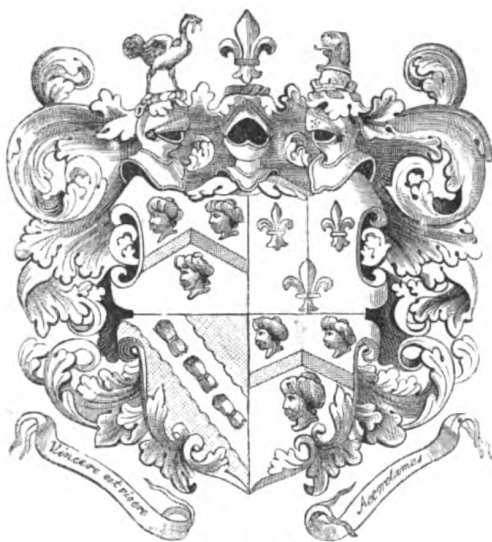
COMBAT BETWEEN SMITH AND TURBASHAW.

Smith to single combat. They met the next day, and at the first encounter the lance of each was shattered, and the Turk was almost unhorsed. Then they exchanged pistol-shots, and both were wounded—Smith slightly, and his antagonist seriously. Grualgo could not manage his horse; and soon his head also was sent to the Christian camp, and his body was left to his friends. There was dismay and grief in Regal.

The siege went on slowly, and our hero, seeing no opportunity for further displays of personal prowess, obtained leave from his general to inform the ladies of the town that he would further entertain them, if they would persuade some gallant knight to come out and fight him. Bonny Mulgro accepted the challenge, and chose to fight with pistols, battle-axes, and swords. The first were harmless, but the heavy blows of his antagonist with the second almost unhorsed Smith. By quick manœuvres he recovered,

avoided further blows, plunged his sword into the body of his foe, and soon the head of Mulgro was also carried in triumph to the Christian camp.

The ladies of Regal were satisfied with this pastime. The victor, escorted by six thousand troops, with three led horses, each having a head of one of the slain Turks before him, was conducted in triumph to the camp. The general gave him a richly caparisoned horse, and a cimeter and belt worth three hundred ducats. Count Meldritch promoted him to Major in his regiment, and the Prince of Transylvania gave him his picture set in gold, and promised him a pension of three hundred ducats per annum. He also bestowed upon him a patent of nobility and a coat of arms, which bore three Turks' heads in a shield, with the motto, *Vincere est Vivere*. In later years, when he explored and mapped the New England coast, he gave the name of



SMITH'S ARMS.

"Three Turks' Heads" to some rocks off Cape Ann.

Smith never saw a ducat of his promised pension, as such, for the Prince of Transylvania was compelled to yield to the German Emperor, and became a resident of Prague in the enjoyment of a munificent pension himself. Our hero and his commander were compelled to seek other fields of glory for their prowess. Civil war broke out in Wallachia, and Meldritch joined one of the parties in the conflict.

The valor of Smith was conspicuous whenever opportunity was afforded for its display. But the heavy hand of misfortune was soon laid upon him. In a severe battle he was badly wounded and left for dead on the field. Some Turks, judging from the richness of his armor that he was an officer of distinction, healed his wounds in order to obtain a good price for him, by ransom or sale. He was exposed to the latter, became the property of a Turkish pacha, and was sent to Constantinople as a present for the mistress of that high officer, the young and beautiful Tragabigzanda, whom the Pacha was seeking to marry. He was represented to be a Bohemian nobleman taken in war.

The gallant Smith, then in the bloom of young manhood, and possessed of a really noble bearing, was a dangerous prisoner in the custody of a gentle, sympathizing girl like Tragabigzanda. She understood a little Italian, and, like the Moor, Smith entertained her with the story of his adventures. Then she pitied him. He proved to her that he was an English gentleman, and that her lord had deceived her, and then she was indignant. Her pity became love, and she tried every means to alleviate the miseries of the condition of the captive. Her mother, observing the growth of the tender passion, became displeased. Fearing her parent would sell him to get rid of him, the tender girl sent Smith with a letter to her brother, a Tartar pacha in the Crimea, who resided near the Sea of Azof. She

asked him to treat the captive kindly, and frankly gave him as a reason that she loved him. The haughty Tartar was displeased at his sister for disgracing herself by an attachment to a Christian slave, and treated him with the greatest indignity and cruelty. He caused his head and face to be shaved, dressed him in the skin of a wild beast, and riveted an iron collar about his neck, on which was engraved the owner's name.

The proud captive did not long endure his degradation. One day, while employed in threshing wheat a league distant from the castle, his master visited him, and, as usual, struck him several blows with a whip. The maddened captive instantly killed the cruel Tartar with his flail, hid his body under the straw, dressed himself in the splendid Turkish suit of the pacha, filled a sack with the grain, mounted the dead man's horse, and fled to the wilderness. He was free, but a vast, uncultivated desert was round him.

He was afraid to approach human habitations, lest his iron collar should expose his condition and he should be again returned to bondage. After wandering despairingly for three days he struck the great bridge-path leading from the Crimea to the Russian frontier. He left the peninsula by the isthmus of Perekop, and after traveling a fortnight along the northern borders of the Sea of Azof he reached Ecopolis, a Muscovite garrison on the Don. There he was kindly treated, and having been furnished with letters and money, he made his way back to his friends in Transylvania. They were delighted, for they thought he had perished. He entertained them with much information about the Crim Tartars, and they overwhelmed him with honors and kindnesses.

Tired of ease, Captain Smith journeyed to Leipsic, where he met Prince Sigismund, and his colonel, Earl Meldritch. It was a joyful reunion, and the Prince furnished him with a diploma, certifying his nobility, and about three thousand dollars in money. With a light heart he traveled through Germany, France, and Spain; and finally, eager for adventures, he sailed for the Barbary coast in a French vessel of war, for the purpose of engaging in a civil contest then raging in Morocco. Perceiving no chance for glory, he left Africa in the same French vessel. On the voyage they met two Spanish men-of-war, with whom they had a desperate encounter. Smith displayed his usual valor, and victory remained with the Frenchman. They landed safely in a French port, and the gallant knight, now yearning for his native land, sailed thither. He reached Britain early in 1604, after an absence of about four years, and found the bad King James of Scotland, whom he had once vainly endeavored to court, on the throne of England.

The efforts of Raleigh and his associates to plant settlements in America had now utterly failed. Yet dreams of Roanoke and Croatan haunted the English mind, and gallant young



SMITH ESCAPING FROM HIS TARTAR MASTER.

men often felt chivalric aspirations to search in the forests of VIRGINIA, among the people of Earl Manteo—the first and last peer ever created in America—for Virginia Dare, the first white child known to have been born on the continent, and left there, with her mother, when one of the last of Raleigh's expeditions sailed for Europe. At that time the red man held sway over the whole North American continent. De la Roche had attempted to settle Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, with men drawn from French prisons, but had failed. Gosnold had touched at Nahant, named Cape Cod, and built a fort and store-house on one of the Elizabeth Islands, but had fled to England in dismay before the menaces of the Indians. Pring, and Weymouth the kidnapper, had visited the New England coast, but left no seed for planting settlements; and the Protestant De Monts was

then transplanting Frenchmen in the soil of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and had named the region Acadie.

A long contest between France and England had just ceased when Smith reached his native country full of the vigor of young manhood, flushed with his successes on the continent, and panting for other fields whereon he might reap rich harvests of adventure and renown. The times were auspicious, in many respects, for new enterprises on the Western Continent. Soldiers, an active, restless class in England, were deprived of employment, and would soon become dangerous to the public peace. While population and general prosperity had greatly increased, there was another large class, who, by idleness and dissipation, had squandered fortunes, and had become desperate men. The soldiers needed employment, either in their own art or in

equally exciting adventures; and the impoverished spendthrifts were ready to engage in any thing that promised gain. Such were the men who stood ready to brave ocean perils and the greater dangers of the New World, when such minds as Fernando Gorges, Bartholomew Gosnold, Chief Justice Popham, Richard Hakluyt, Captain John Smith, and others, devised new schemes for American colonization. The weak and timid James, who desired and maintained peace with other nations during his reign, was glad to perceive a new field for restless and adventurous men to go to, and on the 10th of April, 1606, he cheerfully affixed his signature to a liberal patent, given to the first company formed after his accession to the throne, for planting settlements in Virginia.

The English at that time claimed dominion over a belt of territory extending between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude (from Cape Fear, in North Carolina, to the present boundary between the United States and Canada), and westward to the South Sea or Pacific Ocean. It was divided into two districts, called, respectively, North and South Virginia, having a neutral strip of at least one hundred miles between them. The more northern portion was assigned to adventurers known as the Plymouth Company, and the more southern to an association called the London Company. The political character of the charter under which these companies were to act was unfavorable to the best interests of all. The pedantic, meddling King had much to do in the framing of it. He reserved to himself the right of appointing all officers, and of exercising all executive and legislative power. The colonists were to pay homage to the sovereign, and a tribute of one-fifth of the net products of gold and silver found in Virginia; yet they possessed no rights of self-government. They were to be governed by a council of seven, appointed by the King, who were allowed to choose a president from among themselves. There was also a Supreme Council in England, appointed by the King, who were to have the general supervision of the colonies, under the direction of the monarch. That charter, the conception of a narrow mind and despotic temper, proved totally inadequate as a constitution of government for a free people.

About eight months after the issuing of the charter, one hundred and five colonists embarked from England in three small vessels of less than a hundred tons each, and sailed for America by the circuitous route of the Canary and West India Islands. Among the leading adventurers in that little squadron were Captain John Smith and Bartholomew Gosnold, George Percy (a younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland), Edward M. Wingfield (a London merchant), and Robert Hunt, a clergyman. The squadron was under the command of Captain Christopher Newport. They arrived off the capes of Virginia early in April, 1607, named them respectively Charles and Henry, in honor

of the two princes royal, and soon entered the noble Powhatan River, which they called James in honor of the King. They sailed up the broad stream fifty miles, every where delighted with the beauty of the country and softness of the atmosphere. Their nostrils were regaled with the perfumes of flowers, which came upon every breeze, and their palates were pampered with delicious strawberries "four times bigger and better" than any they had ever seen in England.

Disputes had arisen during the long voyage. As the silly King had placed the names of the colonial council in a sealed box, with instructions not to open it until their arrival in Virginia, there was no competent authority on board to preserve order. The influence of the good Hunt was often like oil poured upon troubled waters, yet he could not always restrain those lawless men, some of whom he described as "no better than atheists." Captain Smith, who was the ablest man among them, had excited the jealousy of Wingfield and others during the early part of the voyage. While at the Canaries they accused him of being at the head of a conspiracy to murder the council, usurp the government, and proclaim himself King of Virginia. These ridiculous charges were believed by many, and the brave Captain, innocent of all wrong in the matter, was confined as a prisoner during the remainder of the voyage. To their dismay and chagrin, when the sealed box was opened after their arrival in Virginia, the accusers of Captain Smith found his name among the councilors appointed. He was immediately released from custody. Wingfield, who was a scheming, treacherous man, managed to have himself chosen President of the council, and thus procured the exclusion of Smith from the board.

There were many stirring events during the voyage of the adventurers from the capes of Virginia up to their final resting-place on the shore of the Powhatan. They landed upon a low sandy point at the entrance to the present Hampton Roads, where they found deep water and good anchorage, and a resting-place in comfort. On that account they named the cape Point Comfort; and there hundreds of the people of Virginia now resort during the heats of summer to enjoy the cool breezes from the ocean and bathe in the blue sea waters. The natives, at first frightened, became confident when they saw Captain Newport put his hand upon his heart in token of friendship; and with significant signs they invited the English to visit Kekoughtan, their principal town, where Hampton now stands. There they were well entertained with corn-bread and oysters; and when about to depart a deputation came from the great chief of the Rappahannocks to invite them to his country. They were led thither by the messengers in a handsome canoe, and landed, probably, upon the southern cape of Mathews County, now known as New Point Comfort. The chief, with a large company, received them as they landed.



RECEPTION BY THE CHIEF OF THE RAPPAHANNOCKS.

He approached playing on a flute made of reed. Upon his head was a crown of deer's hair in form of a rosette, colored red, and fastened to his own hair. On one side of his head he wore a great plate of copper, highly ornamented, and from the crown arose two eagle's feathers disposed like horns. His body was painted a crimson color, and his face, tinted with a brilliant blue, was bespangled with what seemed to be silver ore. Around his neck was a huge string of beads of shells, about his ears were trinkets

of pearls, and in them the claw of a bird covered with copper ornaments. Such was the prince of the Rappahannocks, who entertained the first white people he had ever seen with "as modest a proud fashion as though he had been prince of a civil government, holding his countenance without laughter or any such ill-behavior." They all smoked tobacco together, and then, along paths through pleasant woods, by the side of which bubbled sparkling springs, and in the midst of "the goodliest corn-fields that ever were

seen in any country," they went to the chief town of the Rappahannock sovereign.

Returning from their friendly visit, the English went up the James River early in May, and on the thirteenth they landed, where they laid the foundation of a new empire and called it Jamestown. It was within the domain of the Powhatans, a confederacy of more than twenty native tribes in the region of the Chesapeake Bay. The title of the supreme ruler, or Emperor, was Powhatan, signifying, like Pharaoh in Syriac, *The King*. He had arisen by the force of his genius from a petty chieftaincy to the imperial throne, and now he ruled over at least eight thousand people in the forests of the great Virginia peninsula between the James and Rappahannock rivers, from the Falls at Richmond to the sea. He had two places of abode, where he lived in a sort of barbaric splendor. One was near the Falls, the other at Werowocomoco, near the York River, in Gloucester County. He had a body-guard of forty warriors, and at night he had four sentinels to keep watch and ward around his person. From the beginning he conceived a jealous hatred of the intruders, and often planned schemes for their destruction.

Captain Smith, as we have seen, was excluded from the council, in direct contravention of the royal will in appointing him. He did not allow his private grievances to interfere with his higher public duties, and, with the others, he joined diligently in the work of preparation for settlement. It was soon thought advisable to explore the country around, and Newport and Smith, with a few more, went up the James River to the Falls, where the present Richmond now stands. The voyage consumed a week. They visited Powhatan at his residence in that vicinity, and he received them with an apparently friendly manner. Newport gave him a hatchet, and the adventurers returned to Jamestown in high spirits, after having erected a cross at the Falls, and taken formal possession of the country in the name of King James, according to European usage.

Gloomy intelligence awaited the explorers. The president, careless of his charge, had neglected to fortify the tent-village of the colonists by palisades, and the Indians had stealthily approached and attacked them in the night, wounding seventeen of their number, and killing one boy. Utter destruction of the English seemed inevitable, when a cross-bar, fired from a swivel on one of the vessels, cut off the branches of the trees over the heads of the assailants, and so frightened them that they fled in terror to the woods. Smith saw and lamented the perils of the people; but he was a private citizen, and had no control. But a change soon came. Newport was about to sail for England for new emigrants and supplies, and Wingfield, pretending a merciful feeling toward Smith, advised the Captain to go with Newport, receive a reprimand from the Supreme Council, and thus save himself the mortification of a trial. Smith was the last man to submit to such insult, when added

to injury. He refused to go, and vehemently demanded a trial by his peers in Virginia. It was had, and he was honorably acquitted. And more—Wingfield was adjudged to pay a fine of two hundred pounds for the injury he had inflicted. This money the gallant Captain generously added to the common fund, and then took his seat in the council. This happy result had been consummated chiefly through the instrumentality of the good Mr. Hunt; and on the following Sabbath they all partook of the communion at his hands, as a bond of Christian union and harmony, and a pledge of reconciliation. On the following day the Indians, who had become alarmed at the preparations making by the white people for defenses and also aggressions, sued for peace.

The hand of a special Providence seemed to deal with the colonists during that summer and autumn. Their provisions were scanty, and at length so nearly failed that they were reduced to a daily allowance per man of a half-pint each of wheat and barley that had been injured during the voyage. Occasionally they would find a stray shell-fish or catch a sturgeon, but not half enough provisions for their daily wants could be obtained. Hard labor and the heats of summer exhausted their strength, and before September the fearful miasma, that arose from the dank marshes around, had sent its fiery agents among them and destroyed fifty of their number, among whom was Captain Gosnold, the projector of the enterprise. Then it was discovered that Wingfield and another of the council had been secretly supplying themselves bountifully from the scanty stores of the colonists, and thus avoided the famine and sickness; and it was also soon discovered that they had planned an escape to England in a pinnace left by Newport. The settlers were exceedingly indignant, and the council immediately deposed Wingfield, and dismissed Kendall, his wicked associate, from that body. Radcliffe was chosen president; but there seemed little hope that he would have the shadow of a colony to preside over when Newport should return. They were weak, indeed, and the Indians might have exterminated them at a single blow. But they became instruments of mercy instead. They not only did not assail them but they supplied them bountifully with provision, and the good Mr. Hunt offered fervent thanksgiving to God for his goodness in thus "shutting the mouths of the lions," to which the whole people heartily responded Amen!

Dangers still environed the colonists, and they began to despair. They felt the necessity of a skillful and energetic leader, and they naturally turned to Captain Smith. He became, by the voice of the people, virtually the president, and from that moment their hopes revived. He immediately commenced building Jamestown, for hitherto they had lived in tents. He worked with his own hands as hard and menially as any of them, and before the winter set in they had comfortable lodgings. Food was very



FIGHT AT KEKUGHTAN.

scarce, and Smith was unwilling to rely upon the voluntary kindness of the Indians for a supply. With six men, in an open boat, he went down to Kekoughtan to seek for food. The Indians treated them with contempt, and doled out a handful of corn, now and then, for some valuable thing in return. Smith became irritated, and, contrary to home instructions, he caused a volley of musketry to be fired among the natives on the shore. The English rushed up the banks, and pursued the fugitive savages to their town, where they found corn in abundance. The Indians rallied, and soon about seventy warriors, armed with clubs, shields, bows and arrows, attacked them furiously. One volley of musketry slew many of them, and the remainder, in great dismay, fled to the deep forest. The English lingered expecting another attack. But the Indians appeared with peaceful tokens. A priest came to sue for mercy,

and to regain their lost idol. Smith acquiesced in their desires on condition that the people should come, unarmed, and load his boat with corn. They exceeded the stipulation, and, besides corn, they brought venison, wild turkey, and water-fowl, and gave every demonstration of friendly feeling. The foragers then returned to Jamestown, and rejoiced the hearts of the colonists by an abundant supply of food.

This enterprise was so successful that Smith determined to attempt similar ones in other directions. He went up the Chickahominy, and there found the natives ready to supply him with corn and wild-fowl in great abundance. With a laden boat he returned, and, to his great chagrin and indignation, he found that much of the provisions he had brought from Kekoughtan had been imprudently squandered by the colonists. His presence alone seemed to preserve order and promise prosperity. The mo-

ment he was absent lawlessness prevailed; and Wingfield and Kendall, who were continually exciting the people to revolt, had prepared to escape to England in the pinnace, just as Smith returned. He ordered them to desist. A violent quarrel ensued, arms were resorted to, and Kendall was killed. Soon after that the president and others attempted to escape. Smith's energy and boldness prevented them. His power had become quite despotic in strength. The hearts of the people were with him, because he fed them. Men seldom quarrel with their bread and butter.

And yet there were some ingrates who tried to shake the confidence of the colonists in Smith. He had brought ample stores from the Chickahominy, and gathered much food from the swarms of geese, ducks, and swans that covered the James River; and thus, with venison, beans, and pumpkins in addition, he had fully prepared for the wants of winter. Yet some reproached him for not exploring the newly-discovered river to its mouth. Stung by this injustice, Smith immediately started on another expedition. He went up the Chickahominy as far as possible with his vessel, and then, with two Englishmen and two Indian guides, he ascended twenty miles further in a canoe, leaving the remainder of the crew to take charge of the boat. There he found fine hunting-grounds, and collected much game. In the mean while his insubordinate crew had disobeyed orders, strayed into the woods, and had been attacked by a body of three hundred savages, under old Opechancanough, King of Pamunkey, and brother of Powhatan. One Englishman was made prisoner, and the remainder escaped to the boat. The captive, after being compelled to reveal the position of Smith, was put to death. Like bloodhounds on the scent, the Indians thrice went in search of the leader. They discovered and killed his two companions, who lay asleep in the canoe, and severely wounded Smith in the thigh with an arrow. Then they pressed upon him in great numbers, when, with his garters, he bound one of his Indian guides upon his left arm as a buckler, and so well defended himself with his gun, that he excited the fear and admiration of his assailants. He killed three of their number, wounded several others, and, keeping his foes at a respectful distance, he walked backward in the direction of his canoe, hoping to escape in that down the river. He suddenly sunk to his waist in a morass, and when almost perishing with cold, he gave up his gun and surrendered. He was drawn out, taken to a fire, and was soon restored to his wonted vigor.

Captain Smith was now in real trouble—equal, in appearance, to his slavery under the Crim Tartars, with the iron collar about his neck. He expected death, and his inventive mind was filled with strategic plans for escape. None appeared feasible. He tried to excite the awe of his captors by showing them his pocket-compass and explaining its uses. He told them of the stars, the round earth, and other wonders

of science; but they had dull ears, and he made but little impression upon them. Held firmly by three stout Indians, and guarded by six bowmen on each side, he was conducted to an Indian village a little northeastward of the site of Richmond, where the women and children flocked around him, and gazed in mute astonishment upon the strange captive. A war-dance was performed, and frightful yells and hideous contortions were used to intimidate him; but the brave Captain was quite unmoved until they fed him bountifully, urged him to eat more, and gave him apprehensions that they intended to fatten him, and then serve him up, nicely roasted, at some coming festival. The thought moved his lion heart. Yet it was more powerfully moved by a different cause. An Indian to whom Smith had given some beads on his first arrival in Virginia was present, and exhibited his grateful remembrance of the favor by furnishing the shivering captive with a dress of warm furs. This was a bright spot in the dark scenes around him, and he was moved to tears.

At about this time the Indians were preparing to attack Jamestown again, and they tried to persuade Captain Smith to join them. They offered him life, liberty, lands, honors, and a harem of beautiful Indian girls, if he would assist them. He feigned friendship for them, but earnestly persuaded them not to go near the English as enemies, because they had now possession of some terrible engines of destruction. He proposed to send messengers to the colonists to ascertain whether his words were true. The proposition was agreed to, and by them Smith sent a note informing his people of all things, advising them to frighten the messengers by strange displays, and to send him some articles which he enumerated. All worked well. The messengers were duly frightened by the people at Jamestown, and, firmly believing that the little slip of paper given them by Smith could speak, because the English people did all that the Captain told them they would do, they returned in haste, and told a tale which made a deep impression upon the savages. They felt assured of Smith's supernatural powers, and resolved both to spare his life and to let the Jamestown people alone at the present. So they exhibited him in various villages, and finally conducted him to the residence of Opechancanough. There, for three days, strange ceremonies were performed, under the direction of a priest, to ascertain the real character of the captive; and then, after showing him a bag of gunpowder which they had taken from his companions, and were intending to plant the next spring, in order to raise a crop of it, they conducted him to the presence of Powhatan, the great Emperor of the confederacy, at Werowocomoco.

The dusky court was immediately assembled to receive the illustrious captive in proper state. The people gathered around him with awe and veneration as he was conducted to the bough-built palace of Powhatan. That sovereign was a noble specimen of a free son of the forest.



SMITH SAVED BY POCAHONTAS.

He was about sixty years of age, of noble and commanding stature, majestic mien, and, as Smith himself asserted, he was in manner and aspect "every inch a king." He was clothed in a rich robe made of raccoon-skins, his head was highly ornamented with feathers, and his face was painted with red and blue colors. He entered with haughty step, ascended a platform and sat down upon a rude throne, with a daughter upon each side of him as supporters. These were beautiful Indian girls, aged respectively about thirteen and fifteen years. Along each

side of the room were rows of counselors, behind whom were equal rows of women; and all, of both sexes, were fantastically painted and ornamented.

The prisoner was brought in, and was received with a shout. The daughter of a chief brought water for him to wash his hands, and a bunch of feathers to dry them. Then they fed him bountifully, and his trial commenced. The consultation of that savage court was long and solemn. The verdict was against the captive, and he was condemned to die.

The foot of pagan law is not tardy—it is ever close upon the heel of the culprit or victim. The executioners were immediately summoned—tall, muscular, fiendish-looking men. Two large stones were rolled in and placed near the foot of the throne. The ministers of the Emperor's will were ordered to proceed. They seized the captive, laid his head upon the stones, and prepared to crush it with huge clubs. They lifted the weapons of death, and awaited the terrible signal from the King. All was silent as the grave. Pocahontas, the youngest and best-beloved daughter of Powhatan, was leaning forward, with half-parted lips, dilated nostrils, her lustrous eyes fixed on the prisoner, and her whole being glowing with intense sympathy. The King's hand moved to give the signal. The young princess leaped like a frightened fawn from the dais to the side of the captive, and, with streaming tears, begged piteously for his life. The stern King would not listen. The signal was given, when the gentle girl—the guardian angel sent from Heaven—quick as thought fell upon her knees, and, clasping the head of the prisoner in her arms, covered it with her long hair as with a shield. She was indeed the shield of God's providence, not only over the doomed head of Captain Smith, but over the whole English colony at Jamestown, and it was effectual. Her generous conduct touched the heart of her father, and the life of the captive was spared. Two days afterward Smith was set at liberty, and, conducted by twelve warriors as guides, he reached Jamestown in safety, after an absence of about seven weeks. The guides returned laden with presents for Powhatan and his family; and from that hour the future for the colony seemed bright and promising. The conduct of the Emperor was truly noble. He had good reason to fear and hate the intruders, and the arch-enemy was completely in his power. We can not but regard all this with the eye of an optimist, and see in it the hand of a Providence moulding the mind and heart of the old pagan King and his lovely daughter to suit the will of the Great Disposer of events.

As usual, when Smith was absent from the colony, confusion and improvidence had again ruled supreme. He found the people "all in combustion" on his return from his captivity. Only forty men were living. A bitter quarrel had divided the settlers into two factions, and the stronger party were preparing to abandon the country. They were already on board the vessel that was to convey them away, when Smith, with his usual promptness and energy, pointed toward them the cannon on the little redoubt at Jamestown, and declared his intention to sink the vessel if they did not immediately return to the shore. In fear they obeyed; and in revenge they conspired to kill the bold leader. This wicked scheme was frustrated, however, and some of the ringleaders were sent prisoners to England.

The friendship of Pocahontas for Captain Smith and his people was not an evanescent im-

pulse, born of pity in an hour of extreme peril for the recipient, but an abiding sentiment which manifested itself in acts. Every few days she would appear at Jamestown, with attendant forest maidens, and bring abundance of provisions for the English, at a time when gaunt famine menaced them. Indian men came also, with presents for Captain Smith and provisions for sale at low prices. They revered the Captain as a being superior to even the white people around him, and his influence over them was unbounded. This was increased by his apparent foreknowledge. He told them that, toward the close of the year, another ship, with more white people, would come, and in fulfillment of that prediction, Captain Newport arrived at the expected time. This event firmly established his character as a prophet of truest stamp.

Powhatan was very shy, and never visited Jamestown. When Newport expressed a desire to see him, "Tell him," said the haughty Emperor, "to come to Werowocomico;" and the proud mariner was compelled to make a journey thither to have his wish gratified. Smith and others attended Newport, and Powhatan received them with much ceremony. That visit was made the occasion for great feasting and rejoicing for three or four days. They also traded as well as feasted, and there was a sufficiency of shrewd overreaching displayed on both sides to satisfy the most exacting taste of a horse-swapping Yankee. Powhatan feigned a contempt for *petty* traffic, and asked Newport to lay down all his commodities, and allow him to select what he chose, and give him such an equivalent as he pleased. Smith warned Newport of the intended cheat, but the proud Captain, ever ready to make a display of his generosity, consented. Instead of receiving at least twenty hogsheads of corn, as he expected, Powhatan gave him only three or four bushels for all the goods he had taken. Smith then tried a similar game with the Emperor, and won. He showed Powhatan some bright blue beads, extolled their beauty, value, and rarity, and affirmed that such were worn only by the greatest kings of the earth. The cupidity and pride of the old pagan King were excited, and he resolved to possess the baubles at any price; and for these worthless beads Smith received almost three hundred bushels of corn. He made a similar bargain with Opechancanough, of Pamunkey, and both parties were satisfied. The corn was a welcome boon to the settlers, and the blue beads were allowed to be worn only by the principal chiefs and members of their families.

Unfortunately for the Virginia colony, the desire and expectation of gold had been the most powerful stimulant to emigration at the outset. Tilling the soil was a secondary consideration with a large number of the first adventurers, who were idle and vicious. Of the eighty-two whose names are known, forty-eight were designated "gentlemen." The one hundred and twenty who came with Newport, early in 1608, were no better. Of these, seventy-four were

"gentlemen." Instead of agriculturists and mechanics—the bone and sinew of a state—they were idle, impoverished "gentlemen," "packed hither," as Smith observes, "to escape ill destinies." There were also several goldsmiths, who came to refine the precious ores, when found—the very men least wanted in a country where its wealth lay in the fertility of its soil instead of in its minerals. They seem to have been ignorant members of their craft, for they pronounced some yellowish earth glittering with mica, which was found near Jamestown, to be valuable ore; and, in spite of the remonstrances of Captain Smith, the whole mind, heart, and industry of the colony were directed to the supposed treasure. "There was no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, work gold, refine gold, load gold." All business was neglected, and Newport freighted his vessel with the worthless earth, and returned to England believing himself exceedingly rich. Science soon pronounced him miserably poor in useful knowledge and well-earned reputation.

The gold fever continued. Smith remonstrated against idleness, and pleaded for industry in vain. He implored the settlers to plow and sow, that they might reap and be happy. But they refused to listen, and it was with great difficulty that Smith induced some of them, late in the spring, to commence the rebuilding of the church and a large portion of the town, which had been consumed during the preceding winter. At length, disgusted with the great body of the settlers, and yearning for new adventures, he fitted out an expedition to explore the Chesapeake Bay in an open boat of about three tons burden.

This expedition, and another undertaken immediately afterward, exhibit, as a whole, the most wonderful series of events on record, considered in every aspect. Our space will not allow us to contemplate even a brief outline of the adventures, explorations, and untiring labors of Captain Smith and his men in these expeditions. He left Jamestown on the 2d of June, 1608, and returned toward the close of July. He went up the Potomac to the Falls above Washington City, and visited every bay and inlet, held intercourse with the various Indian tribes, formed treaties of friendship, and made accurate surveys of the country. On his return he found the colony, as usual, in a bad condition. The new-comers were all sick; improvidence was rapidly wasting their food; idleness was the rule and industry was the exception; and the weak and selfish Radcliffe had not only been living sumptuously upon the public stores, but was actually engaged in building for himself a pleasant retreat in the woods, instead of being employed in the public service, where so much energy and direction were needed. The people were exceeding discontented, and clamored loudly for the deposition of Radcliffe. That act was consummated, and by unanimous consent Captain Smith was chosen to fill his place. He was now really invested with the authority which he had long ex-

ercised through the force of his genius and character, and the colonists indulged in bright dreams of future prosperity.

After a tarry of only three days at Jamestown, Captain Smith appointed a deputy to act during his absence, and then departed on his second exploration of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, in an open boat, with twelve men. He coasted and carefully explored as far as the Patuxco, and ate Indian corn with the natives on the site of Baltimore. Then he went on to Havre de Grace, and followed the Susquehanna to the beautiful Valley of Wyoming, and even further, until he met some of the people of the powerful Iroquois confederacy, afterward known as the Six Nations.

Among the tribes in the deep bosom of the forests Captain Smith found metal hatchets, knives, and other articles, which they had received from the French in Canada. With all these people he established friendly relations, and after making careful surveys of the country, he returned to the Chesapeake, and descending the bay to the broad mouth of the Rappahannock, ascended that stream to the Falls near the site of Fredericksburg. Already he had been menaced with hostilities by the savages along the shores. Then a hundred warriors discharged beaves of arrows upon the English, but without deadly effect. The muskets of the explorers soon brought the assailants to submission. A brief treaty was held, the chiefs of four tribes agreed to become the friends of the great King of England, and Smith and his party went down the river just toward evening—a sultry evening in August—leaving four or five hundred savages singing and dancing in great merriment.

Near the mouth of the Rappahannock Captain Smith stopped to visit a friendly tribe who desired him to make peace between them and their more fiery neighbors the Rappahannocks. Smith felt very little disposition to comply, for, on two occasions during the former expedition, the Rappahannocks had assaulted him without provocation. He consented to treat, however, on condition that the Rappahannocks should present him with the bow and arrows of their chief in token of his submission; that they should never come armed into his presence; and that their chief should deliver up his son as a hostage to secure the fulfillment of his promises. These conditions were agreed to except the last. The old chief could not consent to part with his only son, but offered to give them three women of his tribe who had been taken captive sometime before by those with whom Smith was sojourning. The substitutes were accepted. The women were brought, and Smith hung a chain of beads upon the neck of each. He then allowed the Rappahannock chief to choose one of them for himself, gave a second to the entertainer of the English, and the third was presented to Moses, a friendly Indian, who had performed signal services in behalf of the explorers. The whole affair was satisfactory to all parties, and the tripartite



SURRENDER OF THE CHIEF OF THE RAPPAHANNOCKS.

treaty was concluded with great rejoicings by six or seven hundred people, in which the dusky women and children of the forest participated.

Returning to Point Comfort, Captain Smith crossed Hampton Roads, and explored the Chesapeake (now Elizabeth) River as far as the site of Norfolk. He saw few natives, and these were very shy. By tokens of kindness he seemed to win their friendship, and he and his men ate corn and oysters with them upon the fertile Craney Island, five miles below Norfolk. But the savages were treacherous. When they departed up a stream that enters the river there they were followed by seven or eight canoes filled with armed warriors, and soon they were attacked by at least three hundred savages, who showered arrows upon them from both sides of the stream. The English muskets soon made the assailants flee in consternation. They seized the deserted canoes, burned the corn-fields and

habitations of the Indians upon the island that night, and so humbled the treacherous foe that he sued for peace in the morning. Smith demanded the bow of the chief, a chain of pearls, and four hundred baskets of corn. The Indians, in their eagerness to comply, filled the boat to its utmost capacity; and two days afterward—just at sunset on the 7th of September, 1608—Captain Smith and his party landed at Jamestown. The two expeditions had occupied but a little more than three months. The results were really wonderful. He had voyaged and traveled, according to his own computation, full three thousand miles. He had explored the whole of Chesapeake Bay, and many of its tributary streams, and he constructed a map which all modern surveys have demonstrated to be remarkably accurate. That map, made two hundred and fifty years ago, is preserved in the archives of Great Britain, and presents a noble

monument to the versatile genius of Captain John Smith.

Three days after Smith's return he was inaugurated President of the Colony in due form. His deputy had performed his duties well. The harvests had been well gathered, and harmony prevailed. Their hearts were soon made glad by the arrival of Newport with another company of emigrants and stores. Among the new settlers were two females, the first Englishwomen who ever visited Virginia. With them came, however, many useless men. The President exerted all his energies to turn the little industry of the settlers to agriculture, and succeeded in a degree. But dreams of gold and a thirst for traffic baffled many of his most promising efforts. By Newport, on his return, he wrote to the Supreme Council to send over a different class of men. "I entreat you," he said, "rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand such as we have." Yet, with all his exertions, idleness and improvidence prevailed. At the end of two years from the time of the first landing at Jamestown, and when the settlement numbered two hundred strong men, not more than forty acres of land were under cultivation; and to the Indians the white people were yet compelled to look for food.

Newport, who, as Stith says, was "an empty, idle, and interested man," full of boasting and courage in the absence of danger, was jealous of the brilliant genius of Smith and his popularity with the colonists. He had procured from the Supreme Council in England a patent for the exercise of powers independent of Smith, and had agreed not to return home until he should have crossed the continent to the South Sea or Pacific Ocean, found a lump of gold, or discovered some of the lost colony of Raleigh, who landed on Roanoke twenty years before. He came prepared to cross the continent. He brought with him a light barge, in which to ascend the James River to its supposed source among the mountains. Then it was to be carried over the lofty ranges of which the Indians had spoken, and relaunched into the streams beyond, which, he doubted not, flowed on with ever-increasing volume into the great South Sea. He also brought royal presents for Powhatan, consisting of a bed and furniture, a basin and ewer, a chair of state, a suit of scarlet cloth, a cloak of rich fabric, and a crown. These, with his scheme for explorations, Newport laid before the Council in Virginia. Smith opposed him with his strong common sense, and the logic of facts and probabilities; but a majority of the Council, dazzled by the brilliancy of the scheme, supported Newport. That officer, thus strengthened, ungenerously accused Smith of a desire to secure for himself all the glory of the expected discovery. This accusation gave the President an opportunity for a display of his noble nature. He not only acquiesced in the decision of the majority, but he volunteered to go with four oth-

ers to the seat of Powhatan at Werowocomoco, and invite him to Jamestown to receive the royal presents. He went. The monarch was absent, and the English were well entertained by Pocahontas and her women until the return of her father the next day. Then Smith invited Powhatan to come to Jamestown, receive the royal presents from Newport, his father, and concert plans for taking vengeance on the Monocans, with whom the Powhatans were then at war. The haughty Emperor, who understood human nature well, did not for a moment forget his self-respect. Drawing his mantle around him, folding his arms, and standing erect in all the conscious majesty of his position, the pagan sovereign said: "If your King has sent me presents, I too am a King, and this is my land. Eight days I will stay to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such a bait. As for the Monocans, I can revenge my own injuries. For any salt-water beyond the mountains, the stories you have had from my people are false." Then he stooped and drew in the dust, with his finger, a rude chart of the countries which the English had not seen, and giving Captain Smith some friendly words, desired him to return to Jamestown with his answer. The presents were immediately sent round by water, and Smith and Newport, with fifty armed men, marched across the country to Werowocomoco. The presents arrived, the bed was set up, the use of the basin and ewer were explained, and preparations were immediately made for the coronation of Powhatan. After much persuasion he allowed himself to be invested in the scarlet dress and cloak, stooped a little, and received the crown upon his head; and while the English in the boats gave a *feu de joie* with their muskets, with solemn pomp Newport proclaimed the dusky monarch one of the crowned potentates of earth. The ridiculous ceremony ended, and all that Captain Newport received from Powhatan, in compliment for the doubtful honor he had bestowed upon him in behalf of King James, were the cast-off mantle and shoes of the Indian Emperor. These probably were never honored with the touch of the Stuart.

A little chagrined by the affair, Newport returned to Jamestown and set off for the South Sea, by going up the James River to the Falls, and penetrating the wilderness westward. He soon returned, fatigued and disheartened, and was compelled to own Captain Smith his superior in wisdom. He found the President energetically engaged in promoting the interests of the colony. Every man was compelled to work, and he had but little compassion on the dainty fingers which were blistered by the use of the axe, and which caused the owners to utter a "loud oath at every third blow to drown the echo." He even punished them for their profanity, and corrected the evil by pouring down their sleeves at night a can of cold water for every oath they had uttered during the day. He was loved by a majority of the colonists, feared

by many, and hated by a very few. Among the latter were Newport and Radcliffe, who plotted for his overthrow, but through vigilance, wisdom, and firmness he triumphed over all. He even silenced the complaints of the Supreme Council, in London, who had been deceived by false reports concerning him. They had addressed a very sharp letter to him, to which he replied with so much candor, spirit, and eminent ability that their suspicions were disarmed, and they regarded him with admiration.

Captain Smith continued to encounter many difficulties in Virginia. The Indians often exhibited signs of hostile feelings. He well knew the jealousy and craftiness of Powhatan, and properly distrusted his apparent friendship. He finally resolved to seize his person, and keep him at Jamestown as a hostage. An opportunity to attempt the bold measure soon occurred. Powhatan asked Smith to build him a house. He sent some Germans, who were almost useless at Jamestown, to do so, having first imprudently revealed to them his plans and obtained promises of their co-operation. He then went thither himself with several armed men. The Germans proved traitors, and revealed the plot to Powhatan. The anger of the Emperor was fiercely kindled against Smith and his followers, and he prepared to strike them an exterminating blow while partaking of an apparently friendly feast. The blessed Pocahontas forewarned Captain Smith of his danger, and through vigilance he escaped unhurt and returned to Jamestown with his people. The plea of stern necessity alone can excuse the conduct of Smith in this attempted treachery toward one who had generously saved his life, and always evinced personal respect toward him.

On their way back Smith and his party visited Opechancanough, brother of Powhatan, at Pamunkey. The chief received them at his house with friendly salutations, while armed warriors were gathering around to murder the English. While Smith was in conference with the traitorous King of the Pamunkeys, one of his party rushed in with face deadly pale and trembling voice, exclaiming that they were all lost, for six or seven hundred Indians had formed a cordon around them. The Captain calmly assured them of the efficiency of their muskets, bade them be resolute, trust in God, and fight like men. He then boldly accused Opechancanough of his treachery, and proposed single combat to decide who should submit, the English or the Indians. The chief knew his present advantage and declined. He tried to quiet the suspicions of the Captain, and invited him outside to receive presents, where he had two hundred bowmen with their arrows on their strings ready to shoot him. Smith read the perfidy in the eye of the chief, and, unable longer to restrain his indignation, he seized him by the hair, and placing a loaded pistol to his breast, he led him out trembling with horror, and made him kneel submissively in the presence of his terrified people. The Pamunkeys were dreadfully frightened. Some fell on their faces, and

some crouched in abject fear on seeing the sacred person of their King thus handled. Holding on to his prisoner, Smith addressed the savages in their own language. He rebuked them for their treachery, told them if they dared shoot an arrow at one of his men, or steal any thing of his, they would not hear the last of him while there was a Pamunkey alive. He reminded them of their promise to load his vessel with corn, and told them if they did not he would load it with their carcasses. He assured them if they would trade with him like friends he would promise not to trouble them; if not, they might expect to feel his fiercest indignation. They were awed by his speech and his actions; and so terrible was the name of Smith to all the Indians of the Virginia peninsula that even the stern commands of Powhatan could not induce them to attack him in battle.

The treacherous Germans, who remained with Powhatan, gave Captain Smith and the colonists much trouble, by exciting the hostilities of the neighboring tribes against the English, and the settlement was frequently menaced with destruction. Disorder also prevailed at Jamestown on the return of Smith from Werowocomoco, but by extraordinary energy and the factitious aid of some seeming accidents, the Indians became exceedingly fearful of the English, and especially of Captain Smith. The settlers also became better disposed; idleness (by compulsion) gave way to industry, and the death of the last survivor of the Council gave Captain Smith autocratic powers. He used them mildly, but firmly, for the public good. He always fared like the meanest among them, worked as hard and as menially as any of them, and in every particular he was a noble example.

Captain Smith's sojourn in Virginia was now drawing to a close. The anticipations of sudden wealth, indulged in by the London Company, were not realized, and they sought and obtained a new charter early in the summer of 1608, which gave them more ample privileges. The territory of South Virginia was extended northward to the head of Chesapeake Bay. The Supreme Council was vested with full power to fill vacancies in its own body, and to appoint a Governor for Virginia, whose rule was made absolute. The lives, liberties, and property of the settlers were at his disposal. They were compelled to contribute a certain share of their earnings to the proprietors, and were mere vassals at will under a petty despotism.

Lord De la Warr (Delaware) was appointed Governor, and Sir Thomas Gates his deputy. The latter sailed for Virginia with Newport, who commanded a fleet of nine ships, bearing more than five hundred emigrants destined for the Jamestown colony. The fleet was dispersed by a storm, the deputy Governor was in one of the vessels wrecked on the shores of the Bermudas, but the great body of the immigrants, in seven ships, arrived at Jamestown in safety. A greater portion of them were more profligate, if possible, than their predecessors in the colony. They



THE HUMILIATION OF OPECHANCANOUGH.

were dissolute scions of wealthy families, and many of them came to avoid punishment for crimes at home. They regarded Virginia as a paradise for libertines, and affected to believe the colony to be without a head until the Governor or his deputy should arrive. Smith, on the contrary, boldly asserted his authority as President, and maintained it until an accident in autumn compelled him to go to England for surgical aid. He had been to the Falls (Richmond) of the James River, to visit a settlement there, and while asleep in his boat, when going down the

river to Jamestown, a bag of gunpowder lying near him exploded, and burned his clothes and lacerated his flesh in a shocking manner. He leaped overboard to extinguish the flames and barely escaped drowning. In this condition he was conveyed to Jamestown, when Radcliffe and Archer, who were about to be tried for their misdemeanors, seeing his helplessness, hired a miscreant to murder Smith in his bed. The heart of the assassin failed him at the important moment, and soon afterward (early in the autumn of 1609) Captain Smith, suffering severely from

his wounds, departed for England and never returned to Virginia again. He left behind him about five hundred colonists (of whom one hundred were trained and expert soldiers), besides vessels, cannons, three hundred muskets, and other weapons, ammunition in abundance, and an ample supply of domestic animals and provisions. He delegated his magisterial authority to George Percy, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and he departed with the abundant blessings and kind wishes of many warm friends at Jamestown, for he was properly regarded in the three-fold character of the founder of the settlement, and its saviour and benefactor.

Released from the control of Smith, the settlers gave themselves up to every irregularity of life. Their stock of provisions was rapidly consumed. Improvidence soon invited want and famine. The Indians, who had great respect for Smith, and on that account were friendly, openly showed their contempt for the English after his departure. They withheld supplies of corn and game, and famine ensued. The winter of 1609-'10 was one of terrible suffering at Jamestown. It was long remembered as the "starving time." The English who went to the cabins of the Indians for food were murdered; and, finally, a plan was matured for striking the settlers a blow of utter extermination. It was almost ripe for execution when Pocahontas again became an angel of deliverance. On a dark and stormy night she hastened to Jamestown, informed the English of the plot, and was thus instrumental in saving the colony by arousing their vigilance. But an enemy more subtle and powerful than the savages was decimating the settlers. Destitution and sickness increased as the spring advanced, and six months after Smith's departure his colony of five hundred persons was reduced to sixty. These attempted to escape in a vessel to Newfoundland, but were happily met at Hampton Roads by supply ships, bearing Lord De la Warr; and that very night Jamestown, abandoned to the pagans in the morning, was made vocal with hymns of thanksgiving to the true God by the returned settlers.

History has made no record of Captain Smith's career during four years after his return to England. Doubtless his most brilliant hopes and fondest desires were centred on the New World. In confirmation of the opinion, we find him, in 1614, engaged in an expedition, in company with several London gentlemen, for trade and discovery on the coast of North Virginia, a way to which had recently been opened by Gosnold, Pring, and Weymouth. They had seen only its line of coast, the vast interior was yet an unknown land to the civilized world. To that land, full of courage and hope, Captain Smith sailed in March, 1614, with two vessels, one of them commanded by Captain Thomas Hunt. They first touched the coast of Maine, and while the crews of the vessels were engaged in catching and preserving fish, during July and August, Smith, with eight men in a small boat, carefully examined and surveyed the whole coast from the

Penobscot to Cape Cod. They trafficked and they fought with the Indians as circumstances required.

From the topographical materials he had gathered Captain Smith was enabled to construct quite an accurate map, not only of the coast but of the interior country watered by the principal streams which he had explored. He placed the Indian names of places on his map, except those which he had given to particular localities; and after an absence of less than seven months, he returned to England, leaving one of his vessels in command of Hunt to traffic with the natives. Hunt not only disobeyed orders, but committed one of the worst crimes known in the calendar of human infamy. As soon as Smith had departed he kidnapped twenty-seven Indians, with Squanto their chief, took them to Spain, and sold several of them for slaves. Some benevolent friars took the remainder to educate them as missionaries. Among these was Chief Squanto, who was afterward returned to his people. And now, at various points—from the Spanish settlements in Florida to the French posts on Newfoundland—men-stealers of different nations had planted the seeds of hatred and distrust in the New World, whose fruits, in after-years, were wars and complicated troubles.

On his return to England Captain Smith presented his map to the eldest son of King James (afterward Charles the First), and desired him to substitute better titles to places than the "barbarous names" he had recorded. He had named the country thus delineated NEW ENGLAND, and he asked the Prince to confirm the same. His wishes were all complied with. That portion of North Virginia was called New England, and many names in that region, which appeared on Smith's corrected map, are still retained. With his usual modesty, he gave his own name to only a group of small islands, which have since been changed to that of Isles of Shoals—a name treasonable alike to good taste and gratitude.

The fame of Captain Smith as an explorer was greatly enhanced by his voyage to New England, and parties interested in such enterprises eagerly sought his co-operation. The Plymouth Company, as the patentees of North Virginia were called, finally made arrangements with him; and he sailed for New England, with two vessels, in March, 1615. He was driven back by a tempest, but sailed again on the 4th of July following. His crew became mutinous; and after two or three escapes from pirates, his vessel was captured by a French corsair, and he and his men were all carried to France. Smith escaped to England in an open boat. Having aroused the sluggish energies of the Plymouth Company and others, they planned vast schemes of colonization, and he was made Admiral of New England for life. It was but an empty title, and Captain Smith never again found occasion to brave the perils of the Atlantic, or the greater perils in the forests of America.

While Captain Smith was engaged in these efforts toward planting settlements in New En-



SMITH PRESENTING HIS MAP TO PRINCE CHARLES.

gland, important events were transpiring in Virginia. The gentle Pocahontas, by her firm attachment to the English, had become alienated from her father and his court. Her tender heart was continually pained by the plots that periled the settlers at Jamestown; and she finally left her father's dominions, and lived in seclusion with the Potomacs. Ever since the departure of Captain Smith Powhatan had continued to manifest hostility toward the English; and though the colony had increased to a thousand in number toward the close of 1612, they

still feared the power and craft of the Emperor. At that time Captain Argall, a half-piratical navigator, was in Virginia. Informed of the place of residence of Pocahontas, he conceived the idea of abducting her, and taking her to Jamestown, to be held as a hostage until Powhatan should consent to advantageous terms of peace. Unmindful of the full measure of gratitude due from the colony to the Indian princess, the rough Argall proceeded to carry his plans into execution. By the present of a copper kettle he bribed the chief of the Potomacs to allure

Pocahontas on board his vessel. The scheme was effected through the agency of the wife of the chief, and the unsuspecting maiden was made a prisoner. She wept bitterly at first; but finally became reconciled. For several months the old King refused compliance with the exorbitant demands of the English, but love for his child at length prevailed. He loved his daughter tenderly, and he agreed to the terms of ransom gladly, at the same time promising unbroken friendship for the English.

Pocahontas was now free to return to her forest home. But other bonds, more holy than those of her captor, detained her. While in the custody of the rude buccaneer a mutual attachment had budded and blossomed between her and John Rolfe, a young Englishman of good family, and the fruit was a happy marriage—"another knot to bind the peace" with Powhatan much stronger. Already she had been carefully instructed in the Christian religion, and had been baptized with the name of the Lady Rebecca.

It was a day in charming April, 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown, where, not long before, she had been admitted to the Christian communion. The sun had marched half-way up toward the meridian when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the "pews of cedar" commingled with the fragrance of the wild-flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the "fair broad windows" and the commandment-tablets above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion-table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat-fields around Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, "hewn hollow between, like a canoe," sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and hanging loosely toward her feet was a robe of rich stuff presented by Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor, fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native work-shops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore a short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage—she of womanly modesty and simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God—the "good Master Whittaker"—history dipped her

pen in the indestructible fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the New World. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing intervened, the "Apostle of Virginia" stood in his sacerdotal robes, and with impressive voice pronounced the marriage ritual of the Liturgy of the Anglican Church, then first planted on the Western continent. On his right, in a richly-carved chair of state, brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever-attendant halberdiers, with brazen helmets, at his back.

There were yet but few women in the colony, and these, soon after this memorable event, returned to native England. The "ninety young women, pure and uncorrupted," whom the wise Sandys caused to be sent to Virginia, as wives for the planters, did not arrive until seven years later. All then at Jamestown were at the marriage. The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them: Mrs. John Rolfe, with her child (doubtless of the family of the bridegroom); Mrs. Eaton and child; and Mrs. Horton and grandchild, with her maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on a Christmas-eve before, had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men there present was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars (a friend of Captain Smith), and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils as any who ever trusted to the ribs of oak of the ships of Old England; and Master Sparks, who had been co-embassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier, with young Henry Spilman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood; and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene, was the elder brother of Pocahontas, but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble, venerable figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Werowocomoco while the *rose* and the *totum* were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Ojachisco, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well; and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the Apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The music ceased; the benediction fell; the solemn "Amen" echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Governor. Thus "the peace" was made stronger; and the *Rose* of England lay undisturbed upon the *Hatchet* of the Powhatans while the father of Pocahontas lived.

Months glided away. The bride and groom "lived civilly and lovingly together" until Sir Thomas Dale departed for England, in 1616, when they, with many settlers, accompanied



THE SORROW OF POCAHONTAS

him. Tomocomo, one of the shrewdest of Powhatan's counselors, went also, that he might report all the wonders of England to his master. The Lady Rebecca received great attention from the court and all below it. "She accustomed herself to civility, and carried herself as daughter of a king," says one of the old chroniclers. Doctor King, the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her "with festival state and pomp" beyond what he had ever given to other ladies; and at court she was received with the courtesy due to her rank as a princess. But the silly bigot on the throne was highly incensed because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry a *lady of royal blood*; and in the midst of his dreams of prerogatives, he absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay claim to the crown of Virginia! This was the miserable pedant whose family cost England so much blood and treasure, and whom

the great Sully called "the wisest fool in Europe." And the noble and valiant Captain Smith, whose courage and independence seemed equal to any contingency, almost trembled for fear of the royal displeasure. The delighted Pocahontas, who had long been told that Smith was dead, when she met him called him *father*, as she had done in Virginia. But, as he says, he "durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter," and he refused to listen to such words of affection. She could not comprehend the cause, and her tender, simple heart was sorely grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She turned away in deep sorrow, and, leaning her head upon the shoulder of a good lady present, she wept as if her heart would break, while she gently reproached the Captain for his seeming unkindness.

Pocahontas remained in England about a

year; and when ready to embark for America with her husband and child, she sickened, and died at Gravesend in the flowery month of June, 1617, when not quite two-and-twenty years of age. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who afterward became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. He left a daughter, and from her some of the leading families in Virginia—the Bollings, Murrys, Gays, Flemings, Eldridges, and Randolphs—trace their lineage. But Pocahontas needed no posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperishably preserved in the amber of history.

At the time when Pocahontas visited England Captain Smith supposed himself to be on the eve of his departure for America. The Plymouth Company had been making great promises, and now he was assured of being the commander of a fleet of twenty vessels—a position worthy of his title of Admiral. But these promises were never fulfilled; and he lived on, hoping against hope for an opportunity to visit the New World again. At length sad intelligence reached England. A dark cloud suddenly arose in the summer sky of Virginia. The Indian tribes, for many leagues around Jamestown, gathered in council. Powhatan was dead, and his brother, Opechancanough, a bitter enemy of the white people, ruled the confederacy. They had watched the increasing strength of the English with alarm. The white people there were now four thousand in number, and were rapidly increasing. The Indians read their own destiny—annihilation—upon the face of every new-comer; and, prompted by the first law of his nature—self-preservation—the red man resolved to strike a blow for life. A conspiracy to exterminate the English was planned; and at mid-day on the first of April, 1622, the hatchet fell upon all of the more remote settlements. Within an hour three hundred and fifty men, women, and children were slain. Jamestown and some neighboring plantations were saved by the timely warning of a Christian Indian. Those far away in the forests fought bravely, and fled to the capital. In the space of a few days eighty plantations were reduced to eight. The retaliation upon the Indians was terrible. They were slaughtered by scores upon the York and James rivers, or were driven far back into the wilderness. But a blight was on the colony. Sickness and famine followed close upon the massacre. Within three months the colony of four thousand souls was reduced to twenty-five hundred; and at the beginning of 1624, of nine thousand persons who had been sent to Virginia from England, only eighteen hundred remained.

The intelligence of this massacre created great excitement in England, and Captain Smith burned with a desire to go over and avenge the outrage. He asked the London Company to allow him one hundred soldiers and thirty sailors, with sufficient provisions and equipments, and promised, with these, to form a perfect protection to the colony in future. But the majority were too avaricious, or lacked sufficient forecast, to receive

the proposition favorably, and it was rejected. Now the last opportunity for the brave Captain Smith to go to Virginia, as an adventurer in private enterprises, passed away forever. The King had long sought an excuse for dissolving the London Company, and extending royal sway over the colony on the James River. Now he appointed a commission, composed of his own pliant tools, to inquire into the condition of the affairs of the corporation. Of course they reported in favor of dissolving the Company. An equally pliant judiciary issued a *quo warranto*. As the speculation had been an unprofitable one, the Company made but little opposition; and in July, 1624, the patents were canceled. Virginia became a royal province, and so it remained until the colonies were all declared free and independent States in 1776.

From this period until his death in 1631, Captain Smith disappears from history altogether. Yet he was not idle. He appears to have possessed a fortune, or, at least, an ample competency, and he lived in comparative seclusion, engaged in literary labors and the enjoyments of social life. Although not endowed with the faculty of writing elegantly, yet his sentences possess vigor, terseness, and genial humor, which charm the reader. His literary productions were quite numerous, and have ever been regarded as truthful narratives of what he had seen and heard.*

Captain Smith died in London in 1631, in the fifty-second year of his age. It is a singular fact that no record of the events of his death has ever been found. It seems strange that one who, for almost thirty years, had been so conspicuous in some of the most notable and important movements of the age, should have received so little notice at the hands of chroniclers when he departed. In a brief poetic address, written by a

* Smith's "Map of Virginia," with an accompanying record of "Proceedings" in the colony, was published in 1612. In 1620 he issued a pamphlet entitled, "New England's Trials, declaring the Success of 26 Ships employed thither within these six Years." In 1626 his "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," etc., from 1584 (Raleigh's Expeditions) to the year of publication, was issued. In 1630 "The true Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1593 to 1629," together with a continuation of his "General History," was published in London. This work, together with the "General History," was reprinted at Richmond in 1919, under the auspices of John Randolph, in two octavo volumes, with careful copies of the original illustrations. Smith also published, in 1631, a little work from his pen, entitled "Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere; or, the Pathway to Experience to Erect a Plantation," etc. It is a curious work, and gives evidence, in its literary features, of more than ordinary care on the part of the writer. It is printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Earlier than this, he published two or three practical manuals. One was called "An Accidence; or, the Pathway to Experience necessary for all young Seamen." Another was entitled, "A Sea Grammar, with the plain Exposition of Smith's Accidence for young Seamen, enlarged." And at the time of his death he seems to have been engaged in writing a "History of the Sea." In all these writings Captain Smith displays great knowledge of men and things, and a lively appreciation of nature.

contemporary, this lack of expressed appreciation is alluded to. The writer says:

"If France, or Spaine, or any forren soile,
Could claime thee theirs—for these thy paines and toile,
Th'adst got reward and honor: now adays
What our own natives doe, we seldome praise."

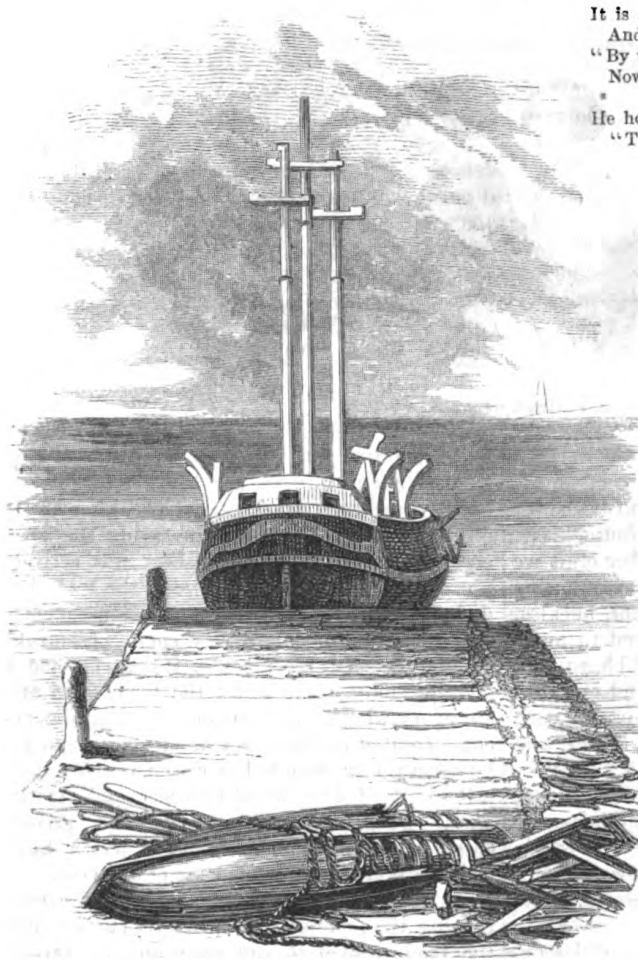
And as Captain Smith himself seems never to have put on record any thing concerning his purely private affairs, we are left in profound ignorance of his domestic history. We know not whether he was ever married, with whom he was related, what were his tastes and habits, or what was the amount of his fortune. He is to be judged only by his public actions. These are sufficient to make the world, in all time, admire him as a brave and generous soldier, a wise statesman, and skillful executive officer in civil or military life. As founder of the earliest En-

glish colony in America, he will ever be regarded in this country with the reverence due to the best of those noble pioneers who came hither to plant new empires. History and song, painting and sculpture, find worthy themes in commemorating their deeds. If Alexander the Great was thought worthy of having the granite body of Mount Athos hewn into a colossal image of himself, might not Europe and America appropriately join in the labor of fashioning some lofty summit of the Alleghanies into a huge monument to the memory of those PIONEERS who carried the seeds of Christian civilization to the New World, and, amidst perils most fearful, nobly nurtured the young plants of empire until their roots had struck too deep in the soil to be disturbed by the hand of internal faction or the tempest of outward pagan opposition?

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

[Third Paper.]



DISMANTLED.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

He holds him with his skinny hand:—
"There was a ship," quoth he.

COLERIDGE.

ON entering the harbor of Nantucket one is impressed on every hand by the signs of decadence. A few battered and dismantled hulks of whale ships sleep alongside the lethargic old wharves; quiet, listless seeming people saunter about with an aimless air very uncommon in New England; grass-grown streets and dingy warehouses all combine to complete the picture of departed glory.—No, not of departed glory: I mean, simply, "of decadent commercial prosperity;" for the fame of Nantucket is historic, and the glory of having given birth to the boldest and most enterprising mariners that ever furrowed the seas is hers, imperishable and forever.

Of all the attributes of man that which should always command our most unreserved regard is simple manhood; and I must confess that, when I entered the precincts of this island-city, I experienced very much the same sort of feeling as when for the first time I passed the gates of

Imperial Rome. Here, I thought, are the familiar haunts of men who have hunted over the aqueous globe and despoiled the deep of its living wealth, who have striven face to face with mighty leviathans and driven them from sea to sea, and from pole to pole, smiting and destroying, enriching commerce, illuminating the darkness of the world. Before Nantucket we had pine knots and tallow; since Nantucket we have camphene and kerosene: representatives of lusty barbarism and an overstrained and diseased civilization. For the golden age of reason, the true and healthful light of convenience and common sense, commend me to the days of the great *Physeter macrocephalus*.

A rapid sail over salt-water, if it does not prove an emetic, is a famous stomachic tonic; and so we made no unreasonable delay sentimentalizing over the homes of the Vikings, but made our way to the Ocean House, where we dined and reposed. Later in the afternoon we went a strolling at our leisure to see whatever was to be seen. The town of Nantucket con-

tains near seven thousand inhabitants, and in its general features resembles New Bedford, being at the same time smaller, older, more quiet, and less wealthy. Of her ancient mariners, indeed, we saw few; but their wives and children seemed numerous enough. One can not but remark the great preponderance of women and children in the visible population of the place; and this circumstance gives to the streets and thoroughfares in the interior of the town a more cheerful and home-like air. Inquiring for the cause of this disparity in the sexes, your response is found in the old song of The Sea:

"The sea has one and all,
Fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers."

In addition, a few years since, the California fever swept the island with a virulence more fatal than war and pestilence combined. It is estimated that Nantucket lost some six or eight hundred men by that epidemic. At night there was music in the Public Place, and observing the crowd collected to hear it, I judged that at least four-fifths were women.



A STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

As the morning after our arrival was delightfully fair and fresh, we, by the advice of an acquaintance at the hotel, determined to drive over to Siasconsett, the Newport of the Nantuckois. Our buggy appeared like all the other craft we saw, a little the worse for time and use; but by the judicious adaptation of some straps, buckles, and a silk handkerchief, we managed to make her sea-worthy—sand-worthy I should have said, for having cleared the town we found our road a plain track of loose sand, through an open country, scantily clothed with grass, weeds, and low shrubs, and totally destitute both of trees and inclosures. Some browsing cattle, sheep, and horses—to say nothing of sand-flies—gave life to this dreary landscape; and several lonely and poor-looking farm-houses in the distance showed that agriculture was not altogether ignored.

A drive of eight miles brought us to Siasconsett, situated on the southeast part of the island.

The old town, which resembles a group of hen-houses, about fifty in number and compactly built, occupies a level grass-plot, immediately on the brink of a sand cliff facing the open ocean. Formerly the cod fishery was actively prosecuted here; but of late years the trade has dwindled into insignificance, and consequently the place retains but a very small permanent population. In recompense, it has become a favorite summer resort for the town folks and strangers who visit the country. For the accommodation of these seekers of health and relaxation a new suburb has arisen which totally eclipses the fishing hamlet in size and appearance. There are a number of pretty private cottages and a neat hotel, none of which, however, were occupied at the time of our visit.

As we saw no one of whom to inquire concerning the premises, we drove on slowly until the road seemed to run out; and we turned into a narrow grass-covered way, which, like the

streets of Genoa, seemed to have been laid off without any reference to horses and carriages. Dick remarked that we would get tangled up among these blasted turkey-houses, and would not be able to get out without driving over some of them. I persevered, notwithstanding, until we were presently brought up against the village pump. Our shouts opened the door of a tenement near at hand, from whence an old cripple issued, and, shuffling toward us with great eagerness, offered to take our horse. We yielded the reins readily, and inquired if there was a house of entertainment in the place.

"Certainly," said he; "jist you go in there (indicating the low door from which he had sallied), and Mistress Cary will entertain you as nice as need be."

We entered and found ourselves in a cuddy, measuring about eight by ten, which, in addition to its capacity as public reception room of the hotel, seemed to serve also as a general storehouse of groceries, provisions, and fancy goods of varied character. By a cursory glance I was enabled to inventory a portion of the contents, as follows: Dried codfish, bottled beer, sugar-candy, fishing lines and hooks, eggs, whisky, ginger-cakes, opodeldoc, pork, cigars, cheese, Rad-

way's Ready Relief, tobacco, ship biscuit, Pain Killer, jack-knives, lucifer-matches, and jewelry.

The prospect was not so bad. The house was well provisioned at least; as tidy as could be expected under the circumstances; and, besides, the most delicate olfactories could not have detected the slightest smell of any kind, except dried codfish: but if folks are squeamish on this or other subjects, they had better stay at home, and be content to do their traveling through *Harper's Magazine*. As no one appeared to receive us, Dick thumped upon the glass case that contained the fancy goods, jewelry, and ginger-cakes, and forthwith from a side door entered a little old woman with a motherly vinegar aspect, who saluted us sharply with,

"Well, what have ye got to sell?"

"Nothing at all," replied Dick, depositing upon a chair the knapsack which contained our baggage.

"Then," quoth she, "take your traps and tramp."

"Madam," said I, with mildness, yet assuming some dignity of manner, "we are strangers who have come a-pleasuring to this famous place, and have been informed that you could entertain us for the day, perhaps."



MOTHER CARY.

"Oh, that's it, is it? That's quite another thing. Set down, Sirs, and rest yourselves, and we'll see what we can do for you."

The old woman looked mollified; but to remove the disadvantageous impression that we were pedestrians, I continued,

"Our horse and carriage, Madam, has been attended to by your husband."

"My husband!" exclaimed Mother Cary. "My husband?"

"Madam, I allude to the lame gentleman who took our horse and promised to have him fed."

Our hostess stood for a moment speechless, as if undecided whether she should put me to death à la basilisk, or annihilate me with a package of codfish which lay near at hand. At length she shrieked out, like an angered sea-gull,

"My husband, did you say? gentleman, did you call him?—that creature that I hired from the alms-house to attend to people's horses! I guess your eye-sight is not very good, Sir, or you must be strangers in this country. I am Mistress Elizabeth Cary, at your service. My husband! faugh! I thank God I'm not that low yet!"

And in high disdain she flounced out of the room.

"Cousin Bob," said Dick, in a cautious whisper, "I think it quite lucky for the poor old hostler that he is only her hireling."

"True, Dick. Old, a cripple, and a pauper—yet he is not her husband. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Presently Mother Cary re-entered, clothed in calm dignity and severe politeness, with the addition of a high white turban and a glistening black silk gown.

We bowed until our heads nearly touched the floor. "Madam," I said, "excuse the absurd and awkward mistake I made just now."

"It's of no consequence," she answered, with the slightest trace of acrimony. "I mistook you for a couple of gimcrack peddlers; but it seems neither of us was very sharp-sighted. I hope we'll get better acquainted. What's your orders?"

Having ascertained that we could procure a fishing-boat, the hostler was sent to call the boatman, and we proceeded to order liberally; bottles of porter, ship biscuit, cheese, boiled eggs, and divers articles of fishing tackle, until our bill amounted to a round sum. The clink of the solid coin upon the counter effectually smoothed the wrinkles from the amiable mother's countenance, and just then the boatman entered, accompanied by an assistant.

Bluefishing was to be the sport, and the big boat was to be launched. Where every body is willing, arrangements are soon made. Our boatman's name was Coffin too, and to sail in company with one of the Coffins of Nantucket is something for a landsman; consequently drinks were proposed. In a twinkling Madam produced a bottle of her best whisky—I don't drink whisky myself, but shammed for politeness' sake; but

Dick, who scorns all humbug in such matters, pronounced the liquor good, ordered a repetition, and pressed a glass on our worthy hostess.

By this time she had become radiant.

"I like to deal with liberal-minded, polite gentlemen," quoth she.

"Then," said Dick, "your visitors during the summer are not always of that stamp?"

"I guess not," she replied, with a scornful toss. "Why, there are people that come here who would spend the day skinning a clam rather than pay five cents for a good dinner."

"It's abominable that people should be so stingy," cried Dick, slapping the old woman on the back.

She returned the salute with a confidential poke in the ribs. "To be sure, young man, they're your half-cut people—trash; but for a gentleman, I can tell one as far as I can see him."

Dick helped Mother Cary a second time.

"Young man," quoth she, "I don't know where you came from nor who you are, but it's plain to see you've been bred a gentleman."

"Come," said I, "the bluefish are waiting for us; let's be off." And so we started for the beach.

"I wish ye good sport, gentlemen," screeched Mother Cary. "Your horse shall be well attended to, and any thing I have in the house is at your service."

With the assistance of half a dozen fishermen the sail-boat was launched, and we started on our cruise. Unfortunately for our anticipated sport, the breeze failed us entirely. To remedy this we tried the oars; but so stout a craft, with but two oarsmen, made so little progress that we were obliged to abandon the hope of trailing, and forced to adopt another mode of fishing practiced here. This is done by throwing the leaded hook to as great a distance as possible, and then drawing it home with sufficient rapidity to keep the bait afloat. A skillful hand will throw out two hundred feet of line, by whirling the lead rapidly round the fore finger and letting go at the proper time; and in drawing it home will lay his line in a clean coil, ready to repeat the throw the instant that he boats his fish or draws his hook from the water. A green hand plumps his lead alternately into the deck and among the rigging, hooks his finger or his breeches, and tangles his line into the most extraordinary loops and knots that can be imagined. In all these performances Dick and myself had some experience. In addition, we caught nothing, and without the excitement of taking the fish the process soon became intolerably fatiguing. So after rowing and floating about for an hour or more without any success we anchored, and knocking the necks off the porter bottles, solaced ourselves with Mother Cary's provisions. While the lunch was in progress the fisherman's son pointed out a group of black points dimpling the surface of the water about a hundred feet from us. "There," said he, "goes a shoal of bluefish!" Down went the cheese and beer, and out went

the lines. Throwing the lead beyond the shoal, we drew it rapidly through, and each hook was followed by half a dozen or more ravenous fish, snapping, darting, and leaping up to the gunwale of the boat. A noble pair were hooked on our first cast, and presently fresh shoals appeared to the right and left of us, driving by with the tide. Many thousands must have passed us in the course of the next hour, sometimes showing their fins at distances beyond our reach, sometimes passing directly under the boat. The sight of our game aroused the sporting fervor to the highest degree, and for an hour we whirled our leads so industriously and effectively that the bottom of our boat was all a-flutter with the spoils.

With the turn of the tide the fish disappeared, and, satisfied with our success, we rowed back to the Siasconsett landing. When we got ashore we straightway repaired, with our ship's company, to the hospitable store-room of Mother Cary, where drinks again went round and all fatigues were for the time forgotten.

"Mr. Coffin," inquired Dick, "you have storms on this coast sometimes, don't you?"

The sailor gave a solemn wink at the venerable mother, whose back was turned at the time, and replied in a manner savoring of reverential facetiousness:

"We have, Sir, some devilish hard blows; dangerous for them as happen to be outside of the breakers; but once get inside and it's smoother sailing."

"This whisky," observed the hostess, "is none of your common stuff. I've got mean whisky for sich as it suits; but this I keep for them that know what's what. Shall I open another bottle, Sirs?"

"Certainly, Madam, another bottle. Friends, here's good sport and a full season for Siasconsett; pour out for yourselves."

"Mister," whispered Coffin, "I guess you're all safe inside the breakers."

The lame hostler now brought out the buggy, and taking leave of this queer, quizzical, humorous, jolly little place, we drove back to the city of Nantucket.

"How do you like Siasconsett?" asked our acquaintance.

"We had a pleasant day," I answered; "but I should like to see it during the full season."

"It would be worth your while," said he; "they have lively times then, and I can tell you some good stories."

"Then tell us one, by all means."

At all places where men and women congregate for social pleasure and recreation, no pie can be opened that Love don't stick his finger in, and Siasconsett, like all summer retreats, great and small, has its spice of gossip and romance.

Something less than a thousand years ago—said our narrator—Miss Mehetabel Fizzig was the beauty and belle of our island. I won't waste time in attempting to describe her loveliness; but just let every man fancy the sort of

girl he would wish his sweet-heart to be, and then I'll wager she would have surpassed them all. Nor were her good looks her only recommendation. She was considered uncommonly clever with her books, and no girl of her age was comparable to her in handiness with her needle and smartness in housekeeping. After going over this catalogue of her perfections, it may seem superfluous to add that Hetty was an heiress. Being a married man, I never took the trouble to remember how many houses, shares in whale-ships, and certificates of bank stock her father had left her, but have heard it said frequently that "it was enough to give a clever and industrious young man a very good start in the world."

Although Nantucket is not overrun with young men of any kind, Hetty's charms were not suffered to go a-begging; and before she was eighteen she had had offers that most girls would have jumped at; but she seemed to have no mind for any of them. Not that she was by any means indifferent to admiration and attention. On the contrary, she exhibited a fondness for such worldly vanities that set numerous old-fashioned, plaited bonnets and divers unguarded tongues to wagging at her. In fact, she treated her admirers with as much tact and as little remorse as her ancestors had shown to the poor whales; giving a puffing swain the *coup de grace*, and laughing at his death-flurry; or when the game became troublesome, cutting the line, and sending the animal plunging away into unknown and unheard-of seas, where four years of salt junk and bilge water generally cured his wounds effectually.

From such doings as these it came to be currently reported and believed that the little beauty had no heart; and this serious defect set all the old ladies who had marriageable daughters very much against her; and all the old maids who hadn't given up yet agreed that her behavior was any thing but prudent. Now it was somewhat singular that one very significant fact had thus far escaped the observation of our heroine's female acquaintance, which was, that for two years or more Hetty had been receiving letters from remote parts of the globe, and oftentimes so moulded and faded that she could scarcely decipher them; and that said letters, although by no means cased in filigree and perfumed envelopes, were oftentimes honored with a welcome the very thought of which would have made a crack harpooner miss his throw.

Yet true it was, that, besides the lady herself, no one in all Nantucket knew of these things, except an old jolly wag of a sea captain, with one leg spliced with whalebone; and what this old joker knew of the subject we can not explain at this time, because it would spoil the dramatic surprise we have in store for those who have not yet guessed that our heroine's true lover would turn up presently.

Well, sure enough, one day the good ship *Three Brothers* came into port, returning from a long and successful cruise; and among her

crew was a stout, ruddy, tight-built young sailor, who, on landing, steered directly for the widow Fizgig's cottage, and entering unannounced, surprised Hetty into a scene before some of the neighbors. In an hour after it was known all over town that Hetty's beau had come in earnest. In two hours after it was known when they were to be married, who the bridesmaids were to be, and how the bride was to be dressed.

Here the story should have ended. I wish it had. But there were certain old ones who shook their heads at all this news. Abijah Bowline needn't be too sure of his fish until he had it moored alongside. Hadn't she fooled young Folger and Mayhew in the same way? And how did she treat Tommy Coffin, the promising grand nephew of the famous Long Tom Coffin that was lost on the *Ariel*, as Mr. Fenimore Cooper tells us? Bless the old folks! they know too much by half; so our story must go on.

The season at Siasconsett was in full blast; all the wealthy residents and idle sojourners of the city were there; and there were reported to be at least half a dozen strangers from Boston and elsewhere at the hotel. Although the sea view and sea air had no especial attraction for the newly arrived sailor, yet a feeling of vanity, pardonable enough under the circumstances, engendered a wish to show off his prize before the gay and elegant society there assembled. So he hired a buggy wagon and drove his sweet-heart over, taking a kiss or two by the way, and setting her down, very properly, at the cottage of her aunt, who was keeping house over there.

Young man, if you have a sweet-heart and are well with her, never let her go to a watering-place, especially if she is pretty. I have not time to give reasons at present, but if ever you should find yourself in the supposed circumstances you'll probably remember this caveat.

Now there was at Siasconsett at this time a proper, tall, and handsome young fellow who sported a superb black mustache and whiskers, and who dressed in the highest style of lace cravat, gold chain, and brocade vest that a very liberal public opinion could tolerate. Dr. Flugens, besides these merely personal advantages, was an affluent conversationalist, and had the enviable art of impressing those who listened to him with an amazing idea of his travels, accomplishments, knowledge of society, and general importance in the world. The Doctor was a professor in one department of the noble art of surgery, and in fact, on his arrival at the Ocean House in this city, he stuck up his card:

Professor Flugens,
OF BOSTON,
CHIROPDIST,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES.

Finding that all the fun was going on at Siasconsett, he withdrew this tender of service, and appeared on the new theatre as a gentleman of elegant leisure traveling for health and diversion. In this capacity he took famously with the ladies,

and soon became the standard beau of the society. It is true that an over-nice observer might have remarked some discrepancies between his manners and pretensions. At table he was an unreserved eructator, and picked his teeth with his penknife between courses, which seemed a little odd in one accustomed to the best society in Boston, and, when "het up" in conversation, he "wanted to know," and "admired to see," and alluded to "Bosting" and the "White Mountings" with a twang that did not do much credit to Harvard University, where he was educated. But it is only our great watering-places that folks visit for the purpose of criticising each other's manners and pretensions. To Siasconsett folks go for enjoyment, and they find it, without bothering themselves about each other's little peculiarities.

But to make a long story short, our Professor met Miss Hetty Fizgig in the dance, sought an introduction, and from that moment a flirtation commenced which progressed so rapidly that, in twenty-four hours from date, poor Abijah was gasping and staring like a fish thrown high and dry upon the sandy beach, and felt for all the world like a certain mariner who went to sleep with his vessel riding at anchor in a cozy harbor and woke up next morning to find himself blown out of sight of land.

The public was presently divided into two parties on the subject. Some favored the Doctor's pretensions, while those who sided with the young sailor thought he had been shamefully treated. Uncle Billy Bowline—the old Captain with a whalebone leg—so swelled with indignation that he looked like a fresh-caught sculpin. At what he considered an insult put upon himself first, and his nephew in the second place.

"Hadn't the little baggage often kissed him for bringing her letters from Bijah, and thanked him so sweetly for keeping her secret, and rejoiced with him at the prospect of his nephew's return, and promised him that she would be true as the needle? etc. Ay, ay, so it is: the needle gets bewitched sometimes, and when you see a craft with more sail than ballast there's no counting on her in any kind of a blow. But, Abijah, my boy," continued the Captain, in answer to some desperate suggestions of his nephew. "don't harpoon him just yet, for the sake of convenience. The serpent would be worth nothing at the Tryworks, and it might bring you trouble. Moreover, if you was to perforate him, how would that mend matters in regard to her? It's the gal that has done you the foul turn, not that blower. So if you'll mind me, boy, you'll act the man, cut her adrift, and say no more about it."

Abijah Bowline promised he would follow his uncle's counsel, and part of the promise he fulfilled. He acted the man, and held his peace—the more easily, perhaps, because he therein exhibited the native characteristics of his race. But when he came to fulfill the order to cut adrift, he found the wide difference between a simple manilla line and the web of tough and tender heart-strings in which he was entangled.

On the other side, Hetty tossed, flirted, and enjoyed her triumph to her silly little heart's content. She walked on the beach at low tide, went fishing, drove to Sancoty Head to see the fine view, danced, and sat on the cottage porch with the Doctor, where they talked about Boston and New York, Nahant and Newport, until she felt quite bewildered in her mind, and wondered how it was possible that she had been content to pass her life thus far, cut off from the splendors and delights of the great world; or that she should have so lately purposed to fix her destiny beyond the pale of repentance on this secluded little sand bank, Nantucket.

Then Aunt Noddy highly approved of Hetty's conquest. "To marry a sailor," quoth she, "is to pass one's life in drudgery and hopeless widowhood. Ah me!" she sighed, "for the best half of my life I haven't been able to tell whether I was a married woman or a widow. But patience, we must all submit; yet wouldn't it be mighty pleasant to have Hetty settled in Boston, where a body might pay her a visit between times? Then he, such an agreeable sort of person, a great professor in the colleges—a—a—chiro— Bless the mighty word—I can't exactly call it—but I'll be bound it means something great!"

So things went on, until one evening the teacher of the Grammar School came over from town and stepped in at the cottage to pay his respects. The young lady was walking out as usual; but Aunt Noddy was especially glad to see him, and intimated that she had some particular confidential inquiries to make.

Mehetabel, my niece, you know, has got a sweet-heart.

"Yes," replied the teacher, "I know, young Bowline."

"Not him, by any means," said Mrs. Noddy, a little confused.

"The gentleman she's got now is a Professor in the colleges, and a mighty learned scholar like yourself. A Doctor they call him, and a something which I don't understand, and which I can't find in the dictionary. Here's a card he dropped one night when he pulled out his gold watch to see what time it was."

The master took the card and read "CHIROPDIST," and then burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. Mrs. Noddy knitted her brows and scanned his face with a look of dumb but searching inquiry.

"*Chiropdist*, madam, means a professional manipulator of corns and bunions—a corn-doctor, in plain English."

Mrs. Noddy's countenance at this information looked as if her gaiter-boots might have contained all the corns, bunions, and hang nails that have tormented humanity since the invention of shoe leather.

That evening the wind freshened, and it was thought too damp for the young folks to sit on the porch as usual. Hetty retired early for some reason, and the Doctor also retired to the hotel, troubled with a sense of benumbing chillness which he could not quite explain, and which nu-

merous glasses of brandy failed to overcome. He asked to see his bill; but that was the clerk's business, not ours.

That night the rest of the villagers was broken by the howlings of the most terrific storm that ever burst upon that stormy coast. The lightning blazed, the thunder roared, the rain poured in torrents, and the very earth trembled with the shock of the surf as it burst upon the beach.

Soon after daylight a little knot of men was gathered on the sand cliff, whose excited movements and vehement gestures showed that something of uncommon interest and importance was on hand, and it presently became noised abroad that a vessel had struck upon the shoals and was going to pieces. In a short time all the population of the place, residents and sojourners, men, women, and children, were gathered upon the shore, where, regardless of wind and weather, they strained their eyes in the direction of the perishing vessel with that eager and absorbing interest which such a scene is always sure to awaken in the breasts of a people whose lives and fortunes are continually exposed to similar dangers.

Chief among the breathless and excited spectators stood Uncle Billy Bowline, balancing himself upon his sound leg, viewing with his glass alternately the wrecked schooner, and what had now become an object of still greater interest, the boat with five men which had put out from Siasconsett to their relief.

"Stand back!" cried the one-legged Captain, fiercely; "let go my arm: she'll go to pieces before the boat reaches her. It was a desperate venture, a sinful temptation of Providence. I told him so. Let go my arm, I say!"

It was a young girl's hand that plucked the old sailor's jacket sleeve, and a girl's voice, tremulous and husky with emotion, that whispered,

"Tell me, is it Abijah Bowline that's gone in the boat?"

The Captain looked down. "Woman," said he, in a harsh and bitter tone, "go home; what business have you here in the rain?" and immediately he hobbled away to another place, and again pointed his glass seaward.

Hetty cast a despairing look around, when an old woman, with a basket of refreshments on her arm, having overheard the inquiry, approached and hissed into her ear,

"Who but Abijah Bowline would fling away his life on sich a fool's errand? And the lives of the four men he shamed and bullied into going with him, Studley, and the Coffins, and Pollard, they'll leave widows and orphans behind; but for him—a desperate man—it's no great matter."

A skipper, wrapped in a pea-jacket, said: "They're brave lads anyhow, and it was nobly done; but I fear it's of no use: I pity 'em."

"Would ye like a drop of whisky, Sir, this wet morning?"

"Thank ye, mother, I don't care if I do."

Hetty stood the while unnoticed and alone. Her silken hair hung wet and matted about her



STUDLEY.

face and neck. Her handsome features white and clammy like a fair chisled statue, all but the convulsive, heaving breast, and the restless eye wandered eagerly and anxiously over the raging expanse of ocean. There and then she stood until it was all over.

As the old skipper had said, the vessel went to pieces before the boat reached her, and her crew, ten in number, clinging to a floating portion of the wreck, were picked up by young Bowline's boat. Thus laden, it was doubtful whether she could land in the surf. They made the dash, and, as was feared, the boat swamped;

but both the crew and passengers were hardy and practiced watermen, and a hundred hands stood by with boat-hooks, oars, and lines to help the failing. All were saved; and with the rejoicings there were shouts and oaths, thanksgivings and tears.

In the long procession that marched up the bank and along the street of Siasconsett the leading man was Abijah Bowline. Hatless and shoeless, his woolen shirt and sailor pants drenched and dripping with brine, he looked like a handsome merman just landed. His right arm was supported by proud old Uncle William,

who marched with all the state and dignity his whalebone leg permitted. The hero's left arm was clasped tightly by the white hands and burning cheek of that marble statuette we left standing on the shore a short time since. His gait was unsteady, his face had a listless and half-bewildered expression, and from a cut on the side of his head a slender stream of blood trickled down mingled with the salt-water. When the boat turned over in the surf he had got a heavy blow which cut and stunned him considerably; but that to a strong man was no great matter. Uncle Bowline cast occasional grievous looks at the girl but said nothing, and once or twice Abijah noticed her and made a motion as if to shake her off; but the grasp upon his arm was like the grasp of one overwhelmed and perishing in the deep waters, and the generous sailor had not the heart to loosen it. These three said never a word as they walked along, while behind the crowd was loud and clamorous in their joy.

At length they reached the gate of Aunt Noddy's cottage, which was open, and beside it stood the old lady with a smiling face.

"You'll come in with us, won't you, my brave boy? I've a warm coat and a cup of hot coffee for ye; and Hetty and I will make you all comfortable in a jiffy."

In his indignant astonishment Uncle Bowline let go his nephew's hand; and as we have seen a

tall man of war with flaccid sails and drooping pennants yield to the guidance of a diminutive steam-tug whose chimney-stack scarcely reached to her bulwarks, so did our stout sailor heel and veer from his course through the gate, around the grass-plots, between the rose-bushes, and, finally, disappear within the cottage.

"Captain Bowline," said the dame, "will you walk in and take breakfast with us?"

"Madam, I'll see ye d——d first," replied the Captain, as he limped hastily away toward his own quarters.

"And so would I," exclaimed Dick Dashaway, "if any girl had treated me in that way!"

"Young man," said our narrator, "every body knows precisely what he would do beforehand, but he very rarely does it. As for Captain Bowline, he reconsidered that last observation of his and formally withdrew it, supplying its place with cogitations somewhat in this vein: 'The needle is our main dependence after all. Sometimes she varies a point or two. Do we cuss her? No! we take observations, and calculate. I've been told that in thunder-storms, at times and places, she gets clean reversed. I never see it, but I've seen things quite as singular. Shall we throw her overboard then? No! we let her right herself, and travel on. I don't see that a man can do any better with his present lights.'"



BIRD EGGING AT MUSKEGEET.

As our programme allowed us another day at Nantucket, we had choice of a cruise on the Sound for scup fishing, or a bird-egging frolic to Muskegeet. This Muskegeet is a small sandy island lying to the westward, uninhabited, and a favorite resort for sea-fowl during their eggging season. The people of the neighboring coasts frequently visit it, and make a frolic of gathering the spoils. But as our information in regard to the means of getting there was somewhat obscure, and, for my part, influenced by conscientious scruples on the subject of robbing birds' nests, we concluded in favor of the scup fishing.

VOL. XXI.—No. 126.—3 B

In pursuance of this determination we called on Watson Burgess, our ex-whaleman and present owner of a first-class fishing-boat called the *Naiad Queen*. We are continually checked and disappointed at finding the choicest virtues and capabilities of our race bestowed in mean and unworthy cases; but occasionally Nature treats us to a combination, as it were, to show us what she can do. Painter or poet who would look upon the perfect model of a Nantucket whaleman, I commend you to Watson Burgess.

"Our boat was cheered,
The harbor cleared,"



WATSON BURGESS.

and away we dashed before a spanking breeze, the white caps leaping half-mast high and drenching us with showers of spray. At the helm sat our stalwart mariner, trimming his lively and graceful craft to the breeze with a quiet fatherly pride lighting his face, as one might imagine an Arab chieftain affectionately

smoothing the mane and patting the shoulders of his favorite mare, while they scoured the sand waves of the desert. Well, our Captain had a right to be proud of his equipage, for from keel to pennant he had built her with his own hands, and her crew was his own son.

Arrived at the fishing-ground, we cast anchor

and spent two hours or more in pulling out scuppaug. This is a species of perch, plump and white, weighing from one to three pounds, and when first taken from the water it is extremely beautiful, its scales glittering with iridescent hues like a fretwork of silver and diamonds. As the sport was not particularly exciting, and our anchorage very rough, we returned to port, and landed with true sharkish appetites and bodies thoroughly wet and salted.

These healthful inconveniences being remedied in due time, I spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening in looking over Obed Macy's History of Nantucket, from which I extract some interesting information concerning its first settlement, trade, manners, and customs.

The island was discovered by Gosnold during his voyage of exploration in 1602. It is situated about thirty miles south of the main land of Massachusetts, is fourteen miles long from east to west, and has an average breadth of three and a half miles from north to south, and contains about thirty thousand acres of land. Tradition says that it was formerly wooded, and that the soil was moderately fertile. At present it seems but a demi-lune of sand, only kept from blowing away by a scanty growth of grass and shrubs. The first white man settled on its shores in 1659. One Thomas Macy, a worthy citizen of the colony, having offended against the laws then in force, by giving shelter to four Quakers during a storm, sought refuge among the savages of this island. As the savages were not sufficiently enlightened to abhor his crime, the dispenser of unlawful hospitality was kindly received and permitted to live in peace. At that time the island contained about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and was divided, after the manner of civilized countries, into two antagonistic and discordant sections, the east and west. The cause of the quarrel is supposed to have been because the island divided conveniently in that way. If the territory had stretched toward the other points of the compass, it can not be doubted that there would have been a northern and southern party. In time more white people began to come in, the aboriginal disputes were settled by a royal marriage between the east and the west, and every thing went on with Christian love and harmony until (as usual) the Indians disappeared. The last of the race died in 1822. So adroitly were the natives supplanted and devoured, that the historian felicitates himself upon the fact that, in their whole intercourse, the white man never drew a sword nor violated a Christian law.

The first whaling expedition undertaken by the settlers is thus described:

"A whale of the kind called a *scragg* came into the harbor and continued there three days. This excited the curiosity of the people, and led them to devise measures to prevent his return out of the harbor. They accordingly invented, and caused to be wrought for them, a harpoon with which they attacked and killed the whale. This first success encouraged them to undertake

whaling as a permanent business—whales being at that time numerous in the vicinity of their shores. In furtherance of their design they made a contract with James Loper to settle on the island and engage in the business. The agreement was as follows, copied verbatim from the original record:

CONTRACT.

"5th 4th mo. 1672 James Loper doth Ingage to carry on a design of Whale Clitching on the Island of Nantucket, that is the said James, Ingage to be a third in all respeeques, and som of the town Ingage also to carry on the other two-thirds with him in like manner, the Town doth also consent that first one company shal begin and afterward the rest of the freeholders or any of them, have liberty to set up another company Provided that they make a tender to those freeholders that have no share in the first company and if any refuse, the Rest may go on themselves and the Town do also Ingage that no other Company shal be allowed hereafter, Also whoever Kill any whale of the Company or Companys aforesaid they ar to pay to the town for every such whale five shillings. And for the Incorragement of the said James Loper the Town doth grant him Ten Acres of Land in som convenient place, that he may chuse in (Wood Land excepted) and also Liberty for the Commonge of thre Cows and twenty sheep and one horse with necessary wood and water for his use on Conditions that he follow the Trade of Whaleing on the Island two years in all the season therof beginning the first of March next insuing. Also is to build upon his land, and when he leaves inhabiting upon the Island then he is first to offer his land to the town at a Valluable price, and if the town do not buy it—then he may Sel it to whome he please—the commonge is granted only for the time he stays here."

In addition, they sent a man to Cape Cod to learn something more of whale-fishing and the art of trying out the oil from a people who had already made great proficiency therein. Thus the business went on increasing from year to year until it became the principal occupation of the islanders. The Indians, whom neither force nor persuasion could ever bring to follow the ordinary pursuits of civilized men, readily joined in this congenial business, cheerfully taking any place that was assigned them, and by their activity and skill rendering invaluable service to their employers.

In these days the fishing was carried on by boats from the shore, the oil boiled out and fitted for market in Tryworks on land, and the species captured the Greenland or Right whale. The first spermaceti whale known to the inhabitants was washed ashore, dead, on the southwest part of the island. The same historian we have quoted gives the following naïve account of its division:

"There were so many claimants to the prize that it was difficult to determine to whom it should belong. The natives claimed the whale because they found it; the whites, to whom the natives made known their discovery, claimed it by a right comprehended, as they affirmed, in the purchase of the island by the original patent. An officer of the crown made his claim, and pretended to seize the fish in the name of his Majesty, as being property without any particular owner. After considerable discussion between the contending parties, it was finally settled that the *white* inhabitants who first found

the whale should share the prize equally among themselves. The teeth, which were considered very valuable, had been extracted by a white man and an Indian before any others had knowledge of the whale. *All difficulty being now settled*, a company was formed who commenced cutting the whale in pieces convenient for transportation to their Try-works."

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind"

was not yet sufficiently elevated by education to discern upon what principles of equity the difficulty was settled, doubtless, however, acquiesced in the decision, wondering and admiring at the advantages of such a civilization, especially exhibited in questions concerning the rights of property. They went to work, of course, as they were ordered, to assist in saving the valuable carcass. Yet one may easily imagine how Prince Kadooda, Nickanoose, Kuttashamaquat, and other wiseacres among them, looked first into each other's blank faces, and then at the whale, muttering in the best English they could command, "Injin find 'em fust—tell white man—white man never say whale to Injin no time. Say, Go to work, lazy cuss—help save 'um oil. Ha! ha! Masaquat, pass that bottle, ugh! Praise the Lord!"

Furthermore, although it is not related in the history, I'll warrant that the lively native who got a share of the teeth was eventually prosecuted before a squire, and whipped for stealing.

About the year 1712 one Christopher Hussey was blown out to sea by a northerly gale, and falling in with a school of spermaceti whales, killed one and brought it home. This event gave new life to the business. With such rich prizes in view, the fishermen became more adventurous, and small vessels of thirty tons were fitted out for a six weeks' cruise, returning to



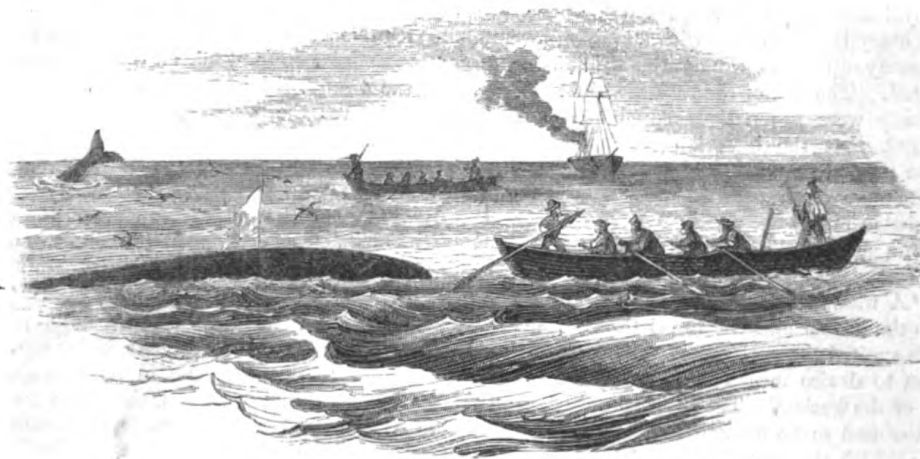
ALL DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

port whenever they had killed a whale, delivering the blubber, and immediately putting out to sea again.

Thus did this brave and hardy people progress from year to year, increasing in wealth and enterprise until their ships had explored all known and unknown seas, and their fame was established in every land. Statesmen lauded their success, and foreign Governments, covetous of their skill, sought to win their friendship. Yet the tide of their prosperity had by no means been uninterrupted. During the French war of 1755, the Revolutionary struggle, and the war of 1812, they had their seasons of mourning and tribulation. From wealth and plenty they were reduced to the brink of starvation. Trade annihilated, their ports closed, their vessels captured, and many strong men that went out full of life and hope returned no more.

Such was the condition of Nantucket, especially during the two wars we have waged with the greatest maritime power in the world.

Nevertheless, these dreary seasons past, like a vigorous and hardy plant, she sprung again with renewed life and power. It was near the



TOWING THE WHALE.

south shore of the island that the fight took place between the American privateer *Neufchatel* and the boats of the British frigate *Endymion*. The privateer schooner, with a prize ship from Jamaica richly freighted, was at anchor near the shore, while wide in the offing appeared a vessel supposed to be a British man-of-war. Seeing a number of boats leaving the ship and heading toward him, the Captain of the privateer cleared his ship for action, and prepared to give them a proper reception.

It was not until nine o'clock in the evening that the five barges got up to the *Neufchatel*. They were permitted to approach within musket-shot, when the action commenced with such terrible effect on the part of the American that in thirty-five minutes the attacking flotilla was nearly annihilated. Of the five barges and one hundred and forty-six men that composed the expedition, only two barges and sixteen men escaped. The privateer lost but five men. Says the worthy Obed Macy: "The action took place within five miles of the town; and while the work of death was going on, the reports of the cannon and muskets were distinctly heard by the inhabitants. Such a scene, almost under the eye of a large community, one of whose

distinguishing and, we think, noblest traits is a strong aversion to war, could not fail to bring a solemn gloom over their minds."

"A solemn gloom," did you say, my venerable friend? Can the "Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Can a strait-breasted coat smother out the fire of the human heart, or a vain theory of right or wrong stifle the glorious joy of a victory? 'Think you that a people whose wealth had perished; whose husbands, sons, and brothers had mouldered in loathsome prisons; who had been robbed, starved, and humiliated, could look on with indifference when the pride of the strong was humbled and the bow of the mighty broken? Go to, old friend! There is not a heart in Nantucket which has not thrilled with the story of that gallant and terrible combat.

The palmy days of Nantucket, judging from statistics, began about 1820, after the place had recovered from the effects of the war, and continued until 1835 or thereabout; since when, owing to the successful rivalry of New Bedford and other places on the main land, and, more than all probably, to the general declension of the whaling business, her prosperity has been on the wane.

To give activity to the unemployed labor and capital of the town, a number of public-spirited citizens have formed a company for the manufacture of boots and shoes. The ancient mariners shake their heads, and thoughtful citizens doubt of its success. The hand which has wielded the harpoon and steering oar will hardly condescend to the pegging awl, and the lass that has loved a sailor won't be bound to bind shoes. I was myself invited to look at the establishment, but declined. I am pleased sometimes to take the poetic view of life, and did not wish to see Samson in the tread-mill.

Consciousness of power and familiarity with great deeds tend marvelously to simplify a man's speech and chasten his manner. In social life, on shore, your true whalemens are courteous, good-humored, manly, quiet, and unaffected, not easily distinguished in dress, manner, or conversation from any other citizen of his condition. Mark that fellow with the rolling gait, swaggering speech larded with sea phrases, the flash sailor costume, tipped with a huge brass anchor breast-pin. That fellow, perhaps, has served on the raging canal as mule-driver, or as cabin-boy on a ferry-boat, has caught eels and cat-fish from the wharf with a hand line; but order him to mount the main truck in a gale, or put a harpoon in his hand and send him against an enraged sperm whale—you will then learn the true value of all those airs and frippery.

Would you hear the ring of true mettle? Read the following characteristic autobiographies from Macy's history:

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WORTH'S LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

"I began to follow the sea in 1783, being then fifteen years of age, and continued until 1824. During this period of forty-one years I was shipmaster twenty-nine years. From the time when I commenced going to sea until I quitted the business, I was at home only seven



TARRING ROPES.



THE HARPOONER.

years. At the rate of four miles an hour while at sea, I have sailed more than 1,191,000 miles. I have visited more than forty islands in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, some of them many times, and traversed the west coasts of North and South America from Baldivia, lat. 40° S. to 59° N. on the northwest coast, and up Christian Sound to

Lynn Canal. I have assisted in obtaining 20,000 barrels of oil. During the last war I was taken by the English in the ship *George*, and lost all I had on board. While I commanded a vessel not one of my crew was killed, or even had a limb broken by a whale, nor have any died of the scurvy."



A GROVE.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. GARDNER'S LIFE.

"I began to follow the sea at thirteen years of age, and continued in that service thirty-seven years. I was a shipmaster twenty-one years. I performed three voyages to the coast of Brazil, twelve to the Pacific Ocean, three to Europe, and three to the West Indies. During thirty-seven years I was at home but four years and eight months. There were 23,000 barrels of oil obtained by vessels which I sailed in. During my following the sea, from the best estimate I can make, I have traveled more than 1,000,000 miles. I was taken by the English in the late war, and lost all the property I had with me."

What years of stirring adventure are condensed in these terse paragraphs! What concentrated and suggestive sentences, each of which would furnish a writer like Alexandre Dumas with material for three volumes octavo.

But time presses—wherefore I can not tell. I commenced this journey with no other limit to my free-will than my own phantasy; yet, driven by an irresistible and mysterious impulse, I find myself continually hastening. Though this island were more delightful than the realm of Calypso, old Mentor points to the boat, and says it is high time we were steering toward the main land. Who ever traveled that did not presently perceive this old bore at his elbow? "Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt." Yet the idea is a terrible one. Are we then all wandering Jews by nature? Pilgrim of life, passing through the dark valley of the shadow of

death, you can not hasten your steps, nor yet may you turn aside to rest your weary feet in the pleasant land of Beulah. From the cradle to the grave the eternal cry is—Onward!

It was raining next day when we took passage on the steamer *Island Home* for Hyannis on the Barnstable coast. The water was rough, and the passage of the Sound might have passed with a lubber for a sea voyage. On the forward deck some waggish fellows were tormenting a raw youth by passing jokes upon his birth-place. "On Cape Cod," said one, "greens are so scarce that if a man finds three mullein stalks and a huckleberry bush growing near together, he incloses it for a grove, and warns the neighbors not to trespass." Said another: "They sweeten their tea with molasses over there. So once, when they got a new preacher, he was asked home to tea with old Mother Stebbins. The old soul was saving enough when she sweetened other people's tea; but when it came to the preacher's cup, she kept on pouring in. As he didn't admire to have his tea oversweet, he got nervous, thanked her over and over again, and at last begged her to leave off sweetening. The old lady rolled up her eyes in a loving, sanctimonious way. 'Ah, Sir,' said she, 'if it was all molasses it wouldn't be too good for you.'"

The youngster seemed to be wanting in the gift of free speech, and slow at repartee; and,



TOO SWEET.

in attempting to reply, he stammered and got red in the face; so I volunteered to help him out.

"A sandy soil," said I, "if not good for raising great cabbage-heads, produces the best quality of men. An Admiral of the Blue of the Royal Navy was asked by George IV. who was the bravest man he ever saw. He replied, 'A Cape Cod trader whom I met at Port Mahon, the commander of a thirty-ton schooner. He assisted in two duels between American midshipmen, thrashed five English sailors on the quay for calling his flag a gridiron, took in cargo, and set sail, all between sunrise and sunset.'"

We landed at Hyannis, and, on taking our seats in the cars for Boston, my companion and myself commenced a retrospect of our adventures for the past month. Dick seemed to have entirely forgotten his misadventure in love, and to have so far gratified his maritime yearnings that he no longer alluded to his intention of shipping before the mast; indeed, he seemed rather to hail with pleasure the anticipated change from salt-water to city life. Among other things, he expressed his surprise that, although we had been in New England more than a month, we had seen no Yankees yet. I had myself begun to doubt whether the stage Yankee of the Sam Slick school might not be altogether a myth, or a gross exaggeration of dramatic and artistic humorists; for up to this point our travels had made us acquainted with a people totally different in appearance, manners, and character from what we had expected. Yet the islanders and sea-faring population, with whom we had chiefly associated, and who had impressed us so agreeably, are a people "*sui generis*" amphibia—in many traits, physical and moral, very nearly resembling the English, yet with more vivacity



VILLAGE LAWYER.

and intelligence than the Englishman, and generally with better manners; and, for the rest, exhibiting greater breadth, both of body and soul, than we had hoped to find in these latitudes.

But it seemed, as our train hurried on toward Boston, partially changing its living freight at every station, that the type of man began to change; and we could recognize among the physiognomies around us characteristic marks of that great whittling, guessing, speculating, moralizing race whose destiny is—still a matter of guess-work.

This dapper gentleman, with a smirk on his face, which he thinks is a smile, a shining, high-



RAILROAD PRESIDENT



AGENT OF HUMANE SOCIETY.

crowned hat, and a silk umbrella, I should take to be the president of some railroad or manufacturing company, a prince of button-makers, or principal stock-owner in a wooden bucket-mill.

That quiet, inscrutable little man, who reads the newspaper, we would guess might be a village lawyer, with a legal mind, which, if united with a thoroughly legal morality, might entitle him to a seat in the State Legislature.

This prim, tallow-faced individual, with a white cravat and puckered mouth, is unmistakable—the traveling agent of some great moral reform, or humanitarian society, whose plans, if universally adopted, promise incalculable benefits to the human race. The specialty of this person may be, perhaps, the propagation of vegetarian principles among the Esquimaux, or a grand union movement for the abolition of polygamy among the Turks, and the enforcement of monogamy among the Roman clergy. The celebrated Cardinal de Retz advises us “so to

lay our plans that even their failure may be productive of some benefit to us;” and our great reformer does not usually forget so to make his arrangements that, if the original object of the society should fail, he will make his living out of it, at least.

These chaps immediately in front of us seem cast in a harder mould. The eye of the elder has a metallic glitter, as if it had frequently been whetted against the edge of an axe, and the firm, resolute lip, as of a man accustomed to strive with mighty pine-trees. From Maine, I'll warrant you—high up on the Kennebec or Penobscot.

But we are near enough to overhear something of their conversation.

“Peleg has quit business, you tell me?” inquires No. 1.

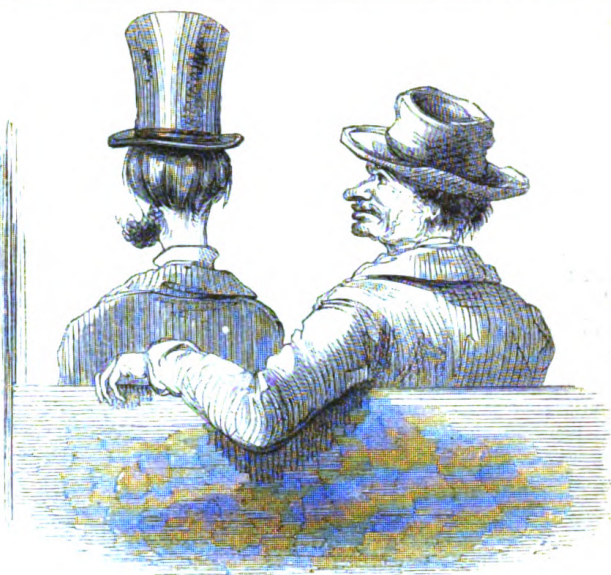
“Yas—yas. He quit airy last fall, I guess, and took himself off to the Mountings.”

“What is he thought to be a-doing of?”

“Wa'al, he's got an idee, and he's a-workin' at that.”

This information appeared satisfactory, and the subject was dropped; but Peleg's idee may possibly be heard of again at the next World's Fair, held at San Francisco or Pekin.

By dinner-time we were in Boston, and roomed at the Parker House, in School Street; and without pretending to dogmatize upon a mere matter of taste, we would only suggest that we never saw a finer hotel. Finding a hack



FROM MAINE.



HACK-DRIVER.

at the door, we prevailed upon the driver to forego his literary labors for a short time, and show us 'round.

About the water all our large Atlantic towns are alike, and Boston is no exception to the rule; but the interior of the old town has something decidedly characteristic in its appearance. What could be more conceited and pragmatical than that State House dome, rising like the phrenological bump of self-esteem inordinately developed? What more crooked, devious, incomprehensible, mystical, narrow, and absurd than her labyrinthian streets? What more liberal and enlightened than her noble Common? What more expressive of educated refinement and domestic elegance than her beautiful suburban towns and villages?

After the blaze, bustle, and hurry of New York, Boston appears provincial, quiet, and slow. Yet, on the other hand, the absence of tawdry and misplaced finery from the streets—

the prompt, systematic, and effective manner of transacting business—with the best-bred and best-fed dray-horses in America—give her an air of solidity and gentility more characteristic of an English town. Boston likes to be thought

English, and affects to be a little more so than she is in fact.

That apparent equality of conditions which we remarked in New Haven, and many other smaller New England towns, entirely disappears in Boston. Here haughty and exclusive wealth may be contrasted with the "want" that "cometh like an armed man." He that is meagre with starvation, and he that is heavy with surfeiting, pass on the streets, mutually envying or pitying each other, as the case may be. Here we may see poverty meanly jealous of the rich man's state, and splendid ennui that covets, but dare not enjoy, the jolly insouciance of the poor.

Here the Italian organ-grinder shares pub-



POVERTY AND RICHES.



ORGAN-GRINDER.

lic favor with his more ambitious compatriot, the Italian Opera. And this reminds me that, after we had dined and coffeed, a friend called and offered us tickets to the Opera. The Operahouse was well enough, and the audience most decidedly English in manners and appearance. The entertainment was *Lucrezia Borgia*—the most exquisite of Donizetti's compositions; and the piece (as well as the Borgia's guests) was most inhumanly murdered. Supposing that the audience was not stolidly indifferent on the subject of bad music, they behaved with praiseworthy forbearance during the performance. A female personating Gennaro sung *Il Segreto* tolerably well, I believe; for the piece was not followed, but interrupted, by thunders of applause—always in the wrong place. The song was encored, and its repetition greeted by an enthusiasm that bordered on extravagance.

"Your formal and frigid Bostonians seem to be thoroughly warmed. *Il Segreto* must be immensely popular here," I remarked to my friend.

"The singer," he replied, "is a Boston lady."

"Oh!"

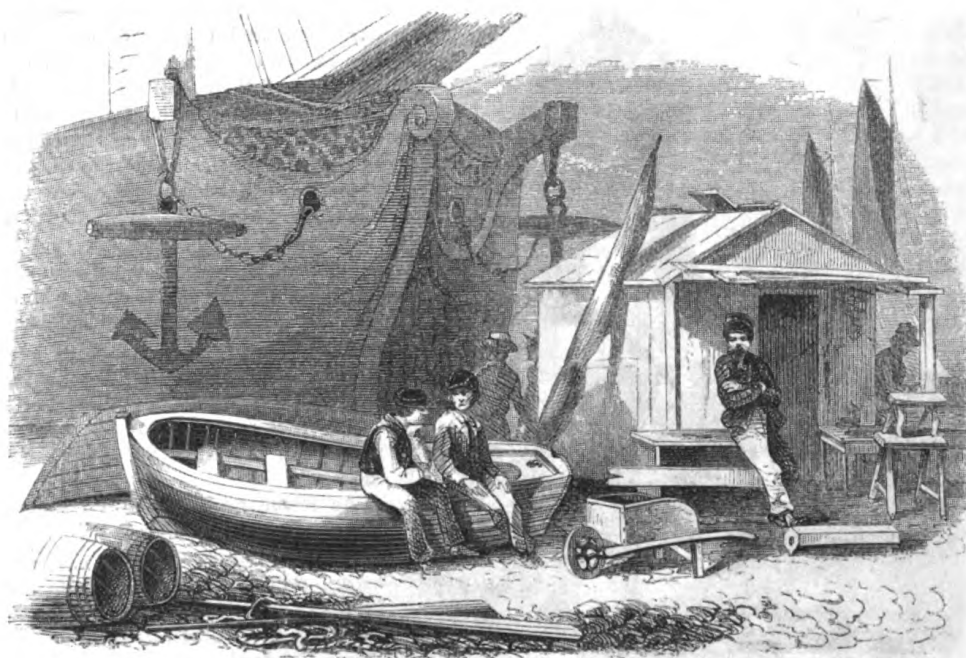
But in truth I was in no condition to appreciate the Opera this evening, and may have shown a disposition to be hypercritical. I have understood that the atmosphere of Boston engenders hypercriticism in all matters pertaining to literature and the fine arts; but I was affected by another cause. The shifting of the scene from Nantucket to the Italian Opera was too sudden and striking not to excite reflection and suggest comparison. The twittering and squeak-

ing of fiddles, and grunting of bassoons, fell strangely on ears so lately filled with the solemn roar of ocean. The clap-trap and tinsel of the stage stood, as it were, face to face with the Quaker simplicity and stern reality of life on the Islands; the affected strut and bombastic periods of the players with the undramatic manners and hard, terse speech of the whalemén. From the true grandeur of nature one can not descend thus suddenly to unskillful mimicry.

After all (and in spite of Shakspeare), the English are not a theatrical people. Music and the drama have always existed with them as unacclimated exotics. More sweepingly may the same observation be applied to their descendants in the New World; for here we not only import the raw material for the stage but the consumers. Among a people whose days are passed in ceaseless activity—whose common experiences continually surpass the ordinary limits of credulity—whose lives of wild vicissitude and adventure eclipse all dramatized fiction—it may be doubted whether a taste for these scenic entertainments will ever obtain a strong foothold. But should the drama ever prosper here, it is essential that its inspiration shall be drawn from American scenes—that the chords shall be awakened by the touch of native minstrels. For the present I have my doubts whether the majority of our Opera-goers (barring full dress and bouquets) would not sincerely prefer Yankee Doodle at the Circus.

But we are in Boston, and must remember the advice of Pliny:

"C'est à Athènes que vous allez, respectez les dieux."



ON THE WHARF.



PEARL-FISHING AT BAHREIN.

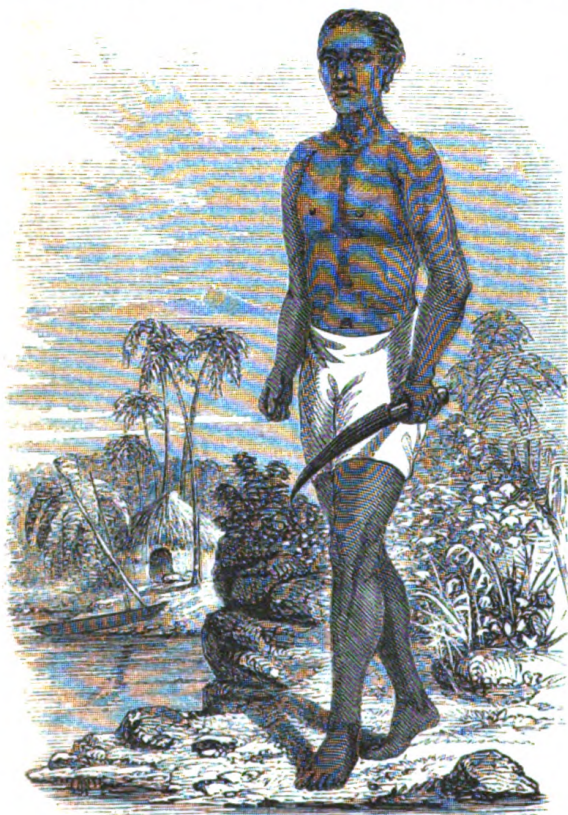
PEARLS AND GEMS.

THERE is no decay to gems. The jewels that were buried under the burning lava, and for twenty centuries lay in darkness beneath

the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, or with mouldering mummies in the tombs of Egypt for three thousand years, now gleam with their original splendor upon the shelves and in the cases of a hundred museums to testify their imperishable value.

Though the cutting and polishing of diamonds is an art of but recent date—having been discovered by Louis de Berghens, of Bruges, in 1476—yet the engraving and cutting of other gems was known to the ancients. Numerous instances of their skill are preserved to the present day. The Egyptians first cut upon cornelians and agates, and, ten or twelve centuries before the Christian era, reached a beauty of workmanship not since surpassed. From Egypt the art spread into other lands. It is supposed that Moses carried with him into Palestine workers in the craft, who afterward became famous, and left behind them evidences of their skill. The Greeks and the Phœnicians, and, in fact, all the then enlightened nations of the world, sought Egyptian masters in the arts, and in this among the rest.

As Rome grew in wealth, gathered principally from her wars of conquest, a taste was cultivated for art, and, as a natural sequence, came the love of gems. Pompey, into whose hands fell the spoil and treasures of Mithridates, King of Persia, made therefrom a beautiful collection of precious stones, cameos, and works of art. Julius Cæsar collected, and had executed at his own expense,



PANAMA PEARL-DIVER.

a gallery of gems, which he presented to the city of Rome.

The British Museum holds antique treasures from which the jewelers of the present time have sought forms of beauty; and many a fair neck and hand gleam with fac-similes of the jeweled art of the Roman period, doubtless recommended as the latest invented fashion from London or Paris. Rome held the rarest jewels of all Europe, though not of all the world; for even then the fabled wealth of India was a thrice-told tale. But Rome had the rarest engravers of gems, and the rarest jewelers to enhance their beauties by the art of setting.

Through the history of every nation runs a vein of romance or fiction concerning these wonderful bits of stone. Their possession betokens the wealth or power of a nation or of an individual, and the loss was held a sure prognostic of their decadence. It can therefore be a matter of little wonder that a monarch possessing no great gems should create from his imagination, or that of his treasurers, wondrous jewels that have no other existence, and serve in these latter days only to puzzle the inquirer after truth, or destroy the belief in what really does exist.

The earliest, and perhaps the most interesting, of English writers on precious stones was Master Thomas Nichols. He says, in the opening of his book (1552):

"If thou wouldst be free from many superstitions in the use of pretious stones, and undeceive thyself as concerning the strange virtues, powers, and faculties which, by divers authors, in the end of every chapter, they are reported and related to be endued withall, though contrary to what their own natures are or can be capable of, first read the general part of this Historie; for in it is a discovery of satanick subtilties, and of the superstitious use of stones, whereby, at unawares, many good men have been and are still ensnared. Take, therefore, this well-wisht caution to thee for security."

Master Thomas, as we believe, though in this case he writes only under initials, again appealed to the gem-loving public in 1571 with a second book, in which he discourses as follows:

"There is nothing more admirable in this lower world than pretious stones; seeing they are the starres of the earth, and shine in competition with those of the firmament, disputing with them for beaultie, splendor, and glorie. Nature produceth nothing more rich, and sufficiently confesseth it in her most careful laying them up, and hiding them in her private cabinets and repositories, in the inner parts of the earth, so that they are not easy to be come by; but their value and price make them worth searching for, even through the bowels of the world."

We shall call up Master Nichols again while discoursing upon the various jewels of which he speaks so quaintly, and yet so enthusiastically, and proceed to our gems, which we shall treat according to the lapidary's classification, only reversing the order in favor of the pearl, which, as a jewel by itself, we shall take from the station it has heretofore occupied, and speak of by itself. The lapidary quotes the various gems according to their resistance of each other, di-

viding them into ten grades, each of which will cut or puncture the grade below it:

1. The diamond;
2. The sapphire;
3. The topaz, the emerald, the amethyst;
4. The cornelian, the carbuncle, the garnet, the onyx, the sardonyx, the heliotrope, the chrysolite, the hyacinth, the cat's-eye;
5. The opal;
6. The pearl;
7. The torquise.

Under the 8th, 9th, and 10th divisions are placed those substances not denominated precious, such as coral, amber, spar, etc.

It is a common practice, and has been for centuries, to manufacture rings in which the different gems are set to form a word or a name. The principal words used are *Dearest* or *Regard*. To form the word *Regard* the following stones would be necessary:

R—Ruby,	A—Amethyst,
E—Emerald,	R—Ruby,
G—Garnet,	D—Diamond.

For the word *Dearest*:

D—Diamond,	R—Ruby,
E—Emerald,	E—Emerald,
A—Amethyst,	S—Sapphire,
T—Topaz.	

The French words most in use are *Amitie* and *Souvenir*.

It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is, therefore, customary among friends and lovers to present each other, on the anniversary of their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with an appropriate wish. Thus:

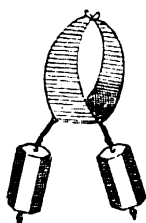
January. Jacinth, or Garnet, denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.—*February*. Amethyst, preserves mortals from strong passions, and insures peace of mind.—*March*. Blood-stone, denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.—*April*. Sapphire, or Diamond, denotes repentance and innocence.—*May*. Emerald, successful love.—*June*. Agate, insures long life and health.—*July*. Ruby, or Cornelian, insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love.—*August*. Sardonyx, insures conjugal felicity.—*September*. Chrysolite, preserves from or cures folly.—*October*. Aquamarine, or Opal, denotes misfortune and hope.—*November*. Topaz, insures fidelity and friendship.—*December*. Torquoise, or Malachite, denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition of life.

The romance of jewels lies chiefly in rings.

In the Egyptian collection of Dr. Abbott, now in New York, many fine specimens of jewelry are preserved, and among them several curious gems.

Pliny gives the first account of a ring or its origin; and, as well, the first setting of a stone: Jupiter, in revenge, caused Strength, Force, and Vulcan to chain Prometheus to a rock on Caucasus, where a vulture, all day long, plucked at his liver. He had sworn to keep Prometheus

there thirty thousand years. The god saw fit to forgive; but having sworn to keep him to the rock that period, as a god could not go back from his oath, he compromised with his conscience by giving to Prometheus an iron ring, in which was set a bit of that rock, which, though not strictly a jewel, no doubt was valued by Prometheus quite as much, as Jupiter thereby persuaded himself that he was literally bound to the rock.



EAR-RING.
(Abbott Collection.)

This may do as a derivation, seeing that it is uncertain in date; but in India, the land where all the arts first arose, signet-rings of lapis lazuli, emerald, and other gems, have been found, with Sanscrit characters, of such age as to defy classification.

Of the gems found in Egypt we have jaspers, emeralds, tourquoise, and blood-stone, with the figures of Isis and Osiris, and the entire Egyptian mythology. Of this era the present day collections are very complete.

With the Greeks it was customary, after the deposit of the ashes of the dead in the urns, that the nearest friends and relatives should drop some token before the sealing; these tokens were generally gems or golden trinkets. So among the Romans, though all offerings of this kind with that people had to be secretly performed, as the burial of treasure with the dead was specially interdicted by law.

In the wearing of jewels the Romans, possibly, carried their tastes to a higher degree of fashion—and, we may remark, of size—than any other people before or since. A dandy of that time had his rings and gems for certain days and seasons, as now they would have changes of clothes.

The ancient Britons wore gems, both as ornaments and to be used as money.

Among the Anglo-Saxons rings set with gems were used as the signets of the nobles. William de Belmeis gave to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, lands and privileges, and ordered that his ring be set with a ruby and the seal should be affixed to the deed, there to remain forever. The same thing was done by Osbert de Camera to the same church, with a ruby ring sealed to the deed of gift.

At Pompeii and at Herculaneum rings have been found carved entirely from stone, cornelian, agate, jasper, and amber, as well as many beautifully-set emeralds. Of rings—both of gold, plain, and gems set—we are told that three bushels were gathered, after Hannibal's victory at Cannæ, from the bodies of the slain on the field. In Persia, Afghanistan, and many parts of In-

dia, even to the present day, engraved gems are worn as signet-rings; and a merchant or trader never places his name in writing to his written transactions, the impression of the signet answering the same purpose. The loss, therefore, of this jewel is equivalent to the loss of a name, and the authority for its use by any but the owner equal to a power of attorney.

Many strange instances have occurred of the disinterment of bodies and the finding of gems upon them, principally in the ring form. In the year 1766 the workmen, while executing some act of repair to Winchester Cathedral, found a monument, which, upon examination, proved to be that of King Canute. There was a wreath upon the head of emeralds and gold, and upon the finger a ring containing a fine ruby. When Henry II. was rebuilding Westminster Abbey the tomb of Seibert, the King of the East Angles, was found and opened. The skeleton corpse was decked in royal robes, and wore a ring on its thumb, in which was a magnificent ruby. Horace Walpole laments the want of antiquarian taste that should have led to the reburial of these and other treasures of the tomb. When the tomb of Henry II. was opened it was found with crown and kingly robes, while the usual ring was on the finger, with a fine ruby. In the year 1562 the grave of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, was violated by the Calvinists, who found her dressed in the state robes, with a sapphire ring on her finger: this ring was in the possession of the Baron de Conti when he was with Charles IX. at Caen. In new-paving Exeter Cathedral they discovered the lead coffin of a certain Bishop Bitton, who was buried in 1307; on the bones of the finger was a sapphire ring; on the stone was engraved a hand, with the two fingers extended as in benediction.

As a charm, or talisman, the gem has also been made to play an important part in the world's history; it has been sought as a shield against necromancy, and as a potent minister to accomplish the same; it has been supposed to guard against demons, witches, and the evil-eye, and as a sovereign preventive against disease. The most powerful of the gems for this end were those found under certain constellations. Many of the ancient amulets are in the form of large oblong beads, or what in the present day are called "bugles," some of them richly studded with gems, and some composed alone of one stone, oftentimes of the most costly. Jasper was held to be the most potent of all stones in its healing property, and, for this purpose, was preferred when set in silver instead of gold. Galen recommends jasper, when engraved with the figure of a man with a bunch of herbs hanging about his neck. And Hippocrates, while recommending the suitable dress for a physician, speaks of rings, though not specifying what sort. Ælian tells a story of a ruby: Heraclis set the



BISHOP BITTON'S RING.

broken leg of a stork; the bird of course was very grateful; and to show this, annexed a very beautiful ruby that it saw lying loose upon the dressing-case, possibly of some belle in a palace during one of its flights. This ruby it brought to Heraclis, and threw into her bosom by way of payment for her surgical skill. The jacinth had the reputation of being able to procure sleep, outdoing laudanum and opium, and Cardenus says he tried it, and "it seemed somewhat to confer, but not much."

Aristotle says the amethyst will hinder the ascension of vapors. Baccius says it sharpens wit, diminishes sleep, and resists poison. Albertus Magnus says, "If you would sharpen the understanding, increase riches, and foresee the future, take an emerald. For prophesying, it must be placed beneath the tongue." "The topaz will free men from passions and sadness of mind; and if it be cast into boiling water, will astonish it to coldness."

Shakspeare wrote in "As You Like It :"

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

This idea has been prevalent as a truth even to within our own times. Fenton, who wrote in 1569, tells us, "There is found in the heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax or stelon; it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad." These stones, when obtained, were supposed to be cures for poison when swallowed, or charms against it when worn. Lupton says, "You shall know whether the tode stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a tode so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the tode will leap toward it, and make as though he would snatch it, he envieth so much that man should have that stone." Our old friend Nichols writes :

"Some say this stone is found in the head of an old toad; others say that the old toad must be laid on the cloth that is red, and it will belch it up, or otherwise not. You may give a like credit to both these reports; for as little truth is to be found in them as may possibly be. Witnesse Anselmius Boetius, in *Lib. 2*, in the chapter of this stone. He took an old toad, and laid it upon a red cloth, and watched it a whole night to see it belch up its stone; but after his long and tedious watchful expectation, he found the old toad in the same posture to gratifie the great pangs of his whole night's restlessness. Some of the toads that carry this precious jewel must be very large; for Boetius says the stone is found of the bigness of an egg, sometimes brownish, sometimes reddish, sometimes yellowish, sometimes greenish."

So, having taken Master Nichols's opinion on the matter, we will not include "Todestone" in our list of gems.

And now we come to a gem famous in history—the ring given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex. It is engraved and blue enameled, and the stone a sardonyx, on which is cut in bold relief a head of the Queen. It is now the property of Lord John Thysme, at Hawnes, Bedfordshire, England. The story is familiar. The Queen, who undoubtedly loved Essex beyond all other men, gave him this ring, which she believed she had endued with peculiar powers, and

promised him that, whatever evil might befall him, or whatever fault he might commit, he should be upheld and forgiven on sending this ring to her. After he was committed to the Tower and condemned, he sent for the Countess of Nottingham, to whom he intrusted the ring, with the charge to deliver it to the Queen. The Countess was false to her trust, and betrayed her errand to Sir Robert Cecil, who kept the ring. After the beheading of Essex, the Countess, being on her death-bed, sent for the Queen, and made full confession of her perfidy, imploring mercy of God and of the Queen. Elizabeth seized the dying woman, and shook her violently, sending her soul suddenly before the higher tribunal, and screaming meanwhile the most terrible curses, and shouting, "God may forgive you, but I never can."

Petrarch tells that Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, was desperately enamored of a beautiful lady who died. The King could not part from her, and therefore had the body embalmed, and carried it wherever he went. When a learned man took him to task for his folly, the King, in excuse, revealed to him that his infatuation arose from a charm that lay concealed under the woman's tongue, but which he had no power to remove. This learned man—who was a bishop—went to the body and removed the charm, which was a rare gem set as a beautiful chased ring. The King, after this, transferred his affection to the Bishop, to the great annoyance of that learned man, who, to rid himself of the royal attentions, cast the ring into a lake. Charlemagne, being now attracted to the spot, built there the city. On his death-bed he was in agony until the lake was dragged and the ring recovered and laid upon his breast, when he gave up the ghost. This charm is said to be in possession of Louis Napoleon, and is not a ring, but rather formed as a pendant. On the opening of the tomb of Charlemagne it was found suspended about his neck, and was presented by the city of Aix-la-Chapelle to Napoleon, and by him to Hortense, the mother of Louis, from whom it came to the present Emperor. The Germans say it was made by the magicians who came with the ambassadors of Haroun-al-Raschid to Charlemagne, and by them presented to the Empress, with the understanding that her husband should always be attracted by the person or spot on which it was.

Scott says :

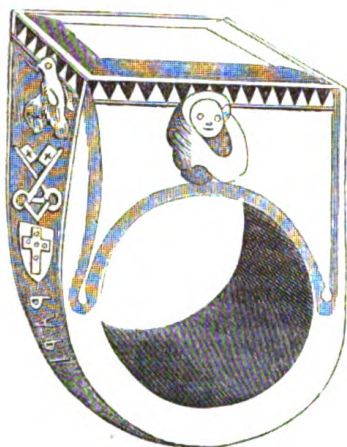
"For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove;
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance."

This was the gift of Anne of Brittany, the beautiful queen of Louis XII., of France, to James IV., of Scotland. This very ring is now in the Herald's College, London.

The Popes wear a ring with one large emerald or diamond cluster set in it, and the present Archbishop of New York wears, upon the fourth finger of the right hand, an emerald of great beauty surrounded by diamonds. These rings

are undoubtedly symbols of their holy office, though whether bearing any engraved signification we are unable to say.

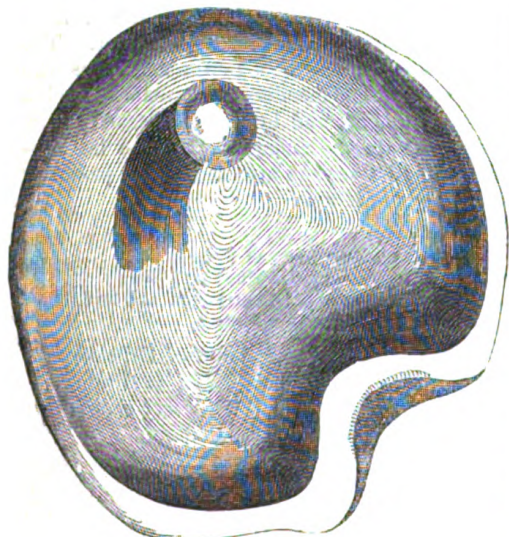
In the collection of the Vatican there is a



RING OF PIUS II.

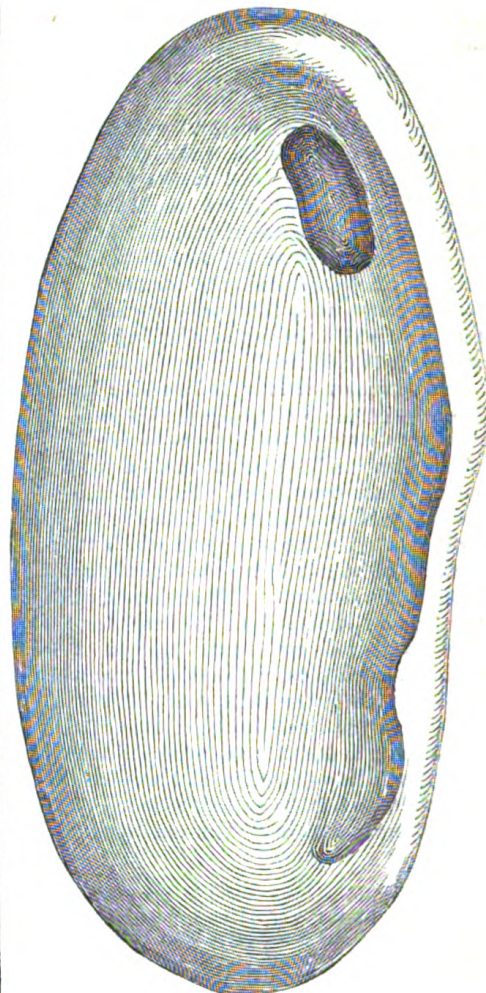
large brass ring, heavily gilt, and set with a topaz, which belonged to Pope Pius II., who was elected in 1418, continuing Pope forty-six years. On the hoop of the ring are engraved his arms—he being of the family of the Piccolomini—together with the papal tiara and the words *Papa Pio*. The ring is very large—too large for a finger unless with a thick glove; but undoubtedly was used on state occasions, or when giving his benediction.

The manufacture of false gems has reached a wondrous state of perfection in the present day, and undoubtedly was practiced with great success by the ancients. We are told a story of a jeweler who sold to the wife of Gallienus a false emerald set in a ring. The knavery was soon discovered, and the jeweler found himself one fine day set up in the arena, all ready to be made the plaything of a half-starved lion, as was the



THE PEARL OYSTER.

custom in those days. While the wretched man trembled in every limb, expecting instant death, a capon was let loose upon him. A shout of laughter hailed the appearance of the bird, and the jeweler was released, with the admonition to do better in future.



PEARL-BEARING MUSSEL.

Not even excepting the diamond, is there a jewel so spoken of in history, sacred and profane, so treated of in story or romance, as the *Pearl*. In Sacred Writ we have frequent mention of it, and many of the ancient writers speak in glowing terms of its beauty. Next, indeed, to the diamond, the pearl is known most familiarly to the eye and ear, and has invariably held a high rank in the estimation of all, particularly with the brunette, who will always look upon the pearl as the natural ornament of her style. It has always been the type of purity; and the word has, from time immemorial, been used to illustrate whatever was pure and beautiful, and this especially in the language of the East.

For a long time it was supposed the mother-of-pearl (*Oricula marga vitafera*) was the only pearl-bearing oyster; this belief has of late years been practically destroyed by the finding of many

beautiful pearls in the common mussel so well known on the small rivers and creeks of this country, valuable discoveries of this nature attracting attention to this hitherto despised shell-fish. The mussel is eatable; the original pearl-bearing oyster or mother-of-pearl is not, possessing only value for its jewels, its flesh being of a hard, rank flavor, and too tough for mastication.

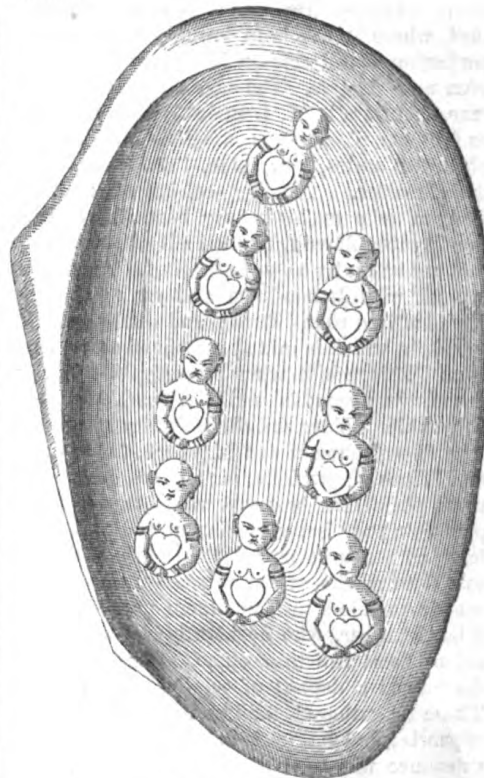
As far back as we have history for any gems we have pleasant record of pearls. They are frequently mentioned in the Roman period, more especially in connection with rings. Pliny asserted that the oysters rise to the surface in the night to feed upon the dews of heaven, which the sun's rays upon the water nourish into pearls. Bœtius de Bovelt says:

"These mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dews of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl. These mussels are so exceedingly quick of touch and hearing, that however faint the noise that may be made on the bank beside them, or however small the stone that may be thrown into the water, they sink at once to the bottom, knowing well in what estimation the fruit of their womb is to all people."

At this day, in the East, the belief exists that these gems are the drops of rain which, as they fall into the sea, become pearls, and in that state are swallowed by the oyster. Cardonus first put a stay upon this belief by declaring the fact that these shell-fish have their homes upon the bottom of the sea, where they are attached to rocks or other substances, and have no power to rise. The theory of Reamur, that the pearl is a concretion of the juices consequent upon a rupture or disease in the fish, without the introduction of any foreign matter to produce the effect, is that now held to be correct. It is found that only the old fish produce the gems. The pearl-fishers do not look for or expect them from the young and smooth shelled; the more aged and distorted the shell, the greater the probability of pearls. It was once thought that the oyster covered morsels of gravel which accident had introduced between the shells; but though numberless pearls have been split or sawed through the centre, it is very seldom an imperfection is found, even of the most minute size. Others, again, have accounted for them on the supposition of unfructified eggs; this, however, is scarcely worth an answer. At one time a theory was started that the pearl proceeded from some outward wound on the shell of the oyster. This was tested by a series of experiments, under the direction of Linnæus, by drilling small holes in shells and restoring them to their watery beds; the experiments all proved unsuccessful.

Many extraordinary trials have been made with the pearl-bearing oyster by the Chinese and the Japanese, and they do really succeed in forcing the oyster to produce at their will pearls of an inferior quality. This is accomplished by making a bead, resembling the real article as nearly as possible, from a mixture of ground glass or

spar and varnish, or sometimes turned from the mother-of-pearl; these are placed upon a string, and the oyster having been removed from its bed, the strings of beads are introduced with the shell as soon as the creature opens its mouth. It is then restored to its element, where, for five years, it lies undisturbed. At the end of this time they are removed, and found to be well coated with the pearly substance. A society for the prevention of cruelty to oysters would not be misplaced in China or Japan. In the latter country they have what they call miracles produced by the same process. This consists in the introduction of sundry little flat, stamped copper Joss figures to the interior shell of the pearl-bearing mussel. As the fish can not expel these, they must in time become coated in the same way; and when this is achieved, and the little idols become part of the shell, the oyster is removed from his home, and the miracle is proclaimed.



JAPANESE MIRACLE.

The pearl is simply carbonate of lime, and is the only gem that is used in its natural state. As it comes from the oyster so it is worn; no labor can help it, no polishing add to its beauty. The best colored is accounted the white; they must be even, clear, and lively, without specks or flaws, and most particularly must they be free of stains—a defect that too frequently mars the finest of these jewels. Though the white holds highest value, yet many most beautiful gems are found among them with a blue, gray, greenish, or pink tint. This, though depressing the value, still in many cases leaves a

unique and splendid jewel. The pearl, like all the jewels of lesser hardness, wears dim with time, and often discolors, or, as jewelers term it, dies: In such cases, many methods have been resorted to for the purpose of restoring their original beauty—processes that, though they may bring back some portion, can never wholly replace the lost splendor.

In India, when they become yellow with age, they are partially restored by a rubbing in boiled rice. In other parts of the world baking them in bread is practiced. But in Europe the common plan is to feed them to chickens, while fastened in coops; after the lapse of a couple of hours the chickens are killed, and the pearls rescued from their perilous lodging-place, the action of the gastric juice of the fowl somewhat restoring their color; but none of these methods can entirely restore the value.

The art of making artificial pearls has for many years been carried on with great success; Paris being the head-quarters of the manufacture, where it has been brought to so great a perfection that deception is frequently practiced even upon dealers. The most celebrated of these manufacturers is M. Lemaire, whose method is as follows: To 1000 oz. of glass is added 3 oz. bleak fish scales, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. glue, 1 oz. white wax, 1 oz. alabaster. Another celebrated maker is Ronger, who makes a very beautiful fictitious pearl by the following method: Real pearls, those that are so faulty as to be unfit for setting, are ground with lemon-juice and gum; are then moulded into round form; and finally baked in bread, in which is mixed a large share of amalgam. This receipt, when properly followed, produces a very beautiful artificial pearl, almost undetectable. Very skillful imitations also emanate from Bohemia and Mayence, from Venice and Tamsig; various modes are adopted in these places, the best and most commonly used plan being the inner coating of the blown glass bead with a mixture of bleak fish scales dissolved in spirits of ammonia. This discovery was first made by a Frenchman named Jasmin, a bead maker, who accidentally throwing a parcel of these fish into water, after some hours discovered a deposit of small silvery particles. These he gathered, finding they held the lustre of pearls; and making some plain glass beads, the substance was used for covering, and the first of the imitation pearls became the rage. Four thousand of these little fish are required to make a single ounce of the pearly wash.

And now we come to the pearl fisheries—an employment and traffic that has ever been invested with poetry and romance. Far be it from us to strip away the poetry from the pearl-fisher; but the reality is very stern, and while the gems glow in their purity on the bosom of beauty, it must be told that no search for gold or jewels is attended with one-quarter of the danger, hardship, or death that follows the pearl-fisher in his vocation. It is a life of slavery and disease when on land, and of peril and terror in the water; and none can

look on the poor diver, with his body covered with ulcers, his joints distorted with rheumatism, his eyes sunken and bloodshot, and believe that one spark of poetry or romance lies any where within his ill-used carcass.

There is scarce a country upon the face of the earth where pearls have not at some period been found; though, at the present time, the principal fisheries are: Bahrein, on the Persian Gulf, the island of Ceylon, and the islands in the neighborhood of Panama. They have also been found in considerable quantities in the East and West Indies; in some of the rivers of Europe; on the shores of Sumatra; and, of late years, considerable attention has been attracted to pearls found in the Connecticut and New Jersey streams, as well as in various other parts of the United States. Of all these, none equal those collected on the Persian Gulf in purity, size, or that translucency which gives this beautiful gem all its value. There is no doubt that the attraction of the world to this subject will bring forth many discoveries of the pearl-bearing mussel, in the different rivers and small streams of this country and Europe, which have, until now, escaped notice. As an instance of this, a report was lately made to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Jobard, of a discovery just made, that a large fresh-water mussel, found in streams in Neuschatean, in the department of the Vosges, a portion of Belgium, produces pearls equal in quality to the Oriental. Some of them by him exhibited were of a dark brown.

Of the pearl fisheries that have created so much excitement in different parts of the United States, for the last few years, there has been, as the Yankee expresses it, "more talk than cider." Though some fine gems have been found, their reputation has gone abroad more than trebled. The exact localities of finding specially fine pearls has been jealously concealed by the finders. The Queen Pearl, the largest of all, was found at the Notch Brook, near Patterson, New Jersey. This pearl is now the property of the Empress Eugénie, who purchased it for 12,500 francs (\$2500). It was found in 1857, and brought to Messrs. Tiffany and Co., who bought it and sent it to Europe. The other special localities from which they have been obtained are the streams in the neighborhood of Milford, Connecticut, and the Little Miami River, Ohio, each of which have furnished several fine pearls.

One of the most singular circumstances connected with the New Jersey "pearl fever" has been the discovery of several shells, showing



NATIVE PEARLS.

that many years ago the Jersey *savans* experimented on the pearl-bearing mussel by dropping small mother-of-pearl buttons inside the shell, hoping the fish would cover them with its secretions. In this speculation they have failed, the result being only that the button has, by the action of this secretion, become fastened to the shell, without turning into a gigantic pearl. The specimens found have all the appearance of having been experimented on over thirty years since.

In the sea fishing, as practiced at Bahrein, the season commences in March, and ends in May for the spring, and in September for the fall. The principal season is in the spring, when fully two hundred thousand persons collect along the shores for that purpose. These come from every land of the East, and build their huts upon the sands, from bamboo canes and the broad-leaved palm. A pearl-fisher's boat, when fully manned, carries from fifteen to twenty men. The largest pearls are found in the deepest water, though in most cases the divers do not venture more than twelve fathoms deep. The diver, when equipped for his descent, is stripped naked, and well oiled; his nose and ears are stuffed with cotton; and a sponge, dipped in oil, is fastened to his left arm, to aid him in breathing while under the sea. About his neck hangs

along that coast, and are especially fond of such a meal, basket, cotton, oil, and all. When the fisher is ready to be launched into the waves, a pair of wooden pincers are applied to his nostrils, compressing them tight; his feet are placed on a double-headed shot; and away he goes, down, down, until the bottom is reached, when, as quick as a flash, he leaps from the shot, which is again drawn up for another descending diver; immediately he springs from the shot, he dashes at his work, and in an instant fills the basket; the string is pulled, away goes the basket, and away goes the fisher to the surface. All this occupies from one and a half to two minutes. He stays upon the vessel a few minutes, sorts his "natives," and is ready for another dive. This he will repeat fifty times a day, and bring at each dive from fifty to seventy-five oysters. It is a long time before the diver knows the result of his labor, notwithstanding Robert Browning's assertion that

"There are two moments in a diver's life:

One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;

Then, when a prince, he rises with his pearl,"

as each boat's crew has a pit dug in the sand, where the oysters are heaped, and left to the rays of the sun until putrefaction takes place, when they are opened with ease, and the pearls washed out. Oftentimes as many as twenty pearls will be found in one oyster; but, as a general rule, the greater the number the smaller the size. The mass of pearls, after washing, are subjected to nine sieves, which assort the sizes; after which they are carefully selected over for their relative beauty. A perfect pearl, the size of a walnut, is called "a paragon;" if it be the size of a small cherry, it is styled "a diadem." It is needless to say that these are indeed "pearls of great price," and very rarely found.

The modes of fishing for pearls at the Pearl Islands, Panama, are much the same, with the exception that the canoes, in which the fishers pursue their calling, rarely contain over eight men, and the diver carries no basket, detaching the oyster with his hands, and bringing it up at once. On the coast of Sweden, where many pearls are found, there is no diving. The fishermen row over the oyster beds in boats, and snatch away the oyster with tongs as they pass.

The valuation of pearls is much more difficult than that of any other gem, for the reason that nature produces so many small. The only reliable mode is to count by carats, as in other gems, saying \$1 per carat of 4 grains. This makes 1 ounce contain \$150 worth; and as the pearls grow smaller, so must the price decrease. The general standard for large pearls is \$16 per carat for the pearl of one carat, increasing the same as in diamond valuation, by the multiplication of its own cube; as, for instance, a pearl of 2 carats would be $2 \times 2 \times \$16 = \64 ; one of 3 carats is worth \$144; and so through every size.

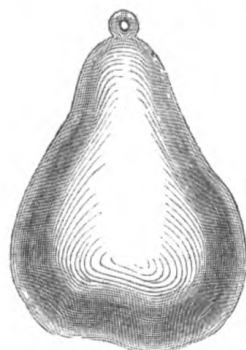
Tavernier speaks of some pearls of remarkable size. The first of these was of a perfect pear shape, about one and three-quarter inches in length by one and a quarter in diameter. It



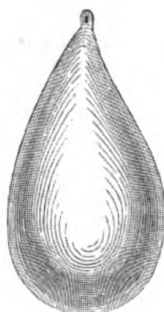
PERSIAN GULF DIVER.

a basket, in which to deposit the oysters. In his hand he holds a long knife, for the purpose of detaching the shells from the rocky bottom, or for defense against the sharks, which swarm

was found at Catira, on the Arabian coast, in 1633, by an Arab, who sold it to the King of Persia for 1,400,000 livres (\$280,000). It was perfectly free from any defect; and, if still in existence, is the largest pearl known. The



GREAT PEARL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.



THE PEARL OF THE PEACOCK THRONE.

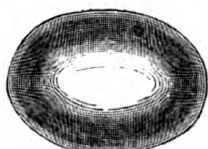
next he describes is the great pearl hanging on the peacock's neck that formed the throne of the Great Mogul. This is about one and a quarter inches in length, and is of pear shape.



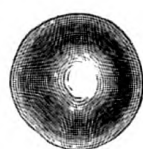
PEAR-SHAPED PEARL.

This pearl must now be among the crown jewels of England, as that power long since became possessed of the peacock throne. The third, also of pear shape, nearly an inch and a half in length by an inch in diameter, and weighing fifty-five carats, was obtained from the West Indian fisheries, and carried by Tavernier himself to Asia, where he sold it to Shah-Est-Khan, who was the uncle of the Great Mogul.

The fourth is an oval, flattened upon one end; in length about an inch, in diameter about three-quarters. It was the property of the Great Mogul, and was worn by him, in the centre drop of a chain of emeralds and rubies,



SMALL PEARL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.



ROUND PEARL OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

about his neck. The fifth he calls the largest round pearl he ever saw. It was little less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and considered perfectly unique, no match having ever been found to it. This also was the property of the Great Mogul.

Also from Tavernier we translate this account of another:

"The Arabian Prince, Aceph Ben Ali, of Novenuaé, after taking from the Portuguese the province of Mascaté, and the larger part of Arabia Felix, bore the name of Imenhact, Prince of Muscaté. This monarch has in his

possession the most beautiful pearl in the world, not considered so on account of its size, as its weight is only twelve and one-sixteenth carats; neither for its roundness, but it is so beautifully transparent that the light shines almost through it. The Khan of Ormus, wishing to present it to the King of Persia, offered the Arab 2000 tomans (about \$18,000) for it. And the Great Mogul sent a messenger, with an offer of 40,000 crowns (about \$38,000), but he refused to sell."

There is at this time in the hands of a London jeweler named Cleance, for sale, a remarkably fine pearl, supposed to weigh about thirty carats, which he values at \$5000. If the gem is really fine, and free from flaws, this is below the true price. It came from the Panama fisheries. The Pereguine, weighing twenty-five carats, found in 1574 during some of the filibustering expeditions to America, and carried to Spain, where it now remains among the crown jewels, is valued at 15,000 ducats (\$37,500). Pope Leo X. had a pearl that was valued at 80,000 crowns (\$75,000). And there is said to be one in the hands of a merchant of Moscow, weighing twenty-seven carats.

The crown jewels of Portugal have among them a fine pearl weighing about twenty-five carats, pear-shaped. History says that a pearl in the possession of Julius Caesar was valued at what would now be \$150,000; and Pliny values the pearl swallowed by Cleopatra to the health of Mark Anthony at \$375,000 of our money.

Upon examination, the great pearls of the world are reduced to a very limited number, most of them being apocryphal. The large pearls, running over twenty carats in weight, which are absolutely known to exist at this time, do not number over a score. Like diamonds, their size rarely passes over five or six carats, while of the small, or seed pearls, the greatest quantities exist. From the Persian Gulf and the adjacent fisheries the merchants of Surat receive about \$1,500,000 worth per annum. The yield from the Panama fisheries is about the same. In the 16th century the importation of pearls into Europe from America was about \$800,000 per annum; these no doubt came from Panama and the West India Islands.

In the "History of Jewels," before spoken of, is this allusion to Cuba:

"This Island, Cubagua, was discovered by that famous Genoese, Christopher Columbus, who, having perceived a small boat with some fishers in it, and a woman, who had three rows of fair pearl about her neck, said to his companions that he thanked God that he had now discovered the most rich country in the world. He broke an earthen plate of divers colors, and for a piece of it this woman gave him very willingly a row of these pearls; and for another plate he received many others, and learned of the Indians the place and manner of their fishing for the pearls."

It was with a ring of pearl that the Doge of



THE CLEANCE PEARL.



PEARL EARRING FROM SAKKARAH (Abbott Collection.)

Venice wedded, every year since 1177, the Adriatic Sea; a custom that arose from the circumstance that, when the Emperor Barbarossa went to Venice to humble himself before the Pope, who had taken refuge in that city, he was treated with such great hospitality and kindness that he gave the Doge a ring containing three large pearls, and with it conferred the right for that city to call the Adriatic Sea their own dominion. He gave them permission to cast this ring into the sea, wedding the waters as a bride, and with each year to renew the nuptials in token of the prowess that had enabled them with a small fleet to defeat that of the Emperor, three times its size, and to make his son prisoner. It was to obtain the liberty of this son that Barbarossa humbled himself before the Pope.

of as blue; but it is also frequently found green, white, gray, or of a yellow tint, though there can be no doubt that the blue is the only true gem, as well as the most beautiful. The blue sapphire is classed as the male and the female, the darker color being the male. They have also been found of a black or darkish green; these are called the cut sapphire, and lack transparency. They have also been found in two or three instances of a yellowish green, but these are very rare.

The sapphire, when holding a very high lustre, is defective in color, though a pale or irregular color may oftentimes be improved by subjecting them skillfully to the furnace, steadily increasing the heat, and allowing them to remain from four to six hours. It is not subject to the action of acids, nor alterable under the blow-pipe.

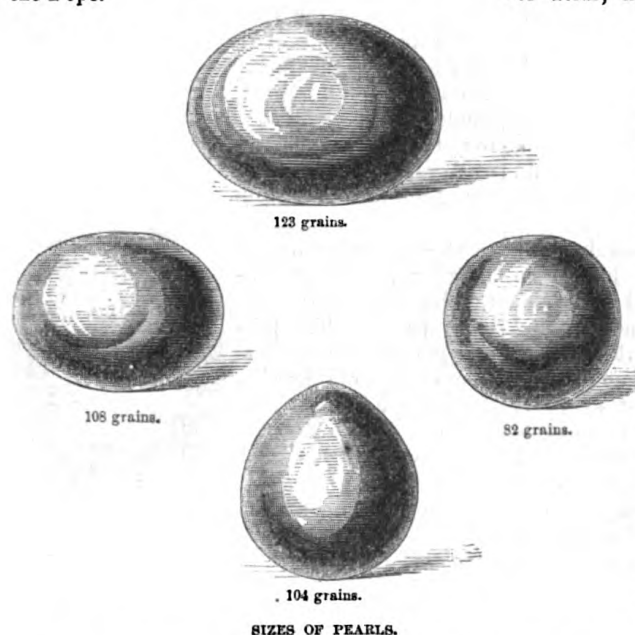
Light-blue sapphires have been used with great success in the lens of the microscope, and by some are pronounced fully equal to the diamond for that purpose. Our old friend, Thomas Nichols, says: "The sapphire, if worn by an adulterer, loses its splendor, and the wearing of it quells the animal senses. If put into a glasse with a spider it will quickly die."

Also he says, "It will keep men chaste, and is therefore worn by priests." It was of this stone the Jewish priests declare the rod and the Tables of the Law, received by Moses on Mount Sinai, to have been composed. It is the emblem of truth, constancy, and fidelity.

The manner of computing the value of the sapphire is the same as with the pearl, by the multiplication of its own cube; but no certainty of price can be placed on a single carat from the great

varieties of color and quality. A very fine blue sapphire, weighing two carats, has been known to bring in Paris, which is a good market, one thousand francs (\$200), and as a balance to this a beautiful blue male stone, weighing $6\frac{3}{4}$ carats was sold in 1822, at the sale of the cabinet of the Marquis de Vries, an eminent collector, for 1500 francs (about \$300).

The famous sapphires in the world are but few. The English embassy to Ava in 1846 reports having seen one of a fine blue color, weighing 950 carats. If this is correct it is by far the largest in the world. Mawe saw one in Brazil, weighing 210 carats, of a pale blue. And there is one in the crown of France of 166 carats, and fifty-eight others of smaller size. The Russian crown also has many fine sapphires, the weight and value of which have never been made public. There is also a very beautiful specimen in the Hope collection at Amsterdam, which was purchased from the Jardin des Plantes of Paris for the sum of £3000. At the sale of the jewels of Messrs. Rundell and Bridges, in London, about



The largest pearls offered for sale at the present moment in the world are four pure and perfect gems, now in the hands of Mr. Reed, of Paris, a member of the house of Tiffany and Co. They are valued at 100,000 francs, and are free from flaw or blemish. They came from the Panama fisheries, though at what time they were taken from the shell is unknown; the larger dealers on that coast often keeping fine gems for many years before they offer them for sale, acting, possibly, on the same principle as the connoisseur in art who clings to his pictures even though full value be offered.

But it is time that we pass from the pearls to more pretentious gems—the pearl being the symbol of modesty. As in all other matters, the taste for gems goes strongly by fashion; though no such arbitrary rule can ever decrease the real value of a true jewel. Next to the diamond, in hardness, comes the sapphire, which we shall speak of in conjunction with the ruby, they being chemically the same: pure crystallized alumina.

The *Sapphire* is generally spoken and written

thirty years since, many very beautiful sapphires were sold, among the rest one weighing 75½ carats, which brought only the very small sum of \$2465.

As a mere matter of beauty, disconnected with fashion, there can be no doubt the sapphire is or should be the most valuable of gems; in scarcity it excels the diamond, in hardness it nearly equals it, and in general effect equals if not surpasses it. And yet it is rarely seen, and does not bear a price commensurate with its merits when placed side by side with its more fashionable competitors.

The sapphire is found in Hindostan, Siam, and Ceylon principally, but many fine specimens have been brought from Brazil, and solitary small ones have been found in France, Bohemia, and in the United States.

Of the *Ruby*, which, next to the sapphire, is the most princely of gems, none can speak but in glowing words. Our enthusiastic friend, Thomas Nichols, says: "They are created substances of the most enduring nature which this, our part of the sub-celestial world, doth contain; the glorie of those which you shall here find beautified with externall grace, will feed your eyes with much pleasure in beholding." The finest rubies are called Oriental, though many of what are called Oriental stones have been found in Brazil, or in Hungary and Bohemia. But the native spot of the ruby is Hindostan and Ceylon. The really fine specimen of the Oriental ruby is more rarely found than the diamond, and at this particular time bears almost an equal value from the fact of there being a fashionable demand. Boyle declared the ruby to be clear water, with a metallic coloring. Bergman coincided with him; but modern chemistry has settled its composition as a mixture of silex, alumina, and lime. A fine stone should be of a deep carmine red, and of full refraction.

In the East Indies the jewel merchants prize the ruby so highly they will not willingly show it without a bribe. Even to a trader they make the bargain that if he does not buy he will give them either a certain sum of money or some present. The Chinese hold the ruby in the highest estimation, presenting it as a sacred token of friendship.

Like the sapphire, the ruby can sometimes be improved by heat, though it must be done with great care. It turns green on the application of heat, but returns to its own color on cooling. It is of course subject to flaws the same as other gems, but they are more easily detectable, every flaw showing a black speck. The Balais or Palatinus ruby lacks the transparency of the Oriental, but has a deeper color. Among the ancients it was called the carbuncle, and is still so called by many.

The largest authenticated ruby is among the Russian crown jewels, set as a centre in the Greek cross that adorns the front of the crown. The first record of it was its purchase in China, by one of the ambassadors of the Empress Anne, for the sum of 120,000 roubles (about \$100,000).

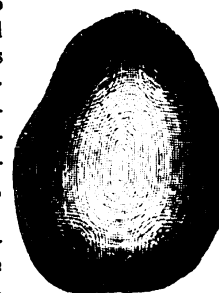
From its form and general appearance we are disposed to believe this stone the identical one of which Tavernier tells the following story:

"A jewel merchant sold to Giafer Khan, the uncle of the Grand Mogul, a ruby for 95,000 rupees (\$47,500), which Giafer Khan presented to the Emperor. There was an old jeweler who had been fined and discharged by the Emperor for dereliction, who by some means obtained a sight of the jewel, and thereupon declared that Giafer Khan had been deceived. It was not worth over 500 rupees, as it was not a ruby. The jewelers of the Emperor were brought together to examine and make a decision, and after long consideration they declared it genuine. The most skillful judge of precious stones in the whole Eastern world at this period was admitted to be Shah Ilhan, who was at the time imprisoned at Agra, by the order of his son, Aurengzebe. The Emperor, wishing to be certain, sent the jewel to Shah Ilhan, asking his judgment, without informing him of that already passed. The prisoner gave the same valuation as the old jeweler, declaring it not a ruby, and only worth 500 rupees. On this the stone was returned to Aurengzebe, who soon after, in Eastern style, forced the merchant to refund the money." A comparison of the descriptions and drawings lead us to believe that Shah Ilhan and the old jeweler were wrong, and that this identical ruby is the one now in the Russian crown, having first found its way from the kingdom of the Mogul to China.

M. Tavernier gives descriptions and engravings of several very large rubies which he saw in India. The greatest of these was a ruby belonging to the King of Persia, which had then been in the treasury of that monarch for many years. It measured nearly two inches in length and an inch and a half in diameter through the thickest part. It was bored through the length, a common practice with jewels in the East that they may be worn on a necklace; it was quite deep colored, fair and clear, with only one flaw on the



THE RUSSIAN RUBY.

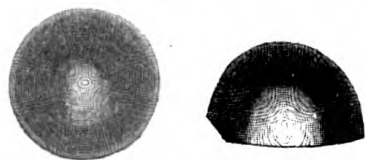


FALSE RUBY OF THE MOGUL.



RUBY OF THE KING OF PERSIA.

side, which was very inconsiderable. It weighed 192 ratis (the rati is exactly seven-eighths of our carat). He does not profess to value it. The most beautiful of these jewels that he saw, though comparatively small, was one in the possession of the King of Visapour, and of the form of a half globe; it was cut with great skill, and

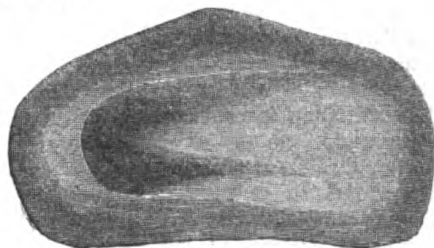


VISAPOUR RUBY.

weighed $17\frac{1}{2}$ carats. It was purchased by this monarch, in 1653, for 74,550 livres (\$14,910). Another, weighing 50½ carats uncut, and not of a very fine water, measuring about an inch in length and three-quarters in diameter through the thickest part, was offered to him at Banarous for 55,000 rupees; but he refused it, offering 60,000 livres without success.

THE BANAROUS RUBY
OF TAVERNIER.

This difference in the asking and offering prices is explained by M. Tavernier's assertion that he could not buy rubies in the East; on the contrary, he found it to his profit to take them from Europe to sell in Asia. And yet, with this he gives a drawing of a large Balais ruby, which he brought from India to the King of France. He also gives an account of one weighing five carats, found in Bohemia, and presented to the Viceroy of Hungary by General Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland.



THE BALAIS RUBY.

At Dresden, in the cabinet called the Green Vault, there is a pair of ruby ear-rings, containing eight stones, which are valued at about \$20,000 our money, but are said to be worth much more. The English crown contains many fine rubies, the largest of which is heart-shaped, and almost three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

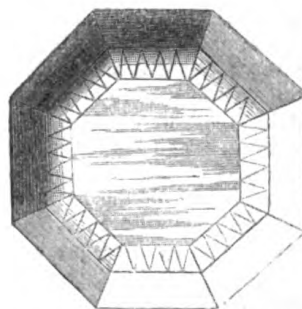
THE ENGLISH HEART
RUBY.

It was from the resemblance to a living coal, when held against the sun, that this stone received the name *carbunculus*; and this name in turn led to the error that it had the power of emitting light, or shining like fire in the dark.

Next in the list to the ruby comes the *Topaz*, another form of silex and quartz. It is to be found in Brazil, Saxony, Siberia, and in some instances in Connecticut. Perhaps the most important topaz mine in the world is that at Capon, near Villa Rica, Brazil. Mawe gives an account of his visit to it in 1803, and says he saw cart-loads of the gems, but none of fit use for jewelry, as they lacked brilliancy, were fractured, and were not double pyramids. The inferior ones were held of no value. Its colors are yellow, pink, yellowish pink, orange, and white, beautifully transparent and translucent. It can not be affected by acids.

The annual production of the topaz mines of Brazil is very small, not over fifty pounds being exported. It is sought in the rainy season, in much the same way as the diamond, and over the same ground. In fact, many limpid topazes have been found that for a long time puzzled the dealers to name. No such error as this can occur for a moment after they are cut. The yellow Brazilian topaz, when submitted to the action of a furnace, becomes reddish, resembling somewhat a ruby, but not sufficiently to deceive. The white and the pink are esteemed most valuable. The white are called *pingos d'agua* (drops of water), and when cut are considered a close imitation of the diamond.

In Saxony the largest portion of those found are of a yellowish pink, or wine color, which, upon being exposed to heat, becomes colorless. Those found in Connecticut are of a pale orange.



THE TOPAZ OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

Tavernier gives an engraving of a beautiful topaz in the possession of the Great Mogul. It is a perfect octagon, measuring nearly two inches in diameter, and very handsomely cut. It weighs 157 carats, and cost 2,715,000 livres (\$543,000)—a fabulous price, that no topaz, were it many times larger, would bring in these days. He says it was the only gem he saw that monarch wear upon his person, when he visited his court, during his last journey to the Indies. Among the jewels of Russia is a topaz, weight unknown, valued at 10,000 roubles. It formed part of the horse gear of Catherine II.

The *Emerald*, which follows next, is one of the most beautiful of gems. The finest of these stones come from Peru, though inferior ones are found in Siberia, and in different parts of India. In the forms of its cutting the same rule is fol-

lowed as in the diamond—the *brilliant*, the *rose*, and the *table*.

In color, the emerald varies from being almost colorless to the darkest shade of green, almost verging on black; occasionally the stone partakes of a blue or yellow tint. When they are not absolutely green they are classed as beryl, or aqua marina. Its chemical composition is alumina, silica, and glucina, and the coloring matter chrome oxide. The emerald formerly was not set open, but with a green foil behind. It is now becoming fashionable to set them the same as a diamond.

In valuing the emerald, \$12 per carat is the general standard for a fine stone, increasing in the same ratio as with a sapphire or ruby.

There is none among the precious stones that can be so well imitated as the emerald. Such skillful counterfeits have issued from the Parisian artists that many of the most reliable judges have been deceived. The most approved of receipts for making artificial emeralds is: 1000 ounces strass (pure silice or sand), 8 ounces copper oxide, and 2 ounces chrome oxide.

In the emerald, the crystallization is almost invariably interrupted by minute fissures, or feathers; this is beautifully imitated by blowing a bubble in the melted paste, which is again heated almost to melting, and then suddenly cooled under pressure; by this means the effect of a flaw is imitated to perfection.

This stone was a particular favorite with the Egyptians, Romans, and Grecians, and there can be no doubt that mines of them existed somewhere in proximity to the Mediterranean Sea. Tavernier says: "I have no doubt that previous to the discovery of what is now called the West Indies, when emeralds were brought to Europe through Asia, they were procured from the kingdom of Peru. The natives of America, before they became known to us, were in constant trade with the islands of the Philippine, where they carried gold and silver, mostly the latter. The same trade goes on to the present day; the Peruvians visiting the Philippines every year with several vessels, carrying gold, silver, and rough emeralds. There they meet with traders who come from the East Indies, and bring cloths, silks, diamonds, rubies, jewelry, and Persian goods. They were not allowed to trade directly with the Americans, but only through those who resided at the Manillas. And there can be no doubt this is the only way that emeralds ever reached Europe before the discovery of America."

Columbus saw and brought from the West Indies great quantities of emeralds; and Pizarro, Cortez, and Balboa reveled in the most beautiful of the same gems. When the first of these conquered Peru, intelligence was brought him that at Manta was a temple of the Goddess Esmeralda. It took these gentlemen but a short time to find their way to the spot; but the only jewels they found were the maidens dedicated to the service of the goddess. In lieu of something more valuable they divided this treasure.

The Peruvians adored this stone, and built temples to its honor, giving it miraculous powers; and the Aztec kings valued it so highly that they pierced their nostrils and suspended to them the finest they could procure, as well as decking their most favored idols with the most beautiful stones.

As a peculiarly beautiful specimen of this gem, we offer a representation of a carved emerald now in the possession of Messrs. Tiffany and Co. It represents a Medusa's head, exquisitely cut, and is the largest carved emerald ever brought to this country. Its previous history is unknown, it having been bought in Paris by the agent of this house.

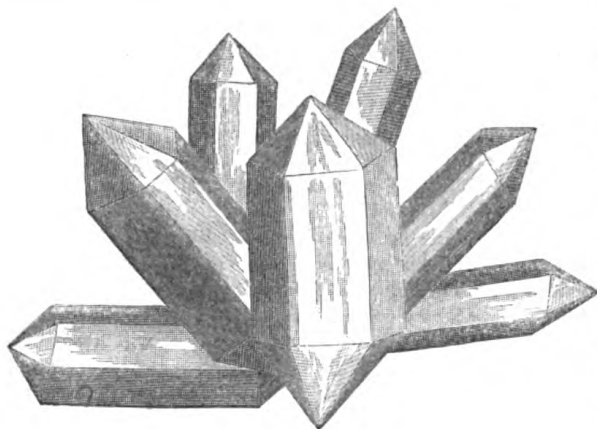


CARVED EMERALD.

Some very extraordinary stories are told of the emerald—stories only worth repeating to show how extravagant such tales can be made.

It is related that when the Saracens captured the city of Toledo, at the time they overran Spain, they secured among the spoil a table three hundred and sixty feet long, constructed of a single emerald, and a pillar, composed of four emeralds, which was sixty feet high! The Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, in Italy, is said to possess one as large as a man's head and valued at 90,000 crowns. There is also stated to be in the treasury of the Cathedral of Genoa a bowl fourteen and a half inches in diameter, composed of a single emerald. This bowl was pawned in 1319 for 1200 golden marks; and for twelve years it remained in the hands of the Jews, before the city could raise the funds to redeem it. The Genoese have attempted to prove that this bowl formerly belonged to King Solomon, and was one of the presents brought that monarch by the Queen of Sheba. The Sultan of Oude is said to possess an emerald the size of an ostrich egg. This is very doubtful. There is also said to be one in the treasury of Vienna weighing 2205 carats, and valued at \$250,000. Russia possesses the finest emeralds in the world; but their weight and value have not been published, though it is known that one is very fine, and as large as an egg. In the Hope Collection at Amsterdam is a good specimen of the beryl, which weighs six ounces, and was bought for \$2500. In the collection of the Duke of Devonshire is another, weighing eight ounces, very full of flaws, valued at \$750.

Master Nichols, of course, has much to say of the emerald. Among other things, he relates that the "Scythian emerald is found in gold-mines, and can not be obtained without a great deal of danger; for it is reported that the griffins take charge of this, stand century about it, and have their safe custody upon it. These fierce, ravenous birds make their nests in the mines of gold where these precious gemmes are to be had;



THE HOPE BERYL.

therefore the Arimaspi or Meonoculi, who hunger much after the gold and emeralds, are forced to arm themselves for a battell with these birds before they can obtain their prize."

We come to another of the quartz species, the *Amethyst*, one of the favorite gems of the ancients, and one in which, at the present day, we possess more specimens of the skill of the old engravers and artists than in any other. The color of the amethyst varies from a dark bluish-purple to a light violet; sometimes irregular in color in the same stone, thereby decreasing its value. There is a brown or yellow species, known under the name of the *cairngorm*, found in quantities in Scotland, and a great favorite with the natives of that country. The best amethysts come from India, Persia, and Siberia; but they are also found in Switzerland, on the Pyrenees, in Hungary, and Brazil, where they are dug from the cavities of the rocks. It resists acids, but can be cut with the file, and loses its color by heat. It is transparent, and sometimes translucent. It is not a fashionable stone, consequently not in great demand; though when of a uniform, fine violet color nothing can be handsomer. Such stones are worth \$5 per carat, with the increase according to size. It has been counterfeited so closely as almost to defy detection; the tests not being so easy as with the harder stones. The false amethyst is always heavier than the real, in consequence of the metallic oxides that are used in coloring it.

The *Carnelian*, or *Cornelian*, is the stone spoken of by the ancients as the *sarda*, or sardine stone—so called, as is supposed, on account of the similarity of its tints to the flesh of the sardine—a little fish so plentiful on the Mediterranean, and so familiar to our Yankee palates in the present day. Other writers think it derived its name from being found in Sardinia. In later days it was called *carnelian*, from its red color resembling the flesh, *caro*, or the heart, *cor*.

The *cornelian* is found in every part of the world, but the best come from India, Siberia, Arabia, and Surinam. It is sometimes found in heavy masses, and is semi-transparent and translucent. Its principal color is red, from

which it derives its name; still it is often found of a brown or yellow color. For many purposes of manufacture the *carnelian* is of the highest use, and as it becomes more plentiful is becoming more appreciated. Lapidaries improve it, and sometimes change its color, by different heat processes. The ancients boiled it in honey and oil to heighten its color. Many of the most beautiful antiques were engraved upon this stone.

The next gem, according to lapidary classification, is the *Garnet*, or, as styled in the olden time, *granat*. These gems are of three distinct classes: 1. *Syrian*, which are of a deep rose-red; 2. *Bohemian*, wine-red or orange-yellow; 3. *Vermille*, a deep orange. The chemical composition is: silica, alumina, and the protoxides of iron and manganese.

The *Syrian garnet* is the most esteemed; it is found in crystals and masses of earth, and oftentimes in grains by washing, as in the washing for gold; these grains are most sought by lapidaries, and are the most familiar form for this gem in the hands of the jeweler. It is from this granular form they have assumed the name. These grains have been found in great perfection in many parts of Europe and in the United States.

Like all other gems, the *garnet* increases in value with its size, though we have no specific account of any of these stones of historical interest of great worth. A very handsome *Syrian garnet* was sold at the sale of the Marquis de Dree's collection for about \$700; it weighed 735 carats, and was accounted a very perfect specimen. Another, much larger in size, and of a deep red color, brought only \$200.

The *garnet* is frequently confounded with the *ruby*, from the ancients calling both the *rubine*; and Nichols had reference to the *garnet* when he tells Pliny's story of the Ethiopians, "that they have a way of quickening obscure and dull rubines so as that they will make them to discover their splendor for fourteen months together, even like a flaming coal; and that is by macerating of them for fourteen days in vinegar; but by this means, though their glorie be increased for a time, they are made softer and more subject to a brittle or fragile condition." The *garnet* has ceased to be a fashionable stone, though half a century since it was much worn.

The *Chrysolite*, or, as it is better known in the present day, *goldstone*, comes next. There are many varieties of this gem, the most important of which are the *chrysolite* proper and the *olivine*. The first is the better class of fine crystallized and green stones, and the second the inferior qualities and those lacking brilliancy and color. It is, in fact, so scarce a stone, especially in this country, that it is almost impossible to form a classification by ocular proof. The best authorities differ so widely that all become un-

reliable. It was undoubtedly well known among the ancients, and is mentioned in Scripture—the seventh foundation of the new Jerusalem, as described in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, being formed of chrysolite.

The chrysolite proper is found in Arabia, and the best specimens known are in the treasury of the Sultan of Turkey, or in the hands of merchants of Constantinople. A few good stones have been found in Brazil. The olivin chrysolite has been found in South America, Russia, and in this country. The chrysolite must not be confounded with the stone sold by jewelers under the name of goldstone, that being only a manufactured article.

The largest authenticated specimen of chrysolite is in the possession of the Emperor of Brazil. It was obtained about thirty years since at Minas Moras, and weighs sixteen pounds; no reliable description of this is extant. Another beautiful specimen is in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, weighing four pounds seven ounces, and valued at \$1200. There is also a fine specimen in the Hope Collection, at Amsterdam.

The next of this order is the *Hyacinth*, another gem almost unknown in the United States, and another covered with doubt and mystification when an attempt is made to identify it with the ancient name. Nicol* (not Master Thomas), says, the hyacinth is the same stone known as the "zircon;" and the stone called the hyacinthas by the ancient writers is supposed to be entirely another gem. Its usual colors are red, gray, yellow, green, and it is sometimes colorless. It is found in prismatic or pyramidal crystals, and in round grains in Norway, in the Ural, in different parts of Europe, and occasionally in the United States.

The colorless, or limpid hyacinth has some resemblance to the diamond, and has been sold for it; but we should quite as soon expect any one to be deceived with an ordinary paste as with one of these stones.

Our old friend Nichols must be heard on this gem: "One of these Cardanus says he was wont to wear about him to the intent of procuring sleep; to which purpose he saith it did seem somewhat to conferre, but not much." Cardanus, in his book, *De Lapidibus Pretiosis*, says, "that it is endued with a power and facultie of procuring sleep, of chearing the heart, of driving away plagues, of securing from thunder, and of increasing riches, honor, and wisdom, etc., being worn in a ring on the finger, or about the neck as an amulet."

The *Onyx* is a stone that is little known save as the material for the beautiful cameos and antique artistical gems that have challenged the admiration of the world through centuries of time. It is a stone of different-colored strata, or layers, which, when submitted to the hand of the artist, gives him a material by which he can produce his effects by forming one portion

of his picture from the one layer of the stone, making the second and third act as a background, or as distant figures or adjuncts. The colors in the different strata are white and black, sometimes brown or dark gray. The onyx is but little used of late, so many materials have been found to resemble it of a much cheaper kind and so much more tractable under the cutting tool.

One of these is the ordinary chalcedony, a common species of the same stone, which is submitted to an operation that stains the layers different colors. This stone, which, in its natural state, is of a light gray tint, will absorb the coloring fluid in the direction of its strata, which, by the variety of their direction, will, after the operation, allow the stone, though stained with the one fluid, to come out of several tints. The Germans do this very skillfully. They also submit the true stone to a bath of diluted sulphuric acid, which deepens the color of its dark layers. The onyx being a very difficult stone for the cameo-cutters to manage, they sought diligently for some cheaper and more yielding material. This led to the adoption of different sea-shells, from which the great portion of the cameos of trade are now made. This discovery is quite modern, having been first practiced by the cameo-cutters of Italy less than half a century since, and only brought from that land within twenty-five years.

The shells in principal use are the Queen Conch, the Bull's Mouth, and the Black Helmet. All these shells are found in the highest perfection in the East Indies. From the first of these are cut the cameos having a pinkish hue; the second is red, and the third a black.

Beside these shells a material is manufactured from glass by cementing together layers of different colors; and for this, as well as the shell, a cutting machine has been invented and a tolerably executed piece of work is turned out mechanically for cents, where once the artistical cost dollars.

The ancient writers speak often of the onyx. Scripture mentions it under the title of the "Stone of stones." Thomas Nichols says that it was supposed in his day the china brought into England was made from the stone and the fatter part of the earth boiled together.

Master Thomas did not know that in China the onyx is held of the highest value and worn only by the Emperor, or he would not have hazarded such a surmise.

It was said that among the treasures of Mithridates, King of Persia, were two thousand cups made from this stone.

The sardonyx is another variety of the onyx, the only difference being in the color of its strata, which are white and pink; in all its characteristics it is the same, and is used for the same purposes.

The heliotrope is another of the chalcedony family, and is supposed to be identical with the jasper of the ancients. It is found in different parts of Asia and Africa, and sometimes in the

* Manual of Mineralogy; or, the Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom. By James Nicol, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Edinburgh, 1849.

northern part of the United States. Its color is dark green, sprinkled with blood-red spots, which, during the Middle Ages, were asserted to have been caused by the blood of Christ. It is scarce, and valued highly when well colored.

The cat's-eye is so called from the effect of light upon its surface causing a change of its hues from yellowish-brown, to green, grayish, or red, similar to the eye of a cat, and holding no steadiness of color. It is one of the quartz family, and is seldom found over an inch in diameter, though one specimen is known to exist in the Imperial cabinet at Vienna five inches in length, and of a brownish-yellow variety.

The best of these stones are found in the East Indies, and occasional specimens in different parts of Europe and the United States. Among the ancients it was called *oculis solis*, or the sun's eye; the Persians called it "*mithrax*," or the sun. Nichols says it is greatly esteemed among the Indians, because the devil has persuaded them that whoever wears it will never want riches; they will, therefore, give seven times its value to possess it.

And now comes that truly regal gem, the *Opal*, sometimes called the golden opal. To define the color of this stone would be an impossible task. Within its magical influence it holds all the gems, a natural prism, combining within itself an original beauty and a fellowship with all other stones; at one moment shedding the pale light of the moon, at the next flashing as the sun. Professor Brewster, who must be held as good authority, says the peculiar flashes of light upon the opal are caused by fissures and flaws in the body of the gem. Thomas Nichols says, "The opalus is a pretious stone, which hath in it the bright, fiery flame of a carbuncle, the pure, refulgent purple of an amethyst, and a whole sea of the emerald's spring glory or virescency, and every one of them shining with an incredible mixture and very much pleasure."

James Nicol classes nine species of the opal, the principal of which is the precious or noble opal, this being the one holding value among jewelers. The word opal is derived from the Greek word signifying "eye." They believed the stone useful in failing sight as a strengthener; they also gave it the power of bringing universal good-will to its possessor. Thomas Nichols says: "It is reported of this stone that it sharpeneth the sight of the possessours of it, and cloudeth the eyes of those that stand about him, so that they can either not see or not mind what is done before them; for this cause it is asserted to be a safe patron of thieves and thefts, as it is related in *Lapidario*."

Albertus Magnus says: "If you wish to become invisible, take an opal and wrap it in a bay leaf; and it is of such virtue that it will make the by-standers blind; hence it has been called the patron of thieves."

Nonius, a Roman Senator, was possessed of an opal to which he was so much attached that

he chose rather to lose his senatorship, and go into exile, than part with it to Mark Antony.

The opal is found in the East Indies, Hungary, and in South America, abounding most in volcanic formations. All imitations of the opal are weak and bad, and easily detectable.

The best authenticated specimen is among the French crown jewels, being a clasp mounted with a single opal valued at \$7000. There is also said to be a fine specimen in the royal cabinet at Vienna, weighing seventeen ounces; this must of a certainty be one of the inferior grades. It is also asserted that a single opal was lately sold in Europe for \$150,000; but of this we can find no farther account.

Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of New York city, have just finished setting a very beautiful opal, the largest ever brought to this country. It measures a little over an inch in diameter, and is valued at \$2500.



THE TIFFANY OPAL.

The last of the gems, though not the least, of which we shall discourse, is the *Turquoise*, a dull, opaque stone, varying in color from a sky-blue to a yellowish-green. Its first known derivation was Turkey, from which circumstance it derived its name. For a long time it was found only in Southern Persia; but is now brought from Bucharica and Syria, where it is found principally in low, boggy earth. This is the true or Oriental turquoise.

There is also a turquoise called the Occidental turquoise, which, until a few years, was supposed to be an inferior stone of the same species, but now is known to be a manufacture from fossil teeth, colored with oxides of copper or phosphate of iron. This is now very skillfully got up in Paris; but is easily distinguished by its want of polish and by its streaky appearance. They will change with age, turning green; they are sometimes partially restored by heating and re-polishing.

The ancients gave the turquoise the power of healing differences between man and wife. (Other jewels in these days have been known to do the same thing.)

The turquoise is not generally valued, as the most of gems are, by the carat, but rather by its lustre and color. It is little worn at present, not being fashionable; still a fine stone, about quarter of an inch in diameter, would be worth \$10, increasing largely in price as they increase in size. The best specimens are supposed to be in Persia, though many fine ones are in the possession of the Russian Crown at Moscow, among which is a throne covered with them to the number of over 2000.

There is also a specimen in the Imperial cabinet in the same city measuring three inches in length, and an inch broad; and a jeweler of Moscow possesses one measuring two inches in length, which once belonged to Nadir Shah, the conqueror of India, by whom it was worn as an amulet. It is valued at 5000 roubles.

With one more extract from our old friend, Thomas Nichols, we shall bid him, the turquoise, and gems in general, farewell. He discourses of the turquoise:

"As that if it be worn in a ring of gold it will preserve men from falls, and from the bruises proceeding of them, by receiving that harm into itself which otherwise would fall upon the man. Yet these virtues are said not to be in this gemm, except the gemm be received of gift."

It is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.

Riems says that he saw a "turchoy which, upon the death of its master, lost all its beauty, and contracted a cleft, which a certain man, afterward buying at an under-price, returned again to its former glory and beauty, as if, saith he, by a certain sense it had perceived itself to have found a new master. Also it doth change, grow pale and destitute of its native color, if he that weareth it do at any time grow infirm or weak; and again, upon the recovery of its master, it doth recover its own lovely beauty, which ariseth of the temperament of its own naturall heat, and becometh ceruleous like a serene heaven. This stone is very delightfull to the eye, and is thought much to strengthen the sight, because it doth not by its over-brightness too much dissipate the visive faculty, nor by its over-much obscurement too much concentrate the visive faculty."

GLITTER AND GOLD.

I.

STRANGE to say, Robert Maxwell felt perfectly at his ease. He had never felt more pleasantly or more entirely at home in his life, not even when seated in Mr. Morton's neat little parlor, there in Virginia, Agnes beside him with her sewing, and all the rest of the family away—he did not particularly care where.

Consider the circumstances. Let me suppose that you, Madame or Sir, are now—as he was that Sabbath morning—a minister not six months old. I mean, of course, that you have been a minister not yet six months. Suppose that, like him, you have preached during those months in a small country church, consisting chiefly of pulpit at one end and choir at the other, with only a dozen or so benches of plain—very plain but excellent—congregation between. Even then—like Robert Maxwell—you preached with all the painful timidity of twenty-three, trembling at every sentence lest, somehow or other, it should be your last; and this bright December Sabbath you suddenly find yourself in the pulpit—itsself almost as large as the country church—of a magnificent city sanctuary. As you ascended the pulpit steps the organ perceived you and burst forth into music—enough of itself to set your unaccustomed soul on a tremor. And when, fairly seated in the pulpit sofa, you had arranged your sermon in the large Bible, and selected your hymns, dreading all

the time lest the overture on the organ would be done before you were ready, you had glanced furtively over the congregation, surely it would have alarmed *you*. On the right hand and the left, and far down the perspective toward the front doors, pews after pews of the wealth and fashion and intelligence of a city, all sitting in attendance upon *you*! As your eye falls again upon the hymn-book in your trembling hand, a cough from overhead causes you to look up to see that, on the right hand and left, above, is a gallery full, too, of hearers. The very gallery at the end opposite you is full also, as far as the stately organ, towering aloft to the domed ceiling, will allow.

Permit me to say that, if you have never been just such a minister, in just such a pulpit, on just such an occasion, you are as yet unaware of one emotion, at least, in the experience of men.

Perhaps if Robert Maxwell had entered at the grand front door, and walked down the hundred and thirty feet of tessellated marble which paved the broad central aisle, the result would have been different. Instead of this, however, he had ascended the pulpit by the back door. There was no vestry-room outside; but before leaving his own room he had been engaged in special prayer for divine assistance. All the way to the church he had kept himself in communion with God. Perhaps it was because he entered the pulpit in such companionship as this that he was entirely at his ease there; and when the organ ceased, and he rose, and, at the extending of his hands, the whole great congregation rose also for prayer with a sound like a sudden gust through a forest, he was still entirely at his ease; solemn, reverent, but perfectly at home, because it was not with the people below but with a loving Father above them with whom he had to do. The noble music and the congregation had their effect upon him, of course; but it was not to excite—only to calm. He was profoundly exhilarated; but this exhilaration consisted in a sense of strength, of depth, of power, of command such as he had never before imagined even.

He was far more at ease than when before the little country congregation. He took his text with a serene interest and meaning in his tones, entirely natural; as conversational almost as if he were addressing one friend seated with him in quiet; and so through his whole sermon, only he grew in warmth as he proceeded, *talking*, however, all the time—no *preaching*, no swell and subsidence of sentences: deep, connected, respectful, earnest *talk* to the congregation from text to close. And he had, from first to last, the attention, fixed and breathless, of the whole mass before him; and he knew it, with a glad, calm sense of conscious power.

"An excellent discourse—most excellent!" said good Mr. Lundy—the most pious of the trustees, because he had been the most afflicted—to his wife as they walked home from church. And pretty much the same remark was at

the same instant being made by some one in each of the groups of the vast congregation scattered from the church door toward their various homes.

"Very sensible remarks; quite a worthy young man," said the great Mr. Alexander, as he carved the ducks at the head of his dinner-table.

A rich man was Mr. Alexander—very rich. He also was a trustee—the trustee of the church. There was a great deal of an emperor in his white waistcoat and gold seals and portly form.

"A little too self-possessed it seemed to me." It was Miss Imogen Alexander who said it in reply to her father. "You know he is very young, has been preaching only a few months, and that to a set of crackers off in the country somewhere. Too cool, self-possessed for one like him, preaching in such a church as ours."

Miss Imogen was chief female singer in the choir. A noble voice she had—magnificent; and nothing prevented her from singing loud and clear to the accompaniment of the organ. But then she had been accustomed to the grand old church from the hour she was baptized, when a babe, at its marble font in front of the pulpit.

And it *was* a noble church too. Long before you reached the city you saw its steeple towering aloft above every other. Its bell told of fire, even at midnight, to the soundest sleeper on the farthest verge of the town. It took at least a week for strangers visiting the city to get so accustomed to its deep tones that they would wake every time during the night that its clock announced the hours. The most transient traveler, passing in a hurry from the hotel to the dépôt, would stop as he came upon the church edifice, to gaze upon its magnificent size, its huge circular-headed windows, its walls of solid granite, its noble portico of clustered columns, its steeple soaring high above. It was indeed a magnificent sanctuary; scarce a nobler one on the continent—a temple to be proud of.

And its congregation were proud of it. It was the first object of interest to which visiting friends were carried during the week. It was with peculiar pleasure that any member of the congregation showed a visitor, on the Sabbath, down the broad aisle and into his pew. Not a trustee, however rich—and all of the trustees were rich—but took more pride in the church than in his own stately residence. Of all the five hundred members, not one but considered it a pride to be known as a member of that church. The poor among them spoke with occasional bitterness of the rich trustees, who did not know them even by sight. But the church itself! that was to the poorest and obscurest a pride and a glory.

"Singular," said old Mrs. Bowen to her grandchildren that afternoon, "very strange, how I heard so this morning at church. Dear, dear Dr. Jones! it's ten years since I heard one good sentence of his preaching, and I never missed a Sunday. This morning I heard every

word. My ears must be getting well—ain't done nothing to them either."

"Yes; but, grandma," says Jenny, "you know Dr. Jones had lost his teeth, so he couldn't speak plain. The one that preached this morning spoke so distinct like—and then it wasn't loud, like Dr. Jones, but low—like talking in a room, you know."

"Jenny, don't you ever let me hear you say one word even looks like saying any thing disrespectful of Dr. Jones. We'll never, never get a pastor like him," says old Mrs. Bowen.

"Why, grandma," says Jenny, the tears in her eyes, "I never even thought of such a thing. And with this Testament he gave me too, only one month before he died!"

And tender-hearted Jenny opens her little Testament, which is lying in her lap, sees the well-known handwriting on the first leaf, and bursts into tears.

No wonder. Dr. Jones has been dead only some four months or so. He had been pastor of the church for thirty years; and heartily had he been loved by all. The richer and more aristocratic of the church had thought him "rather—rather plain—well, an excellent man, you know—a little dull, perhaps!" But they loved him too, sincerely. Was he not the pastor of the church? For thirty years his salary—a large one it was—had been paid in at bank prompt to the quarter-day. Rarely a week passed that he did not receive some new token of love. A pair of slippers, for instance, worked, with painful adherence to the pattern, by little Sussey Brown—six weeks' hard work in intervals from school and tending her brother Bob—slipped into the hand of the servant that opened the Doctor's door, in blushing confusion, by Sussey, who immediately thereon ran down the front steps and away, although she had dressed herself so nicely, intending to see the Doctor himself; and had thought about what she would say to him, and how, perhaps, he would take her on his knee and kiss her—oh, for weeks before! Splendid books, too, from Colonel Tanner, who kept the book-store at the corner. A huge rocking-chair, "with the filial regards of Mrs. Marshall;" a silver basket of grapes from poor Mrs. Ontard—the basket was borrowed, but the grapes were from her heart and the vine over her cottage-door—a vine tended for this express purpose—every cluster sent when ripe; it was all she had to give, but she sent them with fifty-fold a keener enjoyment than if she had eaten them. When Colonel Beauregard returned from Europe he sent the Doctor a whole box of things: a bit of the pulpit of Knox, a fragment of stone from Luther's house, a book said to have been owned by Calvin, one of the earliest issued of Tyndale's Bibles—a host of things besides, which he had collected especially for his pastor, the collection of which formed a large part of the pleasure of his trip. Purses of gold, too, sent by little girls, that the Doctor might take a little summer trip when there was no yellow fever threatening the city that season. Not a week passed but the es-

timable old Doctor had some fresh proof—if proof were needed—that his people loved him with an affection of thirty years' steady growth.

It was a Southern city; and if people love their pastors at the North with as warm an affection, happy are those pastors, and slanderous are the authors of the books that hint of penurious parishioners and starving, heart-broken ministers in the latitudes nearer the North Pole.

There is that instance of the affection of all to the beloved Doctor that ought by no means, perhaps, to be mentioned—that little affair of darling little Lilly Alexander. A great favorite Lilly was with the Doctor, which was no wonder; a miracle of girlish beauty and sweetness, she was the pet of every one. On one of her many childish visits to her "dear Doctor Jones," the venerable pastor fell asleep in his great arm-chair, for he was near seventy. A long-desired opportunity was in Lilly's reach—to curl the beautiful long white hair of her pastor. She had cherished the thought for months: "He would look like St. John—so beautiful!" The Doctor had been up during the night with a dying parishioner, and slept soundly. With touches swift and soft as a fairy's, Lilly had in a few minutes done up the entire head, propped so conveniently against the back of the chair, in papers. There was plenty of paper on the table; the thread with which he sewed his sermons was in the little drawer; a big Commentary to stand upon. "Only let them stay in till he wakes; the hair'll stay curled after that, I know," reasoned Lilly, trembling with joy, and flitting around the unconscious Doctor like a humming-bird round an almond-tree. But, her task completed, Lilly had to run out for a moment to see a favorite cat at the kitchen, when stately Mrs. Alexander called at the door in her carriage, with her statelier sister from New York. Dr. Jones heard the bell, and walked gravely out of the front-door, down the steps, and so presented his extraordinary head to the astonished gaze of the ladies seated in their carriage. I do not think it actually hastened the death of Lilly, which took place so soon after. Children like her are not intended to live—at least not in *this* world; but I do think that, even in her bitterest agony of grief over her darling, as she lay in her coffin, a thought of that scene flashed over her mother, and she glanced at the little hands, waxen in death, and smiled and broke into a passion of tears in the same moment.

But Dr. Jones had been dead four months. The church had pensioned his widow munificently, and erected his cenotaph, and the edifice was still draped in heavy mourning the morning Robert Maxwell preached under its paneled dome.

It happened in this way: Several months before Dr. Jones's death Robert Maxwell's mother had been ordered by her physicians to the city, to undergo a painful surgical operation, which only city surgeons could perform. She was a widow—Robert her only son. Accompanying his mother, he had settled her in comfortable

lodgings, declined the invitation of Dr. Jones to preach for him in his grand church with sincerest unwillingness, and hastened back as soon as possible to his obscure country charge. The surgery was not one, but a series of operations, threatening to extend through many weeks, even months. That the society of Agnes Morton, to whom he had been so long engaged, was one reason why duty pressed him so to return to his charge, in the bounds of which she lived, I do not say. To me the analysis and the dissection of even the noblest and purest human heart that ever beat would be a task from which I would shrink with greater horror than from the dissections upon the surgeon's table.

If there never lived a more devoted son, neither did Agnes Morton—black-eyed brunette that she was—ever imagine even a more devoted lover. And Agnes knew, it is to be hoped: she ought to. If that drawerful of letters from him, when in college and seminary, preparing for the ministry, had not taught her, it was not for lack of reading each of them over often enough. During his vacations, and since, he had settled near her. He had, in addition to all written statement, given her oral proofs—a great many of them, although he was a minister, very oral indeed—of his affection. Thoroughly intelligent—sincerely pious, because understandingly so—there was only one thing that disqualified Agnes from being a minister's wife: she was entirely too beautiful. However, there was this to counterbalance that—she was not at all rich; never had been; never expected to be. She and Robert were poor, would live poor, die poor: that was all a settled thing. Their road of life stretched straight and clear before them to the very end, like the rails of a railway—a fixed fact—one with which they were entirely contented—at least, nearly so. She knew that her lover was a man of that order of talent which consists in a full, symmetrical, noble Common Sense—strong, sterling, healthful Common Sense. You read it in his brown hair, clear brow, open eye, sincere lip, erect and manly form, in the very tones of his voice, the calm, unexaggerated earnestness of his opinions, the *evenness* of his course. There was something of the clear shining daylight—plain, and real, and true about him; the steady flow of a stream deep and slow, giving promise of the broad and majestic river it is daily coming to be as it flows on.

Yes, he loved her, she loved him, because they were mated of God their Creator.

"What a Paradise earth seems just now!" she said to him, one quiet evening, as they strolled together through a landscape sleeping, in all its grassy slopes and clustering trees, to the low murmurs of a gentle breeze, and bathed in the lingering smiles of a descending sun.

"Yes, Agnes," he said, and stopping in their loitering walk, he took her hand in his, and turning upon her, looked full in her dark eyes, with unutterable love; "it *is* Paradise to me, because of my Eve; and surely God never gave, even to Adam, such an Eve!"

At least he was strictly theological in his illustration.

"And to as noble a Man as ever Adam could have been, even before his fall!" was her spontaneous belief—theologically incorrect. However, she did not actually utter her heresy, owing to a temporary impediment of—well—of lips.

But for all that they could not marry just yet by a good deal. It had been only by the sternest economy that he had obtained his education. Now that he actually was in the ministry, the income promised by his country charge was very small indeed to the eye; and the part of that which was actually paid was entirely microscopic. Then the illness of his mother, the medical and other heavy expenses attendant upon her enforced residence in the city. For the present, marrying was entirely out of the question. All the ciphering of their joint arithmetic yielded that unmistakable result, and that only.

"It is a dark, a very dark providence indeed just now, but God knows best," he would say, whenever he fancied a shadow upon her brow; say in a hopeful, common-sense way, as if it was the easy prompting of his heart, all the time holding down in himself the subterranean thunder of desperate murmuring.

"Not a syllable of that, Robert; not one little syllable!" in her turn she would say, whenever, with brow a little downcast, he would begin, "If it was only so, Agnes, that we could—"

"There isn't any *If* at all, Robert; and you know it. It's plain matter-of-fact *No*! You needn't try to dress up *No* into *If*. The wolf's ears and teeth will show through the sheepskin. It's *No*, *No*, all the time! I didn't mean that about a wolf," she continued, blushing. "I have faith in our Father. I'm positively sure it is all for the best!"

Though she wasn't. The very brightness of her black eyes, as she said it with such granite confidence, was partly because they had been washed so in tears only just before.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to represent these two as possessed of a perfect faith in God all the time—if it was only *true*. They were both of them sincerely, devotedly pious. Their faith in God was the cause of all their peace and joy. But it was not a perfect faith yet. You may think less of them for it; but I can not help that. I must tell only the exact truth.

Now the young minister had arranged, at much expense for him, to have a letter from the surgeon in regard to his mother once a week. One day he received a letter announcing that one of the operations is to be performed on a certain Tuesday. That Tuesday finds him beside his mother in the city. It is Saturday noon, however, before his anxiety for his mother is relieved. Meanwhile Mr. Lundy learns of his being in the city. With the consent of the other trustees he invites Mr. Maxwell to preach the next day. It has ever been part of the pride of the congregation that their church has never been closed on a single Sabbath—a noble pride.

There is no one else at hand that Sabbath; and better even the obscure Mr. Maxwell than no one at all. They considered it as a high favor to him—the invitation. As it did not strike him at all in that light he consented. And this was the way he came to fill the pulpit on that bright December Sabbath.

He had at first been invited only for the morning. Immediately after that service he was urged to preach also during the afternoon. He did so, with even more ease and pleasure. Learn a secret just here, dear reader. If you can hear a minister only once, and wish to hear him at his best, don't go to his morning service on the Sabbath. He has not got his voice or his heart into tune fairly. Wait till his second service on that day; hear him then. In fact, if a minister could only rise at night, just after the singing of the last hymn that closes the services of the hour and the Sabbath, and preach *then*—somehow blot the sermon just preached from the minds of the audience, and preach it from the beginning all over again—it would surpass by far every thing ever before heard from the lips of the man. Body, mind, soul, spirit have only then got in full tune and mood.

The people were pleased, exceedingly pleased. The more that they expected nothing, were taken unaware. Unexpected gratification, you know, is always the sweetest. In a casual, a very casual, way indeed, Mr. Alexander inquired of the young minister, as he walked down the church steps after the afternoon service, whether he would remain over the next Sabbath. Mr. Maxwell "did not know certainly—hoped not, as he was anxious to get back to his charge. It depended on his mother's health."

It so happened, however, that he could not leave his mother, and so it came to pass that he filled the pulpit again the next Sabbath morning. Now there had been during all the week a low, steady buzz in the great hive. People had compared notes—confidentially, you see—Maxwell's antecedents had been thoroughly ascertained from some in the city who had known him from boyhood. On the pulpit cushion, when he entered the pulpit Sabbath afternoon, the young minister found a note requesting him to give notice of a meeting of the church for the next day at 10 o'clock A.M. It did more to upset him than any thing else. If you have the least sensitiveness of structure you can always tell whether the letter to you—still unsealed in your hand—contains good or bad news—is a challenge or a remittance—a dun or the announcement of a bequest. During all the week Maxwell had vague intimation, in the smiles and introductions and general manner of the people, of something—he scarce defined to himself what. The tide of lady callers which had set in upon his astonished mother too! Before he opened the notice his heart told him its contents. The human element began to enter; he became painfully aware of the presence of his congregation; and his prayers and preaching on the occasion were decidedly inferior to what they had been in

the same pulpit before. With shame he acknowledged it all on his knees by his bedside that night, but with a heart strangely fluttering through all his prayer. He could not sleep. "Oh, if it only could be—only really is to be!" The thought was pshawed away a hundred times that night from his pillow, only to evade him and come straight back again. Through all the watches of the night he lay wide awake. Whenever he began to hope that now he could go to sleep, the deep tones of the church clock were sure to sound the hour, bearing the grand edifice full of people to him in the sound. All night long the splendid *If* haunted him like a radiant ghost—only faded a little when he rose on the rainy morning.

Immediately after breakfast he bade his mother farewell, and was off in the cars—glad to get away just then. It was storming tremendously. "No church-meeting-to-day!" he thought with half agony, half pleasure. And so he sped along. But the new-born *If* kept up with him perfectly, on its just-fledged but superb pinions. "Then I could marry Agnes! And how I could preach in that pulpit! It is so manifest a Providence too—so unsought! Pshaw—what nonsense! Agnes in a traveling-dress, riding with me, my own bride, toward the city! Oh, nonsense!" There never lived a more thoroughly sensible man than Robert Maxwell, nor more sincerely pious; but he was human—not an angel yet—a mere man. Besides, he was so young too! Yet there was an alteration in that railway since he last traveled it toward the city. It was a scientific level then; now the track from the city to his country charge lay tremendously down-hill. The rails were laid down such a descending grade as no civil engineer has ever yet dared to imagine. The grand objection to all such traveling is that there is such imminent danger of a disastrous accident.

And so it was. There was no church meeting on account of the storm. Had there been, Rev. Robert Maxwell—D.D. as soon as possible afterward—would have been elected pastor of the church. On the very Tuesday afterward arrived from the North the Rev. Archibald Allison—already D.D. Dr. Allison brought strong letters from the North, where he had already been a pastor. Dr. Allison had himself written, and himself published a book—"The Romance of Religion." Dr. Allison filled the pulpit of the church next Sabbath morning and afternoon; and splendid sermons Dr. Allison preached—"splendid" is the exact adjective that ought to have been and was used. Dr. Allison was reputed wealthy—had the dress and bearing of a wealthy man. Dr. Allison had no reluctance to becoming speedily and universally known. Dr. Allison preached the Sabbath after, attended a good many dinings during the week, and preached again the Sabbath after that. If nine-tenths of the salary paid to a pastor is from the pockets of the rich members of a church, of course they must have the choice of the man they are to salary. They did have it. One

Monday morning after his arrival at his country charge, as the Rev. Robert Maxwell sat in his study—the splendid *If* still hovering over him, but in a very faded and attenuated condition, only enough of it left to worry and bother him—the Rev. Dr. Allison was duly elected pastor of the church. Maxwell heard of it soon enough, and was ten times more ashamed of himself than disappointed.

II.

January, February, March, and half April have rolled away—not four full months—yet Maxwell has gained twice four years of knowledge qualifying him for his noblest of all professions. His heart has been deeply rent, but he has thus seen down into it, and is a wiser man. He has been repeatedly to the city in attendance upon his mother, still there in the hands of the surgeon. Detained there, on more than one occasion he has preached an afternoon sermon for Dr. Allison. His sermons are by no means as splendid as the Doctor's—in fact, they are not splendid at all. The people have a sense of being not at a banquet, when he has preached, so much as at a daily table of substantial, wholesome food. A half-ashamed feeling, too, is somewhere in the atmosphere even of the grand church. Maxwell is still unmarried. The prospect of marrying is even darker than ever. Yet, strange to say, Maxwell and his betrothed only love each other the more fondly, and have a quiet and peaceful trust in God, in comparison to which all their previous experience was a shallow impatience. It is never by caressing, but by chastening, that our Father wins our deepest love and trust. "Whomsoever he loveth he chasteneth," is the logic of religion.

And now the middle of April finds Maxwell in the city, in the chamber of his mother, slowly dying. His engagement for one year with his country charge expires with April, and he snatches a moment from his mother to write declining any arrangement for another term. It was his mother that bound him from the West—there must be his home when this dear tie is broken.

As to Agnes, that is all thoroughly arranged. As soon as he has secured a home in the West—he knows not where that will be—she is to be his wife. They have learned to wait, learned to be patient—heavenliest of all the Christian virtues, because the serenest.

Dr. Allison has called upon him once and twice. While his mother sleeps in the care of a faithful attendant he makes a visit to the parsonage. A noble building it is, too; placed some squares from the church, with exquisite taste, by those who remember that, while the minister belongs to the church, his family is a thing altogether separate from the church as is any other family—a thing sacred to the minister's own self. Without a particle of envy Maxwell enters the home that was so near being his; waits undazzled in the magnificent parlor; is shown unsoured into the pastor's library. It exceeds even his ideal of such a room, but he greets Dr. Allison none the less cordially. A

fine-looking man is the Doctor; nothing can be richer than his dressing-gown and slippers. He is very kind indeed to the country brother. "Does he know all, I wonder?" is the thought of that brother from the outset. The Doctor dwells upon the church, and nothing else, only thereby keeping the question repeating itself persistently in Maxwell's mind. The Doctor speaks of the organ, of the singing, of the Sabbath-school, of the large attendance. He incidentally mentions the recent purchase of a pastor's library; he "really must show you" a present or two he has recently received. The question rings faster and louder in his visitor's mind as the Doctor incidentally, and in various ways, impresses upon that visitor the carnal fact that he is universally admired, esteemed, beloved—rather too much idolized, in fact, than otherwise, by the people. And the prosperous pastor of the wealthy and munificent church need not have given himself the trouble either. Without a particle of envy or repining Maxwell appreciated the brilliant position even more than Dr. Allison himself. Of all men living, the man who has just missed securing an object has the fullest and keenest sense of the value of that object. If your relations with any one of the defeated candidates for the Presidency are intimate enough, just ask him what he thinks of the White House; not, however, that he will say what he thinks—exactly the reverse.

A very neatly-dressed negro man is just at this moment shown into the room. It is the sexton of the church. With a glad smile of recognition he offers Maxwell his hand, which is cordially shaken. He is more deferential to the Doctor, who waits with evident anxiety his message. It is soon delivered, and with such dignified gravity as only the negro sexton of a fine church can put on.

"Yes, Sir, I is truly distressed to say, but 'tis only as I supposed 'fore I went, yeller fever—sorry to say, Sir, yeller fever 'yond a doubt—was what the doctor said—heard him 'stinctly."

The change that came over Dr. Allison's portly form was wonderful to see. *Wilted* is the word nearest the meaning. It was as if the whole church grandeur he had just delineated around himself as its centre had come down with a crash. Men—at least old bachelors—are often so constituted. Dr. Allison had splendid talents for the pulpit, the wedding scene, the grand dining; he had piety, too—was of spotless life; but he had a horror of death, of Yellow Fever—a horror beyond control. Some men have a horror for a cat; some for a certain smell, or taste, or sound—aversion it is called. The instant yellow fever was mentioned in the Doctor's hearing, a few weeks before, he had discovered his latent aversion with a vengeance. He could not conceal it from himself; worse, he could not conceal it from others. In every circle he had perpetually introduced it, hoping, fearing, pooh-poohing the very idea; asking a hundred eager questions. He had held every physician he met by the button, making inquiries as to "the prob-

ability now, doctor, you know? Pshaw! the possibility, I mean."

He knew that the fever had raged in the city years ago; never thought of it definitely in securing the pastorate. Since he began his inquiries, well-meaning but exceedingly mistaken old Mr. Andrews had sent him a full file of the city papers for the period during the last prevalence of the fever. With a kind of fascination the Doctor had read the details—dreadful enough they were in all conscience—over and over again. Mr. Andrews had even visited the Doctor once or twice; it was a favorite reminiscence of garrulous Mr. Andrews, in fact; something like the times in Valley Forge to a Revolutionary veteran; and he had supplied any lack of information left by the papers. With almost gusto had the old gentleman detailed to his pastor the singular atmosphere which preceded the advent of the pestilence; the coming of the disgusting flies of a species never before seen; the remarkable sense of vigor, and enjoyment, and fullest health, on the part of an individual, which was felt before the attack; the sudden pains in all the bones, the deadly prostration, raving, agony, black vomit, death.

"I'm glad I thought to tell you all about it," said the old gentleman, as he rose to leave, after a protracted visit of this kind. "Our pastor ought to be familiar with the fever before it comes. You'll have your hands full visiting, I tell you. It's not to preach then we need a minister; it's to bury the dead, to visit the dying, to console the survivors. Dr. Jones was never so active, never so much needed, as when we had the fever last. Oh, Sir," said the old gentleman, taking his seat again under the pressure of the memory, "you can not imagine how dreadful it is in the fever! The streets deserted; grass actually growing between the flags; the only wheels along the streets those of the dead-carts; the tar-barrels blazing at the corners, and the cannon firing till they found it did no good; the desolation as if the world was coming to an end—it was awful! What makes it more dreadful," continued the old gentleman, proud to impart information to his pastor, and delighted with his absorbed attention, "is, that nobody knows either the cause or remedy of the disease. When a city is at its filthiest it may not appear at all, and when the whole city is washed from end to end, and the very streets perfectly white with lime, it comes none the less. And then the remedy: calomel does good one season, aggravates the disease the next. Pounded ice—yes, it did work wonders one season; the next it actually killed, I do believe—swallowed in pills, you know."

And it was long after this that Mr. Andrews could tear himself away from Dr. Allison, only to renew the theme whenever he met him afterward.

And there was Dr. Allison's own family physician, Dr. Lovell: whether he had been annoyed by Dr. Allison's perpetual nervousness on the subject, or whether he really thought so,

or whether it was only the Dr. Abernethy lurking in him, he once closed a conversation with his pastor with the words,

"Yes, Dr. Allison, and I have observed in my practice that persons of a full habit—say of your build—are most certain to take the fever; and just such patients, too, are most certain to die."

You see, the dissecting-table and familiarity with disease had dulled Dr. Lovell's sensibilities, or he never would have said it.

All this took place weeks before the visit of Maxwell to Dr. Allison's house. One thing had sustained the Doctor: the yellow fever did not visit the city every season; it had not the last; it might not this summer—not for years to come. But the morning of Maxwell's visit he had heard that a case of fever had appeared in the city, and had dispatched Charles, the sexton, instantly to learn the truth. And now he had learned it! The swift news had sent a sudden sinking of heart into every bosom in the city before night; but it affected none as it did the portly, eloquent pastor.

Not four weeks after this the Rev. Robert Maxwell received a message from a gentleman, waiting in the parlor of his boarding-house, asking to see him a moment. With reluctance he laid aside the Bible, which he was reading in low tones to his mother, propped up, faint and emaciated, in bed, and entered the parlor to find Mr. Alexander waiting him there. A sense of quiet dignity, new to him, possessed the young minister now, especially when in the society of the leading members of the church in that city. It was with unwonted deference that Mr. Alexander announced the object of his visit. "Our pastor, Dr. Allison, has obtained leave of absence for the summer, and we are desirous to secure your services while he is away." It was now the church seeking his services as a favor. The young minister now looked down upon the application from above, not up to it as from below. His reply was ready:

"You may know the condition of my mother, Mr. Alexander; how long she may linger I do not know. While I am detained in this way in the city it will give me pleasure to supply your pulpit."

And with that reply the rich Mr. Alexander had to be content.

Yes, the Church *had* given the Doctor leave of absence. His terror had crept into his very blood, into the very marrow of his bones; it had paled his florid complexion, dimmed his bold eye, debilitated his stately bearing. He could talk, dream, speak, think of nothing else but the fever. His excessive nervousness had become universally known. Even on the most decorous lips there was a smile when the Doctor's name was mentioned.

But on one rosy lip it was a smile of infinite bitterness. There was not a syllable to be said when the Doctor applied to the trustees for leave of absence. It was immediately granted. But Miss Imogen Alexander was "too much indis-

posed to see Dr. Allison" when he called to take his leave.

The queenly heiress had given her whole heart to the handsome and eloquent pastor. Proud, exclusive, a belle by birth-right, full of all the ideal which such a Southern woman has of a lover, had Dr. Allison taken too much wine at a dining, had he been guilty of ruinous extravagance, had he even struck or killed an enemy for an insult, she would have only defied the world, and conferred upon him, all the more eagerly, her hand and her wealth and her heart.—But a coward!

It was a terrible blow—perhaps a wholesome one—to the pride of the whole Church. They felt humiliated before the city, more than words can express. Yet even the poorest member of the church was too proud to say much on the subject.

Imogen Alexander said nothing.

And so Maxwell came to preach in the grand church Sabbath after Sabbath. He was a chastened man. It was beside his mother's bed, during the long watches of the night, with the breath flickering uncertainly on her pallid lips, that he prepared his sermons. The product of those solemn hours, in near companionship with the Angel of Death, they were well adapted to a people bowing their heads as a people beneath the darkening shadow of the same awful wings. Splendid sermons then would have been as out of place as festive music in the chamber of the dying. It was practical religious instruction they needed and received. Instruction fresh from the Word of God—not gloomy, but glad with the good news of the Gospel—not gloomy, but glorious with the hopes and hues of heaven! It was with a hunger as for the bread of life that the congregation entered their sanctuary. It was with a sense of refreshment and new strength for the duties of life and the trials of the hour that they returned to their homes.

And those duties, those trials, now came fast and frequent. Maxwell's mother still lingered—frail as the last leaf of autumn, and held to life by as slight a tie, untouched in her chamber by the gust that was raging around her, tearing from the boughs the young and the strong in the full summer of their leaf. The Yellow Fever was indeed upon the city—a disease the more terrible because—its cause unknown, its remedy only guessed at—it seemed direct from the hand of God. There was duty for Maxwell now more important even than preparing and preaching sermons. Few, comparatively, gathered in the church for worship. His work lay outside the splendid edifice. And day and night—there was little distinction now between them—was he at his work. Did he lie down for a moment's sleep, utterly fatigued—he is aroused to visit some one just stricken, anxious for his body, doubly anxious about his soul. Did he sit down to a hasty meal—he is hurried from it to the chamber of another victim. His business there is not prayer or conversation. No; with coat off he bathes the hot head and holds down

the delirious wretch, till hands and bosom are spotted with the inky vomit. He snatches an instant to soothe his suffering parent, but must lay aside the cup from his hand and the endearment from his lip, to hasten to bury the dead—time enough only permitted him to cast at least a flitting beam of Christ and heaven upon what would otherwise seem like the burial of a dog. Nor can he leave the weeping survivors till he has at least repeated to them, from memory, some passage of Scripture, and offered at least a brief but fervent prayer. The ordinary duties he had performed before as a minister were all very well; but he was now engaged in the practical working of religion.

The fever had not reached its height when he must cease from his duties to others, while he utters a last prayer beside his mother. And she smiles, as she dies, that she leaves him so occupied in his Master's work. But from her very grave he is hurried off to the carrying on of that work which is increasing upon him. And now a bar is in his way. His mother is dead—why should *he* remain on the field? Not that he desires to leave—delicacy prompts the question. In the rapidly succeeding calls upon him he has hardly time to debate the question. He comes as soon as possible upon Mr. Alexander. He finds him in the chamber of the dying—broadcloth, ruffles, stately bearing, aristocratic dignity, all gone together—hard at work. Before he can say a word Mr. Alexander has anticipated him. "We entreat you to remain!" is all he says; and Maxwell forgets Delicacy in present Duty.

And so the weary weeks, that seem years, roll around. The fever reaches its climax, begins to decline, slowly ceases. As it sullenly retires it suddenly turns back, as if it had forgotten its noblest victim, and, last of all, Maxwell himself lies smitten down in his chamber. As the news flies through the city a new sorrow pains hearts exhausted with sorrowing; tears gush from eyes long worn out with weeping. There is contention in his chamber who shall nurse him. Even the physicians, turned into grim machines by incessant toil, loss of sleep, and dealing with the disease, laugh aloud at the perpetual flow of fruits and flowers and all manner of delicate food which pours in from those who are refused admittance themselves. The door is haunted during all those weeks by young, old, rich, poor, white, black, waiting to know "How Mr. Maxwell is to-day." His disease reaches its crisis, and every heart in the congregation—almost in the city—seems poised upon its turning. He is pronounced convalescent, and there is sincerest joy and fervent thanksgiving in families even whose names he had never heard.

One thought fills the mind of the feeble patient as he so slowly recovers. The West, his new field, his great business there. As soon as he can guide a pen he renews the theme in his letters to Agnes—Agnes, whose wrestling prayers for him during that long trial have wrought her heart into a nearness to God and a nearness to

her lover such as she never knew before. He and she and all of us. It is only in the white heat of the forge that we put off our old selves and are wrought by the Master into nobler instruments for his work.

And so it is that, one day when inquiries are made at the door of the young minister and presents are brought, the inquirers are answered and the presents are sent back with the news that Mr. Maxwell has left. Yes, the pale convalescent leans back in the cars that bear him on a visit to Agnes with serene consciousness of duty done as it was put before him to do. One or two weeks in her neighborhood to recruit his wasted strength, and then the broad West.

It is a pity he left that day. The very next he would have had a visit from Dr. Allison just returned to the city, very much refreshed indeed from his summer at the North. It would have been a treat to the invalid to see the Doctor portlier than ever, blooming like a gigantic rose, ready to resume with new eloquence his splendid pulpit ministrations. Not that the Doctor was painfully disappointed either, when he found that his young brother was gone. Not so much at least but that he found heart enough to go direct to Mr. Alexander's.

Ringling at the well-known door, he sent up his name to Miss Imogen, and was ushered into the luxurious parlor. The opening arrangement of the winter with him was to close his matter with her, and marry as soon as possible thereafter. True, his letters to her during the summer had not been answered, owing, he supposed, to her not being in the city. But she *had* been in the city—none busier than she—all the long summer. And she came down to him much sooner than it was usual for her to do on his calling. He met her smiling—a large, handsome man he was—and with hand eagerly extended. She listened silently to all his salutation, still standing, not apparently even perceiving his hand.

"Dr. Allison," said the queenly beauty, in her slowest, softest, most polished tones, "you are a gentleman and a minister, and I am a lady. On this account we will, if you will be so kind, make our interview as brief and as final as possible."

"Miss Imogen—Miss Alexander! really I do not—"

"Pardon me, Dr. Allison, you will understand me in a moment," she continued as softly as before. "In abandoning us at the approach of the fever you have forfeited—pardon me—our esteem forever. You know how we regard a soldier, especially a general, who flies in battle. I am pained to say that we regard your conduct as being just as cowardly—forgive me. Worse, as your duty is more sacred."

"The trustees—your own father—did not hint even, when I left," exclaimed the amazed divine.

"Pardon me again for interrupting you, Dr. Allison," said the belle, in her gentlest manner; "they had no desire to keep you an instant

against your inclination. As it is, your usefulness as pastor in this city is entirely gone, I assure you. If you will permit the liberty, our astonishment at your leaving us is only exceeded by our surprise at your return. You did so, I presume, however, only to resign. Be good enough to excuse me; I am engaged with some friends just now."

And she was gone from the room. Not to weep, as you imagine, dear Miss. No, women of her stamp care very little for such a man when they find him out. Besides, she had exhausted all her feelings and tears on the matter months ago when he first left the city.

Permit me to add, Rev. Robert Maxwell was absolutely prevented from going West; is now the pastor—universally beloved—of the city church; and—is a married man.

THE ORDINATION BALL.

AN attic is a great family record. What the archives of a nation are to the lover of history, this great, dimly-lighted upper chamber is to the student of his own name and race. A house without such an apartment has no actual past. It may be gas-lighted, steam-heated; its floors may be carpeted with beauty and its walls hung with real gems of art; but it has no Book of Chronicles—no Old Testament, prophetic of the New.

From a child I confess to a marvelous fondness for exploration. The forest had never a flower too solitary or shade-loving to awe me, or the rock a crystal so deeply imbedded as to discourage my feeble stroke. The same delight with which, in later years, I have bared my brow to the breezes of the wilderness, the same leaping of pulse as at sight of the glorious "eagle and stars" in a strange land, and the self-same exceeding joy felt while listening to some new, wild tale of the mythical aborigines, I knew in its entire fullness of meaning when my widest realm of research was an old family garret.

It was not our own, for we lived in a house comparatively new; but we had an aged relative in whose house I was a frequent and ever-welcome guest; for, unlike most children, toys and pictorial primers and doll-babies were not at all to my taste. Aunt Tabby's old-time stories suited me infinitely better; and for this very reason, and because I was a never-weary listener, the old lady loved my companionship.

Not a creature dwelt in that antiquated house but Aunt Tabby—an octogenarian then—and an old gray cat, older by some years than myself. The shadow and quiet of her dwelling were very fascinating to me, though in such broad contrast to my own sunshiny home, where half a dozen untamed children were forever mad-racketing; and because I was never home-sick there, and always loved her stories, and never teased her cat, I was Aunt Tabby's prime favorite.

In time, too, I became an entertainer. Summer afternoons, while the old lady took her nap in her high-backed chair, and gray-skin slept on

his rug at her feet, I was free to amuse myself wherever I could find amusement; and this was usually in the same low, cobweb-curtained attic chamber, in whose ancient chests and boxes were hoarded the relics of by-gone years—memorials of many generations. One chest alone was prohibited, and that was of no consequence while the field was wide and new.

At first nothing diverted me so much as the obsolete garments, which I could scarce bring myself to believe were ever the pride of living men and women. Such odd-shaped hats and poke-bonnets! Such dresses, with only two widths of skirt and scarce an inch of waist! And then such high-heeled, peak-toed shoes, which would throw me down, whenever I essayed to put them on, as readily as my brother Tom's skates. Sometimes donning an old dress and bonnet, with a huge embroidered work-bag on my arm, I would creep softly down stairs, not even disturbing the cat, and take a seat where Aunt Tabby's eyes would be sure to fall upon me at the moment of waking. This was an ever-agreeable entertainment to the old lady, and sometimes drew forth a family story, followed by the certain instruction to put away the things carefully, just as I found them.

When the old clothes and the crewel work had been sufficiently examined and discussed, the files of newspapers began to attract attention. Such funny-looking little papers some of them were! scarcely larger than my two hands, or a sheet of modern note-paper; and such type and spelling too—every *s* an *f*, and every *j* an *i*! These I often took down to read to Aunt Tabby, and to ask her to explain to me, for the little I knew of geography would get sorely confounded.

The papers of the Revolutionary period awakened all the slumbering patriotism of her youth. She remembered well when the Boston Port-Bill first aroused the colonies to active resistance. Her father was a captain of the "Reformers," and led his little company with General Putnam to Bunker Hill. This she told me one time when I had read in one of those little faded blue papers of the fall of the brave Joseph Warren, the hero of that memorable battle-day.

Another time, when I was laboring hard with the account of the difficult and important march of Arnold to Quebec, she stopped me short and told the whole story, while tears rolled down her withered cheeks. Her young brother had perished of hunger by the way, after eating his car-touch-box and shoes. A comrade buried him under the autumn leaves by the Kennebec, with a fragment of cold brick in his mouth, with which he had vainly striven to appease the pangs of starvation.* He was only a tender school-boy, she said, not fit for that dreadful expedition, which had tried the stoutest men.

For a long time the old newspapers were the absorbing entertainment of each day, and from them I learned my first lessons of revolutionary history.

But when the papers failed to interest, I bo-

* A fact.

gan to look longingly toward the high brown chest, into whose deep recesses my curious eyes were forbidden to peer. What treasures of the olden time were there laid away too sacred for me to look upon? was my often-recurring thought. And, if so private, why was not the chest secured by lock and key, instead of standing with lid yawning as if to tantalize as well as tempt? Aunt Tabby's treasures were in no danger, however, for not without permission would I have been guilty of disturbing the *manes* of the departed, earnestly as I desired to do so.

After having quite exhausted imagination in strange surmises respecting the chest, my curiosity was at length very unexpectedly gratified. It was at mid-summer time. I had been staying a week at the old house when my brothers came one morning for me to go home, and make one of a whortleberry party to the mountain. Such excursions always afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and so I was eager to go. But Aunt Tabby wondered why, with a dozen young ones at home, I could never be allowed to remain in peace; and inquired what she could give me to make me willing to stay another week with her, and not mind the berry party?

"Leave to search the great brown chest," I replied, promptly. Leave was as readily granted, and I saw the boys depart without a single regret.

That afternoon, when the napping time came, I went with more than usual alacrity to the garret, for the mysteries over which I had dreamed and pondered so long were to be revealed. I could scarcely abide my own rapid movement. Drawing a broken arm-chair as near as possible to the chest, I elevated myself to raise the gaping lid. All the stories I had ever heard of ponderous lids fast closing and imprisoning hapless victims could not deter me a moment. Throwing off my shoes, into the chest I sprang with the lightness of expectancy, and was soon half-buried in carefully-tied rolls and bundles and files of papers and letters, from all of which arose the suffocating scent of mould and time.

How was I to commence work, now when really plunged in *medias res*? Should the letters or rolls or bundles be the earliest objects of inspection? "*First come, first served*," I answered, in childish proverb; and so proceeded to untie and unroll in rapid succession.

The first roll was an infant's wardrobe; little dresses and caps and flannels, simply made and partly worn. What baby form had laid them off for the whiter robes of immortal life I could not conjecture, but somebody's darling I knew, for my mother had a similar bundle at home over which I had seen her weep. Carefully as I found it it was tied up and laid aside for a white dress, with the finest of cambric ruffles, though made, apparently, for a little girl not much taller than myself. With Aunt Tabby's economy, and fondness for fine linen too, it was a marvel in my mind she had never made use of those ruffles, so yellowed with time. I had yet to learn their history, and wherefore that dress was held too sacred for use.

Next came a paper-enrolled mystery, from which arose the scent of camphor, gum, and myrrh. As I loosened the string a half-decayed soldier's cap, marked inside, "C. L., 1775," told its own story of the brave boy who had fallen by the Kennebec in the service of his country. I could not help dropping a tear on that moth-eaten relic, as the recollection of Aunt Tabby's story forced itself to mind, and I laid it away.

A little paper box next attracted my attention, which, opened, was found to contain, with other things, an ancient love-letter from my great-grandfather "To the lady of his heart, lovely Remember Luce." It was a curious letter, sermonic in form, for the enamored young man was a minister. The text was from Solomon's Song—the *argument*, *exhortation*, and *improvement* nothing but love. Transcendent must have been the earthly fair one to awaken such ardor of devotion in a soul bound to a heavenly life-work! There were several other letters in the box, and a number of pictured certificates of good behavior in school, and two or three little braids of faded hair, tied with faded silk, and marked with the givers' names and a forget-me-not. These must have been the treasures of Aunt Tabby's sister, of whom I had sometimes heard her speak. I would ask her more about her, I resolved, while closing the paper box and exchanging it for another of similar shape and size.

This, too, was a little repository of keepsakes, notes, and letters, many of them written in bold, manly hand, and signed "Moses Robinson." These were all directed to Aunt Tabby, and were from Uncle Moses, when he was her lover, more than sixty years before. For half that period he had lain in the grave-yard, but Aunt Tabby had never ceased to grieve for the husband of her youth.

Among the hoarded treasures of this last little box was one thing which puzzled me exceedingly. It was an ordination *Ball Ticket*, and read thus:

"Your company with lady is respectfully solicited at a ball to be given on Wednesday evening, October 4, in the tavern hall of S—, on the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Timothy Taylor to the Congregational Church in this town.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."—Ecclesiastes, iii. 1."

"An ordination ball!" I exclaimed. "Why, who ever heard of such a thing? I guess the minister 'gave it to them' afterward if they did then as they do nowadays. I mean to ask Aunt Tabby about this thing when I go down." And with this resolution plunged deeper into the mysteries of the chest.

Absorbed in new discoveries, the hours of that long summer afternoon made rapid flight. And not until Aunt Tabby herself appeared to summon me to tea was I aware that I had overstaid the customary napping time.

"Why didn't you call me before to set the table?" I asked, springing from the chest with as much agility as I had entered it. "Oh,

Aunt Tabby! I have found so many new things to inquire about, I shall have to stay more than a week."

"Well, well, child! the longer the better," she replied; "but make haste now, for it's near about sundown. I hope you will leave every thing in that chest just as you find it."

"Every thing *but one*," I said, "and that I have got in my pocket, and will show it to you when we get down stairs. 'Tis a ball ticket, Aunt Tabby, an *ordination ball ticket*! And who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"They don't have such things nowadays, to be sure, though folks are not a grain better than they used to be; just about the same, I expect. Young people will always be getting amusement in some way, and *dancing* was the fashion then, and every body called it civil, and said, like Solomon of old, there was 'a time to dance.'"

I took the quaint little ticket out of my pocket and handed it to her after we were seated at table.

"Yes, I remember it," she said, carefully wiping her spectacles for a closer inspection. "And there is your Uncle Moses's name among the managers. 1785. That was a great while ago, child; a great while ago. If you were only a little older I could tell you what came of that party."

"Do, Aunt Tabby!" I exclaimed, earnestly. "I am old enough—*twelve* next winter. What was it now? I do want to know."

"Maybe when you are older I sha'n't be here to tell you," she said, in a compliant tone. "And if I should tell you the story now and give you the ball ticket beside you would never quite forget your great grandmother."

"No, nor Aunt Tabby either," I replied; "for this was *your* ticket, and not *hers*."

"Yes, I know it; but it was to her that ball was an eventful occasion. Let me see: I shall have to tell you what went before it a little, I guess. The winter before your uncle and I were married old Mr. Adams the minister died, and the next spring a young man by the name of Taylor came to supply the pulpit. He had very pleasing ways with him, and took mightily with the young folks. My father was one of the deacons, and one of the parish committee besides, which brought the new minister a great deal to our house; so much that before long folks began to talk as though Moses was quite 'cut out.' I didn't care what they said; no more did he. And an occasional allusion to the subject convinced us that Mr. Taylor cared as little as ourselves. With such an understanding our intercourse was very pleasant and unembarrassing.

"My sister Remember—or Mima, as we always called her—was then about fifteen. A little thing at that, scarcely if any taller than yourself. And the new minister used to catechise her with the other children of the parish. She wasn't never a bit like other children, though; but was the most sedate, sober-minded young person I ever knew; and so pretty that strangers used to stop and gaze upon her. A lady of a

French officer painted her as a new figure of Innocence with Minerva for her guide; and no money could induce her to part with the picture. I never saw any other child with such an expression as Mima had; and it never seemed strange that folks should look at her, or the new minister any more than others.

"One evening, after Mr. Taylor had been taking tea with us, as he often did, and had made himself very agreeable and pleasant, Mima said to me,

"I don't wonder, Tabby, folks say you are knitting a *mitten* for Moses Robinson, your old beau; and I shouldn't blame you much if you did, either."

"What do you mean, Mima, *by not blaming me*?" I asked, a little ruffled at the insinuation.

"I mean," she said, coloring slightly, "that I don't see how, with the minister's pleasant ways, and his great learning, and goodness, and his evident partiality for you besides, you can help liking him better than Moses, who I used to think, before Mr. Taylor came, was the very best fellow in the world. But don't you see a difference in them now, Tabby?"

"Yes," I answered, not a little tartly. "I see that Moses Robinson, with his great, noble soul and body, is worth a thousand of your little Mr. Taylors, though he is well enough in his way. I wouldn't give one honest hair of his head for all the Greek and Hebrew that go to make men so learned!"

"I didn't think of offending you," she said, in an apologizing way.

"I ain't offended," I answered, "because I know there's no accounting for tastes. But, Mima, I have liked Moses Robinson ever since I was ten years old, when he came from the wars, and brought our poor brother Charley's cap, and told us how he threw his own away and wore that, because he thought we might set store by it. And it was Moses who got leave to stay behind and bury him in the wilderness; for he and Charley were always like brothers to one another. Do you think I would forsake him now for a stranger?"

"She made no reply; and, after a little, I said,

"You don't remember Charley, do you, Mima?"

"Yes, I do," she said, quickly. "I was five years old when he went away, and ran and hid because I felt so bad about it. He came and found me under the high case of drawers, and took me up in his arms, and said, 'If I never come back again, little Mima, you won't forget you once had a brother Charley, will you?' I never told any body before what he said to me; but I have never forgotten him. He comes to me often, when I am asleep, and looks so handsome—just as he did when he went away. Oh! I never loved any body so well as Charley!" And she burst into tears as she spoke.

"Mima was our brother's especial pet; but

as she never mentioned his name, I had often wondered whether or not she had forgotten the idol of her childhood.

"I no longer felt any resentment toward my sister because she had ventured to see Moses unfavorably in the light of Mr. Taylor; but sometimes dared fancy that Mr. Taylor saw me to as great disadvantage in the presence of little Mima. I was not certain, however, and she had never such a suspicion. She thought he looked upon her only as a child.

"So the summer passed. The call to settle which the parish had given the new minister was answered favorably, and the first Wednesday in October was the day fixed upon for ordination. There hadn't been such a thing in the place for above fifty years, and every body was wide awake about it.

"'We'll make a glorious time out on't!' says Moses to me, soon as ever the day was set. 'Mr. Taylor is a right-down good sort of a man, and such a thing as an ordination can't be calculated on every year. We've been talking, Deacon,' he said, turning to my father, 'whether 'twouldn't be best to git up a ball, with a rousin' ordination supper, in the evening. There'll be a good many strangers round, you know.'

"'There can't be a bit of objection,' my father replied, 'provided every thing is conducted decently and in order.' Time for every thing, Moses.'

"'That's my opinion, Sir. Come, girls, then, bring me the ink-horn, and I'll write a form for the tickets. I'm going to Norwich to-morrow, and will get them struck off in right shape.'

"Ink and paper were brought, and in a few minutes Moses handed my father what he'd written, and asked if there was any thing to add.

"'Guess I'd just put a text of Scriptor on,' he said, after reading what was wrote; 'for 'tis our duty to acknowledge the Lord in all our ways, Moses.'

"So the great Bible was brought, and we set to hunting for the very passage you see here before you. And when 'twas added on, and the tickets were neatly printed, they were quite the pride of the parish. The managers sent them all over Windham County, and the ordination itself wasn't talked any more about than the ball in the evening.

"Mother said Mima and I should have some new dresses for the occasion, and went herself and bought the finest linen she could find; and Mima and I made ruffles till our fingers were tired, just as foolish gals do nowadays."

"And was that little Mima's dress I saw up in the chest?" I asked, interrupting her.

"I dare say, child, for 'tis there somewhere. She said the last time she put it on that she had been too happy in that dress ever to cut it up, and that she would keep it to look on as long as she lived. So it was put away among her choice things, to be preserved with care.

"There never was a brighter day than that ordination Wednesday; and every body, from

oldest to youngest, seemed to feel its influence, and looked as sunshiny as the day. The ordination council said there hadn't been such an examination passed by a young candidate for many a year, and the parish was proud to hear it. All the county was there, and the great galleries had to be propped up for fear of accident. The singers wore flowers in their hair, and when the ministers came into the meeting-house they all rose and sang, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' I don't believe there ever was a pleasanter ordination than that; for nowadays they are too common to make much account on any way.

"'The fun isn't over yet, by a good deal,' Moses said, as he walked home with us at the close of the meeting. 'The band will be up from Norwich by sundown, and we shall get great music to-night. Some of Mr. Taylor's friends from New Haven are going to stay over, and they'll all be on hand for supper. Then, if we ain't entirely used up, the ministers will git a serenade before the music leaves. We're bound not to leave any thing undone, for we've been ordaining a man for life, and expect he'll live to preach his half-century sermon at least.'

"How Mima's face glowed and sparkled as Moses spoke; and when he got through she said, 'Oh, Moses! I do think you are the most generous person I ever saw.'

"'And if your sister were not so near, I should reply that I think little Mima is the handsomest at this moment. How your face shines, Mima! We'll show folks how "pigeon wings" are cut to-night.'

"When night came they were as good as their word. I never cared much for dancing myself, and Mima was never tired of it. I couldn't tell you what her dancing was like, but it was the very music of motion; and I always felt, when I watched her, as though she might rise up like mist and vanish away. Moses was a grand dancer too, and was never prouder than when he had little Mima for a partner; for she would flit around him like a humming-bird, never losing step or breaking time.

"I sat near the door of the hall watching them as they led the last dance before supper. The musicians were putting all their force into the instruments, and observing with as much interest as myself the progress of the figure, when a number of persons entered the door not far from where I was sitting. It was the new minister and his friends a few minutes too early for supper; so the landlord led them up to take a look at the dance. I could not help feeling proud of Moses and Mima. He moving so stately and grand up and down the figure; she, gliding after him so lightly and noiselessly, seeing nothing nor nobody, caring for nothing but the motion and the music. Her light chestnut hair fell in curls around her face and over her shoulders, and her new white dress made her look more childlike than ever.

"'Who is she?' I overheard one of the strangers asking Mr. Taylor; and not until the ques-

tion was repeated did he reply, 'A heavenly cherub got astray in this sinful world:' never taking his eyes off of her all the time.

"Not until she had danced through the figure, and Moses set her down beside me to rest while he went to see if supper was ready, did Mima perceive the presence of the strangers, and then she turned very pale and trembled like a frightened bird.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said; "only I didn't know there were so many spectators."

"Moses soon came back to say supper was ready, when the dancing stopped, and the band immediately struck up a march for the supper tables.

"You seem to have more than your hands full to-night," Mr. Taylor said to Moses, who was trying to give the old people and the strangers the precedence. "Just allow me the privilege of taking your ladies to the supper-room." The next minute I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Somebody, and we were following Mr. Taylor and little Mima in the march to the tables.

"A majority of the old folks of the parish were present, and grace was said by the new minister, all standing; and when supper was done thanks were returned by old Deacon Allen, the only person present who was at the ordination supper of Mr. Adams, upward of fifty years before.

"After the first tables were cleared, old and young had to amuse themselves as best they could until the dancing should begin again. The evening was as mild as May, and some of the company went out and walked on the tavern stoop, and some played 'Button' in the house. Mr. Taylor and Mima sat down together on one of the deep, old-fashioned window-seats, while his Rev. friend and I joined the group out of doors and talked of the loveliness of the evening, and of the talents of the new minister, who, he assured me, quite led his class. He spoke about the wonderful beauty of my sister, too, and said he more than suspected that Mr. Taylor was taken captive by her.

"It was half an hour or more before the music summoned again to the dancing-room. When we went back again into the house the older part of the company was preparing to go home. Moses was in pursuit of me, and, so bidding my temporary gallant good-evening, we went to look up Mima. She was still sitting in the window-seat, too much absorbed in the conversation of her companion to notice us until Moses asked whether she was ready to go back to the hall?

"I think I shall go home pretty soon," she replied, hesitatingly. "Father and mother are going now, and—"

"I have offered to take her along with me," Mr. Taylor continued; "after having persuaded her that she is too weary to dance any more to-night, Mr. Robinson will not hesitate to resign one of his fair ones to my care, I trust."

"Not with the pastoral charge so strictly

enjoined upon him to-day to watch over the lambs," Moses replied, laughing. "I shall have to release you Mima, if such is your wish." And bidding them a hasty adieu we went back to the dancing-hall, remarking merrily on the new aspect of affairs.

"The ball broke up at midnight, and not, like modern dances, at sunrise. Mima had just retired when I got home, and lay pressing her hands to her temples as though suffering extreme pain.

"Have you got the headache," I inquired? "No," she said, "only I can not think!" "Only you can not help thinking," I said, gayly. "Don't lie there looking so sadly perplexed now. What if I should tell you that, in consideration of the hint you gave me some time ago, and finding as I do the new minister improving on acquaintance, I am thinking of giving Moses the mitten?"

"I should say, then," she replied, quite seriously, "that perhaps you could not have him now."

"And why not now as well as then, Mima? I see no difference."

"Because I think Mr. Taylor begins to like me a little," she said, with the humility of one making criminal confession. "Besides, Tabby, you undervalue him. You think one hair of Moses Robinson's head worth many Mr. Taylors; while I think he is about equal to any body, and a great deal too good for a simple child like me."

"Ha, ha! you do, do you? Well, I think such a learned man ought to be capable of judging for himself any way, Mima! So you just go to sleep now, and you'll think the same to-morrow."

"The whole parish were taken by surprise when, soon after, the engagement of little Mima to the new minister became known; but very fortunately Mima was too innocent and good to have her claim contested by old or young, and no parish jar was the result, otherwise her tender heart would have been broken.

"Mr. Taylor urged that they might be married at Thanksgiving, at the same time with Moses and I; but Mima was only fifteen, and our parents would have their wedding put off a year. Mima had never been away from home, and must have one quarter at least in a boarding-school to learn fancy needle-work, for that was about all the boarding-schools of them days taught anyhow.

"So your uncle and I were married one Thanksgiving, and Mr. Taylor and Mima the next, and the ordination ball-dresses served for both weddings, and were never worn afterward. Mine was cut up and used long ago; but Mima's was treasured carefully, and after her death laid away among the family relics."

It was getting dark when we arose from the tea-table; and Aunt Tabby silenced all my farther inquiries by promising at some future time to tell me more about little Mima's life and death.

DOWN THE RIVER.

A VERY LONG LETTER.

I PROMISED to tell you all about it, Mary. When I bid you good-by at our door, and shook hands with Mr. Harris, and promised to write you a long letter to Ahmednuggur, and tell you all about my plans and my life from year to year, I did not think that four years would creep by without my doing so, or that I should have the story to tell you that I sit down to write to-day. Writing close by the south door, where we said good-by, the same sweet-brier blooming and perfuming the air, and the same horse-chestnut lifting its lamps of rose and white blossoms through the deep green leaves; but I am not the same, and you are hard at work in hot India, and my baby namesake has a Hindoo name between mine and yours, and— But I shall tell things in their course. That summer you were married and sailed away to be a missionary Joe Peyton went to California. He was poor, for his father was a farmer, and John was to take the farm after him; so Joe had only, for his share of the farm-produce, a good schooling at the Academy, after his district teachers had taught him all they could. I was a farmer's daughter, too, as you know; but you don't know—for I was shy of telling you about it in that year we were room-mates at Dartford Seminary—that Joe and I always were playmates at school. I was a year older than he, but not so strong or so tall. He used to bring me huckleberries, and mud-turtles, and hickory nuts; and when he forgot his dinner, or upset it into the mud racing to school, he always had half of mine; and mother knit him a pair of clouded red mittens just like mine, for he wore his gray ones all out dragging me on his sled. Then when he got bigger he used to bring me trout, and little birds he went gunning after, and stone apples to bake; for I was rather weakly for a while; and we went to the Academy together, and we saw each other pretty nearly every day. And then, when father died, I never shall forget how Joe came and sat down by me—he was the first one to come in and tell how the tree fell on to father—and then he came and saw I was stunned, and he took my two hands and said, "Poor child, dear Hetty!" till I could cry. But after that I went away to Dartford Seminary, for I was seventeen, and mother wanted me to have a good education, for she knew she never could keep up the farm all alone, and a farm in Weston is not worth much; so she sold it out to Uncle Eben, and boarded with him while I was at the Seminary.

You know what I did at that school, Mary, and how I grieved to leave it when the year was out. Then I went home to Weston for a while, and then to Virginia, where I had a place offered me as governess in Mrs. Randolph's family. She was a widow, like mother, and I thought, perhaps, she would be gentle and sweet and kind like mother; but I was mistaken. She was a beautiful woman, tall and haughty and

cold: she was not unkind to me, she treated me with punctilious courtesy; but I don't know how it was I grew old so fast in that hard first year. The second year began no better—her children were always unruly, and she would not let me govern them. I was not only obliged to teach them, but to be with them always, to see all the company that came to the house, and to do my share of their entertainment so far as my slight knowledge of music and my still slighter power of conversation went. I ached sometimes to have an hour by myself to think of mother, and to recall a few words Joe Peyton had said to me in that last vacation—words that meant a great deal though they were few. But after a while a sort of change came over things, for Mrs. Randolph's only son came home from abroad, and if ever she softened to any one it was to him. He was like her in person, tall, handsome, fair; but his mouth was not like hers, it was facile, sweet, undetermined; her lips were set and beautiful as a statue's. He was proud, too, but indolently proud, and kindly besides; he treated me with as much consideration as was possible, but no disrespect or forgetfulness of my position, and I liked him for both.

I began to feel more at home, to work better and harder, to regain some reliance on myself, to feel that I earned my six hundred dollars fully. But I did not improve physically. I grew paler and thinner, and one day Mr. Randolph said at the breakfast-table:

"You look really ill, to-day, Miss Hart; I must prescribe for you."

Mrs. Randolph looked at me scrutinizingly. I think she found nothing in my pale dark face to excite her apprehension.

"You do not look well," said she. "What is your prescription, Harry?"

"Rides before breakfast, mother; I think that would do her good. Where is the gray pony?"

"But I do not know how to ride," I suggested, meekly.

"The gray pony is over at Belmont," said Mrs. Randolph, as composedly as if I had not spoken.

"I will teach you to ride," said Mr. Randolph, with a kind smile and nod. So the matter was settled.

After that we rode every morning—long rides, after some practice—and I grew better fast. It was not altogether the fresh, crisp air of late autumn, the excitement of the exercise, that did me good; it was, more than half, the kindness, the care, the consciousness that somebody was interested in me and my welfare. This is only an episode, Mary, put in to tell you why I left Bellair; but, truth to tell, Mr. Harry Randolph fell in love with me, and told me so. I knew him to be a drunkard and a gambler, after the fashion of his class, who do not use those names. I knew him to be a man of no sort of principle; but he had been kind, and careful, and loving, where every one else was cold or polite, and I felt almost as badly at leaving him as

he thought he did at my going; but I made a pretext of a letter Uncle Eben had written, saying that mother was not well, and I left Bellair the day but one after Harry Randolph had told me that he loved me; and his mother does not know to this day that her son humiliated himself so far as to love her little Yankee governess. But you see why I had to come back to Weston; and there I was when you stopped to say good-by to me, the week after your wedding. I did not envy you, Mary; for I was not good enough to go on a mission, and I did not think it was possible then for me to leave mother and Joe, or for them to leave me. After I came back from Bellair, Weston seemed very dull and quiet. I took the Hill District school, for I would not leave mother again—she was too feeble; and I like to have something to do, as well as needed it, for, to tell you the truth, Joe seemed much less lovable to me than when I was away from him. I had been living among the highest class of Virginia gentlemen. I had seen them in society and at home; I had become drilled in all their punctilious customs; and when Joe came in from haying, with bare feet, and ate his dinner with the blade of his knife, and wiped his hot, brown face with a red silk handkerchief, my tastes rebelled against him. At first I was both cross and cold; then I tried to educate him into better ways; but gradually, as I came to know how good, and true, and strong he was—how unselfish and earnest, and how entirely he had set his heart on me, and how much better he was than I, I gave up every thing, and was “like myself again,” as he said; for he had laid all my strange ways to illness, or anxiety, or some real cause, rather than to my foolish pride and fastidiousness. He would not have believed I could have such a feeling toward him—he never even suspected it. I had not been home from Bellair long before Joe began to get very grave and sober. I could not think what was the matter. He worked very hard; but when he was through for the day, instead of being full of fun, as he used to be, he was quiet, and said he was tired.

At last, one May evening, he sat on the steps, and I went out and sat by him. He did not say anything; only looked round at me with a smile.

“Joe,” said I, “what ails you lately? Something is the matter, I’m sure; you are so sober, so quiet. Tell me, please.”

“Come out to the barn, then, Esther. I will tell you; but I don’t want any body else to hear.”

So we went out and sat on the barn-door sill, and Joe told me how discouraged he was getting in Weston; how all his work there only brought him laborer’s wages; and how tired he was of waiting in the still deferred hope of our marriage, nothing seeming to bring it any nearer. I had no comfort to offer him, for I knew what he said to be true. I thought of it often myself. At last, after a few minutes’ silence, he said,

“I have resolved on one thing, Esther—hard

as it is. I have resolved to go to California. I am sure if I work hard here I can work hard there; and there I shall get pay for labor, and come home to give you and your mother a real home, where none of us need to drudge for our bread. But—but—Hetty,” said he, with a breaking voice, “will you wait for me?”

I could hardly speak either. Poor fellow! he had doubted that, and grieved himself over it all this time. I put my arms round his neck and kissed him. I never had done that before.

“Joe,” said I, “I’ll wait for you till I die!”

Well, that set matters straight again; and not to drag out my letter, which promises to be too long already, I won’t tell you how badly we all felt, or how Joe left us with a sober face, but plenty of courage, and I went back to my district school again. This was four years ago. The first year we had frequent letters from him. He did not do very well immediately, but, after a while, got a better claim, and contrived to lay up a little. The second year he did much better; but this news came somewhat dampened to me, because mother was so ill, it seemed unkind to be glad of any thing she could not share. Still I was glad—very.

But oh, Mary, after that second year there never came one letter to me—not one! I wrote by almost every mail, but got no answer. I had no knowledge of any one in California, or I should have written out there to inquire. I did all I could, and so did Uncle Eben, but we heard nothing; and I had to keep as bright as I could, for mother was failing all the time, and by the middle of the fourth year she died.

I was all alone then. Oh dear! nobody knows what that is by any words; all alone! nobody you belong to, no home, no fixed place any where, and only yourself to look to, whatever happens. It is both hard and bitter, Mary; may you never know it for yourself.

Uncle Eben was very kind, and Aunt Ann meant to be. I was sick after mother died for three months; not sick enough to have the doctor often, or to need much medicine, which was a good thing, but feeble and miserable and not able to teach, or indeed to sit up most of the time. Aunt Ann was very good to me then; she nursed me with herb drinks, and soups, and such things, till I was well, and then I began to look round for a place to teach. Mother’s board and mine had by this time pretty much taken up what Uncle Eben owed us for the farm, for he had to pay off a mortgage there was on it, and I had but about two hundred dollars left to begin with. I advertised, and inquired about a school, till at last I heard of one in New Jersey, and applying for the place I was accepted, and so made preparations to be there by the first week in May. I saved up fifty dollars for my expenses, and resolved to put the other hundred and fifty in the Savings Bank in Hartford; then I made my clothes, such as I should want, for it was a family-school, and I could not wear just such old things as I could have used in Weston, and by the last week in April I was all ready to

start. Weston was five miles from any railroad, and about twenty-five miles above Hartford, but not on the river, so that it made the fare to New York pretty high, and then I should have to be there overnight, which was unpleasant for a woman all alone; so it was agreed that I should go in to Hartford with Uncle Eben, in the double wagon, on Monday, as he had got to carry in a load of grain, and so stay overnight with a sister of Aunt Ann's, and take the river boat for New York Tuesday afternoon; then I could put my money into the bank, and get one or two little things I needed, and be at New York early Wednesday morning, in time to take the Amboy boat; for the place where I was going was somewhere on the Camden and Amboy Railroad line, I forget how far. I can't but own, Mary, that my heart sunk when Uncle left me on the boat. I felt ready to cry before every body, but I knew if I once gave way I should not be fit for any thing, so I resolved not to have one thought about what could not be helped, but to enjoy myself if it was to be done; and being pretty resolute, as you know, I set to work directly to find out something to see or hear that should divert my mind. The river was beautiful enough to do that for a long time; its shores of tender green, and wooded banks where deep hemlock and pines looked like shadows among the budding branches of elms and chestnuts, and misty white birches; every now and then a party of shad-fishers, pulling in their seine, or dragging it out, their bright red shirts adding just one touch of vividness to the soft gray and green tones of the land, and here and there a white-winged ship, steadily pressing up from sea with full sails and urgent prow plowing the blue waves; sail boats too there were; children playing on the shores; men plowing in the level meadows, turning up long, black furrows without haste or rest, as if they and their patient oxen were machines or bits of clock-work wound up to go just so long. At last my eyes were weary, and something more amusing met my ear than the cries of babies and the hushing of mothers. I took up a paper and affected to read; next me sat a young woman of the strongest Yankee type conversing with an old man in those tones of a woman's voice that make themselves heard far as a dinner-horn, and for like reasons; consequently, at least a dozen passengers besides myself were edified by the conversation, which proved to be principally an account "Miss Sykes" was giving to "Deacon Button" of his wife's funeral, at which he could not of course be presumed to have been a spectator. "I declare!" said she, "I never see such a procession in all my born days. Hanner and me, we went in Squire Sykes's double kerridge, and we kinder cut round the green and cut in behind the mourners, so's to see the hull length on't, and I must say I never did see sech a procession in Norton before."

"I was greatly honored, greatly honored," murmured Deacon Button, in a humble manner. "I didn't know nothing about it then, but I'm obleeged to you for lettin' on me know now."

"Well no; I expected you was 'too much afflicted to think o' them sort o' things; me and Hanner we set right close up by the pulpit, side o't, so's we could see the mourners; and we spoke on't arter the fust hymn, just as Mr. Hyde riz to pray, that you seemed to be real affected. I see the tears a runnin' down your face as though you felt it."

"Well, I did. Yes, I did, Miss Sykes. Mary Jane was a helpful woman; I miss havin' on her round beyond all account. But she's got to a better world I han't no doubt, and I expect she relishes it."

"Life's pretty uncertain," responded Mrs. Sykes; "we're here to-day an' gone to-morrow. I'm pleased to see how you've fixed up your lot down to the cemetery—it's stoned up real comfortable and slick—and them lich-liddys and snow-berry bushes look kind of respectful. Miss Button did take to flowers so, seem's as though she'd rest better to have 'em a growin' overhead."

"She was partial to all kinds of blows, that's a fact; an' she never liked the idee of bein' buried right into the ground; so's I see she was a-goin' to die, why I set to and got the lot ready right off; and last time she rode out we driv' round there to look at it; so't I feel as though she was suited, and that's consol'n'."

"Yes, it is. I don't see but what you've got all the consolation a man can have. And, after all, it might have been worse, as Mr. Hyde said, when my husband's mother died of quick consumption up to Lee, and we had her brought down to be buried. He says, says he, 'There a'n't no loss like that; a man can lose his wife or his child, and get another, but he can't never have but one mother.'"

"That's a fact," said the old man, rather brightening up at the new idea; and I don't know but the affable and sympathizing Mrs. Sykes would have gone on to recommend another wife to him, but just at that moment a bell rung, and she exclaimed, "Gracious! if there ain't the Haddam landin'. Well, Deacon Button, I bid you good-day! I should be pleased to have you call when you're down our way."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I should be pleased to come. Give my respects to Mr. Sykes."

So Mrs. S. gathered up her bag, her two bundles, her bunch of dry fennel, and her blue umbrella, and went ashore. After she departed, there sauntered to the bench near me two young clergymen, prototypes in American print of Messrs. Donne and Sweeting, "herolings" of Shirley! Mr. Donne's wife (an achievement since Shirley refused him!) and Mr. Sweeting's aunt accompanied them. Mrs. Donne's self-complacent poise and comfortable aspect, the refreshments she carried in a leather hand-bag, and the ease of her position, were something to see; and consoled a beholder for the fact of her partnership, since she seemed to take it easily. I found, from the earliest scraps of their conversation, that they belonged to the Episcopal church, and that Mr. Donne was settled in the diocese of that best of men, Bishop B——, of

whom it might well be said, as Fredrika Bremer said of another bishop, "The Virtues, tired of living always with the Bishop of Svara," etc. I hoped in my heart these virtues were spread through the diocese, and noted the conversation carefully, that I might hear something perhaps of a man I reverence above all others, dissenter though I am. But I think Mr. Donne had no time to celebrate his bishop. He was engaged in talking over college exploits with Brother Sweeting, and endeavoring to persuade him into some confidences that Mr. Sweeting did not care to reveal, contenting himself with an orange as round as his own youthful physiognomy, which he enjoyed with boyish enthusiasm, and "au naturel," as the French say of potatoes. I was getting very tired of their platitudes, and the interchange of ladies' talk about cooking, tablecloths, silver, and church-extension, when suddenly the name of my own village roused me, as Mr. Sweeting said—throwing the skin of his orange out of the window, and making a *naïve*, naughty little face at his oily fingers—"Were you at Teft's ordination, at Weston, Donne?"

"Yes, I went there," observed Mr. Donne, with an air of disgust; "but I was late, and the church was crowded, and they didn't seem to know I was a clergyman, so I had to stand in the aisle by the door; I hadn't any chair, and when it comes to prayers one's got to kneel down, you know, so I just had to kneel on the floor, and the dirty Presbyterians spit all over my boots! After a while they found me out, and got me a seat, though."

Little Mr. Sweeting was suddenly struck with consideration; he wheeled about, and looked me in the face, evidently fearing I might be one of the impolite sect; but I looked as Episcopal as I could, and, reassured, he went back to the conversation. But I rose and walked away; I could not have carried off that rubrical look a second time.

You wonder why I diverge to these things, Mary, and so do I. I will go on straight now. I must; for as I reached the deck the boat stopped at Middletown, and among the group of passengers crossing the landing-plank to come on board I saw a well-known face—I saw Harry Randolph. He was alone, with no party to occupy him, and I dreaded his finding me out; so I drew my veil over my face, and, turning away, crept round quite to the stern of the boat, where there was just room for one chair between the railing and the cabin, and looked backward up the river. Gradually the sun sank lower and lower toward the west, the river poured its silver flood behind us, shut in from curve to curve with seeming barriers of hill and forest, till the steamer's wide rippling wake seemed to be threading some lake of the woods whose steep shores, crumbled away with frost and rain, shoved their ruins of uprooted hemlock and tottering pine down the abrupt bank, and wrecked them on the water's edge. At first the deep breadth of rolling water was blue as the sky above, then dusky with their clouds, and then wave after wave of color

poured down from the gorgeous west—faint at first as the tender lining of a shell, and flecked with blue, but deepening slowly into rose, and crimson, and orange—till the river rolled behind us a weltering sea of glass, dyed with tints that no Bohemian, moulding his fairy fabric, ever fused into cup or vase; tints which every glittering wave of the steamer's wake repeated and disturbed into new glory, pouring its tides of reffluent splendor upon the gray shore, and filling every tiny bay, flowing round every dim green island with lavish gorgeousness, till my eyes ached and my head swam with a new revelation of color. While this was passing away came the summons to supper; I was called out of glory to tea—but I did not go. Economy, stern regent! who had so often nipped my comforts and constrained my impulses, so often denied me unflinchingly greater luxuries than a steamer's supper. Economy, with forethought, had provided for my wants, and forbidden the unnecessary half dollar. I was glad of it now, for I felt sure of escaping Mr. Randolph's eye: so I took from my basket the provision, both substantial and delicate, which Aunt Ann had made, and enjoyed my nice sandwiches and bit of homemade cake quite as much, no doubt, as I should have the curious assemblage of food that travelers do often take, and call it "tea." While I was eating the splendid heavens and the resplendent river faded, and in the depths and heights where color had rioted and reigned came cool, misty, half tints; the water assumed those hues that again are shell hues, pearly, not iridescent, but metallic, hardening into the exquisite but nameless color of polished steel; while twilight veiled the shores with softest blue-gray tones, till one could scarce tell where earth ended and water flowed, save for a deeper line of shadow or a light from land. Now stars came out above, one by one, and serenely kindled their answering stars in the quiet river; while far up on the hill-sides glittered other, unrevolving planets, from nested villages and scattered farms; and over all brooded the light water-mist, sighing coldly upward like a passed soul.

Presently the moon rose, and molten silver swept away pearl and steel. I was watching the shifting shadows of hill and tree on the water, all absorbed in this new phase of nature, when I heard a quick tread coming round the railing. I rose to let it pass me; but it did not pass. "Esther!" said Harry Randolph. I could not escape now; so I quietly shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, as if we had parted yesterday. He looked me steadily in the face, and shook his head instead of answering me.

"Sit down," said he, at length; "I have a chair here. I want to talk to you."

I did sit down. I was cool enough not to be shaken, and I meant to let him see it. I knew he was at least a thorough gentleman, so I trusted him.

"How did you know I was here?" said I, by way of opening the conversation.

"I saw you as I was coming on board, only for one moment, but I could not mistake that pale little face. Are you ill? Are you sad? Where are you going, Esther? What does this mean?"

He touched my crape veil as he spoke.

"Mother is dead," said I.

He took up my hand and kissed it gently. The kind, tender action touched me inexpressibly; it brought my loss and my life too near. I could not keep the tears all back; a few fell, and he sat silently till they were over. Then he spoke again without waiting for an answer to any other question:

"Esther, will you come back to Bellair?"

"I can not, Mr. Randolph. I am going to Pompton to teach a family school."

He muttered something condemnatory of Pompton under his breath, and then turned round and said, vehemently,

"You know I don't mean to teach Ned and Lucy. I want you. I want my wife. Bellair wants you for its mistress."

"I must go to Pompton," said I, deliberately.

He swore at Pompton again, not under his breath this time.

"You shall not go there, Esther. Come to Bellair. You think you will not live with my mother. She is gone, she is dead too. I left Ned yonder at school. Lucy lives at Roanoke with my uncle. You will have it all your own way, Esther—only come."

He spoke so tenderly, so earnestly; he had loved me so long; I was so tired and so lonely, that for a moment my heart beat, and it seemed as if I could love him. I suppose my silence gave him courage, for he grasped my hand again, and, turning a little to look more fully in my face, brought his own full into the revealing moonlight. Poor Harry! That face told an undeniable story of his life. The lines on its fair surface were dreadful hieroglyphs of age that is the result of sin, not of years; his mouth had lost its sweetness, and taken to its facile curves a weakness that was not far from imbecile; his eyes were bloodshot; his cheek haggard and wan. It was his face I answered as I said again, "I can not."

"Why, why?" said he, impatiently. "Who stands between us? We are alone. I will be every thing to you, Esther. You shall do as you will at Bellair. You never liked company—you need not now. I will keep you to myself. Only come."

"No one stands between us, Mr. Randolph; but I do not love you. It would be wrong for me to marry you."

"But you would, Esther, you should. I will make you—I can. All these four years I have wanted and waited. Don't you think that love worth having?"

"What have you been doing these four years?" said I.

He hid his face in his hands for an instant, and then looked up and laughed bitterly.

"What have I been doing? A pretty record

Voi. XXI.—No. 126.—3 E

that would be to tell you!—you who left me to go mad without you, and then ask how I did it."

"If you had really loved me you couldn't have tried to kill your love with drink and cards and horse-racing as you have done. You would have kept yourself good and pure for my sake. You would have worked at yourself to be true and noble. You would not be what you are now if you had loved me as you ought."

"And you—you could not preach so quietly to a man you loved, Miss Hart," said he, with a half-sneer. "I suppose we are both mistaken, or rather I am."

He rose from his seat beside me, and leaned over the railing. His gentlemanly instinct returned after a moment's quiet and effort.

"Excuse me," said he; "forgive me, Esther. You do not know what you make me suffer. You have never loved or you could not expect me to be calm."

"I have loved," said I, "loved as deeply and as well as a woman can, Harry, and lost it all."

My voice choked as I spoke, for Joe's fine, resolute, manly face rose up before me, and I knew afresh what I had lost. Ah! should I ever cease to know it? Harry Randolph sat down beside me, and I told him all I had to tell.

"He was worth loving," said Mr. Randolph, with a deep sigh, as I stopped to dry the few hot tears I could not restrain, "and I am not. I will not ask you again, Esther; I will not trouble you; but if you ever need a friend, promise to write to me, to ask me for any help."

"Yes, I will," said I, and I meant what I said. It was time, however, that the interview was at an end; so I got up and bid him good-night.

"Can not I do something for you in the morning, Esther?" said he.

I was half-tempted to accept his offer, for I had never been through New York alone before, but a moment's thought warned me that it was not best. I had only myself to depend on. I was almost friendless. I could not be too careful of what I did. So I said,

"No, thank you. I shall need nothing."

"Good-by!" said he, holding my hand one moment, and then he was gone.

I went into the cabin, and lay down in my berth, but not to sleep. The night was warm and close; the air of the room oppressed me; my narrow bed was irksome—it seemed to me like a coffin. I wondered if so trance-sleepers felt. I thought of death, solitary and untended; of narrow beds in a hospital ward; of gaunt and comfortless cots in the poor-house. Such death, no doubt, awaited me. I should struggle through a laborious life, having nothing and hoarding nothing; I should die without one kind hand in mine, one loving look of farewell, and be so coffined and buried, all unmourned.

Yet I might have had a different fate. I might be mistress of those cool halls of Bellair, and, lying amidst its luxuries, cradled in down

and silk, hear voices low with baby laughter echo through the corridors, and be tended down to death by patient children and a tender husband. What if Harry did drink, and swear, and gamble a good deal? I could win him from some of these things; and surely almost any thing was better than the hard, ill-paid life of a school-mistress. To this temptation of the devil I made no answer; but just outside of the door beyond my berth, which was the last in the cabin, a black woman, whose color kept her outside in this world, was slowly spelling over to herself, in a low voice, part of a Bible chapter. I listened intently—for my Bible had remained unread—and, word by word, “with stammering lips and another tongue,” I heard these words: “Ought not Christ to have suffered?”

She paused there—to rest perhaps; but though she resumed the reading, I heard no more. I was silenced by that one sentence—ought He to have suffered!—suffered for results of good—suffered alone that no man hereafter need so suffer—and ought I not to suffer?—I, whose life was stained with selfishness, murmuring, discontent. I was like a shamed child. It was time to hide my face in His garment and ask to be forgiven, to be made strong, to live for others, and not to remember myself; and the tearful prayer lulled me to sleep. I woke at morning rested and refreshed, and, after dressing, made my way to the stern again, for we were nearing New York, and I wanted to keep in some quiet, out-of-the-way place till the boat was somewhat cleared, and the porter at leisure to take my trunk over to the Amboy boat, where I was to get it checked for Pompton. I sat quite still, watching what is to me one of the dreariest shores in the world, the water-front of a great city; hot, and grimed, and squalid; piles of brick and filthy sheds; the lowest grades of civilized humanity hanging about the wharves; wan, eager, wrangling, wretched women; brutal men; children that are never childlike. Better to me is a strip of barren sand, with its quaint people of crabs, and sand-pipers, and innumerable insects, than such a shore as this! Presently the boat touched the wharf. I heard cries of hackmen, and dragging of trunks; children screaming; loud, men's voices; hasty steps; then a quick step came round by the railed netting where I stood—not Harry Randolph's; a voice said, again, “Esther!” Oh, Mary, it was Joe!

* * * * *

I don't know what I did, dear, only I did not faint away; I never do. Nor did I ask any questions then. After a minute Joe went away, and, coming back for me directly, took me to a carriage, and put me in. I did not ask where we were to go, but he took me to a hotel, we had some breakfast, and then he made me write a letter to Pompton and say I could not come there, for I was going to be married. I looked at Joe, and he looked at me, upon this dictation, but I rather think his look was most masterful of the two, for I wrote as he said; and then we

took the noon train for Weston. I found out in the course of that ride that he had reached Weston the day after I left, and hearing where I had gone, took the evening train and followed me—followed so fast that he reached New York at midnight, and I only by morning. He had written home regularly, but being in the mountains, the mails were rare, and one after another lost on their passage to San Francisco, as if by some pertinacious fatality; more than once robbed for the sake of the gold-dust not a few contained.

But Joe had been careful and provident. He had not trusted his hard-earned gold to letters; he had hoarded it, as he said, “like a miser”—as if any body could believe that of Joe. However, he had got enough for us for our wants, and then he hurried homeward; enough for comfort was all either he or I could ask.

This was a month ago. Joe has bought a pretty little farm on West River, two miles from the railway. It has a nice new house and barn on the premises, and a garden sloping from the south door toward the river. The man that owned it took the gold fever months ago, and nothing Joe could say cured him. He had delayed long, in hopes of selling this pretty place; and now he goes next week, with his wife. Poor fellow! And I wish mother could have lived to be with us. Uncle Eben and Aunt Ann are really pleased; and I keep thinking how good God is.

Oh, Mary, I am going to be married to-morrow!

ROSE-GARDEN.

A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

OUR senses are marvelous organs, alike in what they perceive and in what they suggest. The lowest of them in the spiritual scale—the taste and the smell—not only open to us exquisite flavors and odors, but often recall great experiences, and join the eye and ear in their ministry of wisdom and beauty. It was wise, therefore, in the old Catholic Church to fill the sanctuary with the fragrance of incense and touch the lips of the devotee with the mystical wafer, as well as to charm the eye with pictured glass and canvas, and fascinate the ear with the melody and harmony of voices and instruments. Mother Nature, however, went before the Mother Church in sagacity; and Adam and Eve, in their Eden of plenty, and sweetness, and beauty, and music, were led by the ministry of the senses to own a power above the dust that perishes, and taste life in most trees of the garden if they tasted death in one. Every urchin that is born of their race has something of the same schooling, and finds often far more than food in a ripe apple or sweet cake, and more than a pleasant fragrance in a fresh flower. The precious basket that comes to him at school with its store of dainties tastes not only of sugar and spices, but of all the joys of home; and as he enters the familiar gate the rose and the clematis

send out their winged odors to give him welcome, and the whole parterre of flowers that swing their bells in the gentle breeze ring to him, in their balmy undulations, glad tidings of home pleasures, old and new.

Why am I philosophizing upon the associative power of the senses in this grave and perhaps sleepy way? The truth is, that this full-blooded and genial honey-suckle, that has since spring been climbing over its trellis without abating a jot of vigor even in this mid-summer heat, has been talking to me, and its fragrance steals into my heart, and opens the hall of the past, the chamber of memory. That vine, with most of the choice plants that cheer this summer home, our dear Steinwald, which good Providence grants to one who has full work and care enough when away from this retreat, came three years ago from Rose-Garden, the gift of the master of that pleasant place; and now, as I sit upon the piazza thanking God for this interval of rest, the honey-suckle is telling me of the old times and friends that stand connected with that name. The harp or flute could not be more suggestive than this fragrance; and like one of the melodies of home, this sweetness recalls the years when I used every week to be a visitor there, and every summer the parent vine welcomed my coming with its hospitable incense. I have no remarkable story to tell—and, in fact, I have not any story to tell at all, in the usual sense of the word. Some readers will perhaps listen all the more patiently to a plain and honest sketch of scenes and characters in our American life that may be all the more interesting to them because so very much like what they themselves have seen and known.

I.

It was near twenty years ago that I first went to Rose-Garden. I had passed what is usually called the season of youth, although, if a man is to be considered young until he is married, I had no claim then to be ranked among the elders. Six or seven years of professional work had passed over my head without leaving any very deep marks of care or disappointment, and the constant work and quiet routine of an inland village made the change to city life not a little exciting, and in some respects instructive and desirable. Wherever a man lives, the main fact of his experience is given by his habitual associates; and now that a score of solemn years have written out their interpretation, I can have no doubt from what quarter my life has had its main social incentive. The acquaintance began in a good place to augur well of its perpetuity, and it was at church that I first met my friend and his family—himself with his bright face and long black hair, the keen eye that seemed always ready to be thinking when not tempted by the ample and somewhat nervous mouth to be laughing; his wife a grave and somewhat oldish, yet very gentle and interesting woman, with a look that grew almost into beauty whenever any marked thought drew out its interior meaning; two children, both girls, too young to develop

any strong characteristics, except perhaps to show that the dark eye of the elder had more fire and force, though not more sweetness, in its promise than the blue eye of the younger. There was one other member of the family then with them in their pew, whom I might describe perhaps more fully than would interest the general reader, but upon whom I will venture, in spite of her remonstrance, to say a passing word. She was a girl of twenty—a rosy, bright-eyed damsel, whose quick word and ready smile would promise you a gay and volatile playmate, were it not that the somewhat stately bearing and broad and perhaps too heavy forehead put you upon your guard, and bade you see the resolute woman in the blooming maiden.

Accepting the host's kind invitation, I soon became a frequent guest at Rose-Garden. The house was an old-fashioned square wooden mansion, two stories high, with dormer windows on the attic, and overlooking a broad range of land and water. It stood within an inclosure of three or four acres of ground, partly garden, orchard, and vineyard, and yielding ample store of flowers and fruit, abounding especially in strawberries, raspberries, pears, cherries, and grapes. How could the place fail to be attractive to a lonely student? and how could he be otherwise than happy at having ever a welcome place by the winter fire, and a free range over the charming summer walks? Lest the reader may naughtily suppose that the sole, or at least the main attraction was the blooming damsel above-named as just passing her first score of years, we will imagine her as put out of the way by the most obvious and venial of all abductions. Imagine her as being very attractive to the frequent guest, alike from her strong sense, comeliness, and spirit, and also from her orphanage, which left her at seventeen both fatherless and motherless, to find in a new home a continuation of that kindly school of the heart in which she had won such honors as the nurse and comforter of her sick and dying parents. Conjecture as you choose the various walks and talks, and decide as you please upon the final result of the intimacy between your unworthy friend and the fair and somewhat impulsive maiden. In spring, when the yellow daffodils hung out their merry little banners along the long garden promenade, and the robins, without any other pay than came from the sweetness of their own music, sang out their welcome to the vernal breeze, was there not great inducement to accept the ready hint, and dream, at least, of the pairing time that is not for birds alone? And as spring ripened into summer, and the rose and the honey-suckle spread their loveliness over the garden-bower and shed their fragrance all around, how could the sequestered seat be otherwise than attractive to such lovers of nature, until the sessions ended in great unanimity, and adjourned to the church for confirmation, for better or for worse, of the compact? Suppose the lady at the head of a house of her own in the midst of the city, while her husband, sometimes with and sometimes

without her, still continued his old walks to the suburban haunt, refreshed by the ramble, and generally wiser and merrier for the good cheer and sensible conversation of that hospitable home.

In America, and especially, perhaps, in New England, one is struck with the independent thought and strongly-marked characters that are found in very unpretending families, and which do not fail to win to themselves rich and congenial fellowship from the most various spheres of life. The Joneses of Rose-Garden were what would be called a plain family—not rich, not high-born, not brilliant, not fashionable. The husband was the son of a hard-working farmer, and he had risen, by great industry and economy, to a respectable competence in business, with no better education than the village school gave and a manly life completed; and the wife was the daughter of a faithful and judicious country minister—one of the noble and wise men who had the rare art of raising the best of lives and the most hopeful of families on the least of incomes; in fact, upon an income that would hardly keep one of our fast young men now supplied with cigars. John Jones was, in some respects, one of the most remarkable men that I ever knew. He was not, indeed, one of the class that usually pass as saints or heroes. He was very fond of the round, solid world, and of the good things and good people to be found upon its surface. He was more of the school of Franklin than of Plato or St. Paul; and while open to all noble ideas, he liked to see with his own eyes the fruits of every thought and enterprise before he gave it his favor. Eminently kindly, he was not lavish or impulsively generous; and while ready to give his part to charity, he was an exact business man, and disposed to insist upon all his rights. His leading traits were cordiality, honesty, and sagacity. No man's welcome to a guest was more hearty than his, no man's word more trust-worthy, no man's sober judgment upon any practical subject was more reliable. He was a reverential man, but more ethical than devotional in his ideas of religion; and until of late, perhaps, too much disgusted at what seemed to him the bigotry of the prevailing churches to appreciate fairly the evangelical faith, which takes its power less from human will than God's grace. He was always an earnest seeker and a most candid listener, eminently encouraging to all lovers of serious and devout conversation, and often by an apt question calling out new and important views of the subject in hand of his superiors in learning and philosophy. He was at home in a company of cultivated ministers, and sure of giving them as much information in his way as they gave him in their way; while in a miscellaneous company of bright men and women he was a universal favorite—now impressing all by his good sense as he gave, in all simplicity and directness, his views of some question of politics or social ethics, and now setting the whole circle into a roar at some quaint story, which he invariably accompanied with a genial and hearty laugh, contagious enough to make a listener and beholder forget

hard times or the toothache and set the most incorrigible dyspeptic in the direct path of convalescence. He was a social man in works as well as feelings, and from essential kindness of heart as well as public spirit he was a helper in the principal institutions of education and charity in the place. He was a good specimen of the old Puritan stock, as liberalized by the new age; and in the good old way he spoke out for the best schools and the best laws, and thought himself no less qualified to hear a good sermon on Sunday because he had commanded a volunteer military company during the week and kept a sword and musket at the service of the state. But why go into these particulars when a glance at his picture, so faithfully preserved alike by painter and photographer, tells the story of the man and his life? His own smile is playing about the mouth, and all his good sense and kindness and truth and decision looks out of those eyes.

The wife was a widely different but not, therefore, less congenial character. I have never known a better specimen of a woman, on the whole—one who unites more of the everyday utilities with the higher and diviner graces of womanly life. She never could have been a beauty, and she never affected the arts and airs that are supposed to give attraction to her sex. Yet she gave the impression of great loveliness, and no face known in our whole circle of society more blessed the beholder than hers. She was no great votary of the arts of dress and embellishment; yet her manner was winning, her tastes were beautiful, and she was sure, in general society, to win more men and women to her side than the rank and file of bedizened and bejeweled matrons who are to be counted by scores. She had the loveliness that comes unbidden from looking to God for his blessing, and from returning his blessing in constant deeds of kindness to his desolate children, our poor and afflicted brothers and sisters. The old horse Whitey, that carried her usually on her round of charity, always seemed to me a sacred personage, and to have far nearer a claim to immortality, like the white horse of the Apocalypse, than any of the famous steeds that have won fame from the days of Alexander and his Bucephalus to the conqueror of Buena Vista and his trusty charger. I could say a great many things about her that would be true and useful in this strain, but I have good reasons for forbearing now, and contenting myself with a few glances at some of the characters who were to be seen much or little at Rose-Garden.

When I was first a guest there the daughters were children, and I will not, therefore, speak now of them, but merely say that the pictures of two children that hung in the guest-chamber were portraits of the eldest daughter and a deceased son—the latter being one of two little boys, the only sons of the family, who were cut off years before by the same fatal disease; a fact that did something to explain the union of such marked sensibility with the habitual cheerfulness of the parents. If I were to recall two faces

that would represent the widest diversity of character and experience among the frequenters of the house, there need be little doubt as to the selection, if it were made from the feminine side. I hardly ever met two women more marked in their way, and more unlike while like enough to be good friends, than Miss Marks and Mrs. George. Miss Marks, or Ann Marks as she was usually called, was a lady of most uncertain age, and full as she was of thought and spirits, she had passed the time within which age is calculable, and no one who enjoyed her excellent company cared a straw to know whether she was nearer forty or sixty. She was as plain as plain could be, yet one of the most interesting and effective persons in society; not, indeed, on account of any charms of manner or rare accomplishments, but from sheer force of character and quick perception, and intellectual and moral susceptibility. She had probably long ago made up her mind to live unmated, and took a wise and just revenge upon the fortune that had refused to confide her happiness to any one man by a pretty sharp judgment upon mankind in general, and a very delightful sociality with many bright men in particular. I was sometimes puzzled to know why she interested so many gifted men as well as most women in her conversation; and I finally came to the opinion that her power was not in her originality or her brilliancy, but mainly in her quick susceptibility and mental sympathy. She had the gift of talking to a man so as to make him bring out his own thoughts and feelings into more full and apparently welcome expression; so that he saw himself more clearly as in a glass, and was ready to ascribe the unavailing of his own mind to the wisdom of the mirror that had so faithfully shown to him his own countenance. Yet she was no flatterer, nor any echo of ruling opinions, but a most determined and sometimes not a little rude champion of her own pet notions; a strenuous stickler for the self-sufficiency of woman, without the need of man to complete her culture or happiness; a fiery advocate of the doctrine of individualism, or the adequacy of each soul to itself without reliance upon churches, creeds, or confessions—positions which she sustained with none the less pertinacity from being herself a practical contradiction to them in her decided preference for masculine society, and her equally decided interest in the church and the clergy. She has lately passed away after filling a most important mission—doing much to give life and point to general society, to quicken the intellectual interest in moral and spiritual things, to awaken scores of young women to better self-reliance and usefulness, to cheer the poor and desolate by her sympathy, and show upon what a narrow stock of worldly goods and external charms an effective and elevated, and, in many respects, a happy life may be nurtured. Ten such women would be enough to found a sect or start a revolution. Peace to the memory of Ann Marks! She has left the world better and wiser than she found it; and if I ever visit

her grave, it will be not with an ungrateful heart or with dry eyes. Ann had her failings, but they leaned to the right side; and now that sickness and death have interpreted her temperament and constitution, it is clear that her occasional crotchets of mood and manner came more from her nerves than from her heart, and while she sometimes was swayed by the gusts and blinded by the fogs of the earth, her faith and love always tended upward toward the eternal light.

Mrs. George was a very different character in person, and in mind and manner. She was one who was born to charm, and was evidently endowed by nature with the gift of grace and fascination, as decidedly as Jenny Lind was born to sing or George Sand to write romances. She was not a famous beauty, but had a power in her air, and especially in her movement, that I have never seen equaled. She could smile and walk in a most bewitching way, yet never with any appearance of art, and in fact she was remarkably unaffected in her ways, and sometimes candid even to bluntness in her speech. She was full of pluck as well as grace, and was a wonder to us all for bearing such bitter trials and disappointments with such patience and courage—seeming to unite English force with French elasticity. England was her birth-place, and she came to America with a husband whose gentle blood was more accredited than his moral strength and practical capacity, and years before she was a widow she was left to support herself and two sons by teaching a school. She was successful and prosperous, and built a snug little house of her own. Her health, however, was sometimes too severely tasked, and good Providence overruled her fatigue into a blessing by sending her on a vacation visit to old England, and making her the wife of a most worthy gentleman and honored jurist who had known and fancied her long ago. I hear that she still loves America, and shows her attachment in kind deeds as well as words. I remember her with affection and respect, and when tempted to complain or to be discouraged at trifles, it always does me good to think what fearful disappointments and heavy cares this delicate and petted woman bore with such valor. God's blessing be upon her and her noble husband, and may there be many more such ties to bind Old and New England together!

Mrs. George had no philosophy to *speak* of, yet a great deal of philosophy to *act* upon; and while she never discussed the new transcendentalism with Ann Marks and the famous coterie of blue stockings, she had as much of the true spirit as any of them, and made people feel it as much as they. We sometimes saw her in company with that famous Gloriana, afterward a countess, whose brilliant life and tragic death are parts of our literary history. Most men were sure to prefer her society to that of Gloriana, and not merely because she was so much prettier and more graceful. She had the genuine womanly nature which Gloriana had been led so far to

sacrifice to masculine severity; and although not much of a devotee, nor greatly given to theological discussion, she had in her affectionate woman's heart a better expression of religion than the somewhat hard classic culture which at that time kept Gloriana in the school of Zeno and Plato almost as if unaware of the advent of Christ. This was my impression of our noted American Griselda years ago; but time, that should make me wiser, surely made her more tender and trusting, and Gloriana, who once divided women into two classes—the Muses and the Minervas—learned a deeper lesson than her transcendental counselors could teach her, when God made her a mother, and therefore more the daughter of heaven than any dreamy Muse or cold Minerva.

Many men and women of note I used to meet at Rose-Garden, perhaps more of the radical than of the conservative school of thought; yet not without a goodly leaven of the latter, especially from the frequent presence of the professors of the neighboring University. It would be hard to select from the walks or annals of American literature a stronger contrast than that presented by the chief of these Academics and the Coryphæus of the Transcendental clique, who, though rarely seen among them, was their reigning idol. The former was a lion-headed, eagle-faced man, whose stout build and keen glance and positive manner showed him to be a man of facts and figures—a realist of the most determined sort. His talk and life proved him to be a zealous Christian, and a great champion of religion in its authoritative law and institutions, with no disposition to quit the solid earth for the air. He evidently had a tremendous will; and if God had not made him an evangelist and moralist to the age, nature and the world might have made him something less amiable, though not less strong, and one may conceive of his cracking church-windows and cavaliers' skulls, as one of Cromwell's generals, or marching into Italy or Austria with Napoleon as one of the great marshals of the empire. In build and material, how widely he differed from the transcendental philosopher and essayist, of whom he sometimes spoke with so bland and knowing a smile! This Yankee Zeno, who was evidently born to be our prophet of the first person singular, was tall and slightly made, but with much of the air noble, much that was gentle as well as commanding in his bearing. His religion was not the gospel of faith and divine grace, but of self-reliance, and he made light of institutions and revelations to glorify the individual soul and its intuitions. He could not break the bread of communion with Christ's disciples, while he was glad to join the symposium of Plato, and in every way eat the bread and drink the cup and use the speech of the great poets and sages who are so far above our common humanity. He has done good, and still does good, by correcting the flunky sycophancy and servile imitativeness of our day, and teaching so many people to believe that a man is something in himself, and

without men institutions are nothing. He is, perhaps, our original poet, surely our most Orphic bard, yet not our wisest philosopher. His practice refutes his false theory of individualism; for, while always bent on showing that each man is sufficient to himself, and needs neither past ages nor foreign lands to complete him, he is marvelously a lover and seeker of ancient and foreign treasures, and every page of his jeweled diction is enriched by gems from other ages and lands. In this we like his practice better than his theory, and are glad that, while he loves to climb the Stylite pillar of transcendental egoism, his human heart, as well as his manly sense, brings him down among his fellow-men, and the narrowness of his philosophy is corrected by the catholicity of his spirit. Some of his followers imitate his folly more than his wisdom, and we have heard transcendental youths and maidens (old maidens as well as young) talk as if history and revelations and institutions were a nuisance, and the end of life were merely to look into our own souls, and find God and heaven there without help from book or church, and almost without self-denial or prayer. Those ultraisms have passed away now, and in their palmiest days they never found any aliment in the wholesome atmosphere of Rose-Garden—none surely from the solid sagacity of the husband or the spiritual faith and insight of the wife.

II

I could write of the incidents and characters that marked our social life there during an unbroken intimacy of nearly eight years, from that first visit to the day when removal to another city forced us to say our reluctant farewell. Within that time many changes had taken place in the family, but not of such a kind as to break its circle or to blight its joy. The elder daughter had grown to the verge of womanhood, and with ripening constitution she showed ripening affections and principles. Her eye, that in childhood was a little strong and inquisitive, with an eager glance that seemed searching for good in external things, had a milder and more interior look, as if lighted from within, and affirming in its expression the reality of the inward radiance. The garden smiled more and more every year, and the orchard bore more and richer fruit, and the tree of life, too, seemed, both to father and mother and children, laden with richer blessings, which kindred and neighbors and friends were always asked to share. Perfect health, of course, is never found always in any house; but the sobriety, industry, cheerfulness—the wise order of the hours—the life without and within, conspired to give a peculiar air of vigor and promise of stability to the whole family. The visitor who met them once expected to meet them again, and it seemed as natural to expect to see the host's kind face as to see the return of the seasons that follow the sunshine as loyally as good fellowship followed in the wake of the sunshine that swam on his genial face. He was a lover of nature, especially of flowers and groves

and farms, and there was nothing startling in the great interest that he took in the establishing and adorning that beautiful rural cemetery not far from his house, which is now one of the charms of the city and neighborhood. Yet it was not easy to associate him with graves and monuments; and the playful light in his eye did not remind you of the inverted torch that is borne by the solemn genius of death, but seemed rather to flash from the lamp held upward by merry maidens at a wedding. We never thought that there was any closer connection than that of like beauty between his garden of roses and that garden of graves.

We saw them still, sometimes in their old and sometimes in our new home. We followed him by letter in his foreign travel, and were pleased by the sprightly letters of the daughter, which proved that, to her girlish gift at sight-seeing, she had added the rarer gift of womanly insight into characters and institutions. We knew of her engagement to a cultivated and estimable and gifted young man of congenial years and mind. We saw them after their return, and entered into the pleasant plans for the approaching marriage. I was doubting what gift to send to express the good-will that would gladly have sought some rare and costly treasure, if means had been as ample as our wishes. I chanced to see, in a window in New York that was all blazing with an array of gold and silver and precious stones, a piece of oak carving which purported to have been made of the wood of York minster, and which bore some exquisitely chiseled figures of wheat and grapes in bold relief, with the inscription in old English—"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." It was offered as a bread-plate, one of the new style then coming into vogue, and seemed to me more beautiful than the gaudy toys that were clustered about its sober and suggestive disk of oak, blackened by the seasoning of centuries. It was purchased, and held in reserve as a wedding present, and we were, ere long, expecting to be asked to the marriage.

One morning, not long after, as we were riding with our little packet of letters from the country post-office, glad to find ourselves not forgotten by friends now that we had come from our city to our country quarters for the summer, we were overwhelmed by finding, in a letter from a relative whose handwriting seemed identified with good affections and good news, the startling word that the daughter so soon to be a bride was dead. We took the next train of cars, and went to a funeral in the house whither we were expecting to go to a wedding. By a sudden and inexorable disease—one, moreover, not indicating any feebleness or decay, but consistent with robust general health—the precious girl had been stricken down, and we saw her laid in the cemetery which her father's own hands had done so much to prepare, little expecting that the grave would be opened for his child sooner than for himself. It was a sad visit and

a darkened house, but not utterly desolate. The cherished daughter left behind her a rich legacy in her firm principles and spiritual faith, and the artist who put her features upon canvas succeeded in giving that interior light to the eyes which showed the joy and bequeathed the blessing of her life.

I thought of the oak plate that was laid away as the wedding present, and saw at once what before I had suspected—that instead of being for household utility it was intended for the communion table, and the sculptured wheat and the vine were memorials of the body and blood of Christ. The gift was more fitting than I had supposed, and was a virtual prophecy of what was to come; for while it might have given consecration to a wedding, it gave comfort to a funeral, and bore witness of the life eternal and the fellowship that is spiritual and undying. It was afterward sent with a letter of sympathy to the parents, and now has place on the parlor table. Living, Mary did not live to herself, nor dying did she die to herself. She is an abiding light and power in that household, and the treasure of her memory is large enough to be shared by a wide circle of kindred and friends. God and Nature do not allow us to be always or very long prostrate by grief, and every godly sorrow bears under its own sharp thorns some balms of blessed relief. Rose-Garden did not renounce its bloom and fragrance, nor did the family refuse to smile on their friends and give them welcome. Once more the father went abroad, and now with his wife and surviving daughter for companions. With deep interest the travelers revisited the scenes which the departed had looked upon and described, and the light of memory gave new meaning to each passing landscape and cherished work of art. Not the least of the pleasures of the tour was a visit to their old friend, once Mrs. George, who received them with all cordiality at her beautiful seat, and entertained them with all the comforts and refinements of English hospitality. Her husband, who was farmer as well as jurist, talked of soils, and trees, and stock with his guest, and took him to the great fairs and agricultural sights and assemblies in the neighborhood, and made himself in every way most instructive and companionable. I was delighted to have direct tidings thus of our charming widow's new happiness, and of the satisfaction felt by our old friends in the welfare of her whom they had done so much to comfort and bless.

The travelers returned home last autumn, and we were expecting a visit from them in New York in the course of the winter. In January, one Friday morning, a telegraph dispatch came with these startling words: "Our friend J——J—— died last night. Further word by letter." Without waiting for the letter I started in the cars to join the bereaved family of the deceased, and found that he had been seized the previous evening with sudden pangs, after passing a cheerful hour with a few neighbors, his guests, and in a few minutes he breathed his last. The whole

town felt the suddenness and the weight of the blow, and his death was the one thought of all whom I met on the way through the streets. I opened the familiar gate and looked upon the garden, now shorn of its summer beauty, but I could not feel that the master had passed away. His life was stronger than death, and his cordial hand still seemed to give me welcome, and his friendly smile and word still cheer the place. After I saw his face so fixed and sunken in the coffin, it was hard to think that body was himself, and the life-like portrait on the wall was but the reflection of the living man that I seemed to carry in my heart.

On Sunday I sat in his pew in church and heard a good sermon and joined in fervent prayers; but the place was more suggestive than any thing that was said, and the calm, sweet note of the organ, which he so loved, struck deeper than any words of wisdom or eloquence. The cross back of the pulpit, surmounted by the words, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent," meant far more to me than ever before; and the figures of Thorwaldsen's Paul and John, that were painted upon the walls on either side, brought nearer the great fellowship of God's children to whom our brother belonged.

The funeral was most touching and impressive; not more in the fitting, and solemn, and tender rites of religion than in the emotion of the great assembly present at the house and grave. The military corps which he once commanded walked before the hearse, and stood with uncovered heads as the procession passed to the cemetery. That garden of the dead thus received him who had planned its beautiful lawns and drives, and who had done so much to make a garden not only of this place of graves, but of this world of thorns and cares. Father and daughter are now together—their dust given back to the earth, their spirits returned to God.

— This sketch may seem to some readers a sad one, but to me it is not wholly so. God never leaves his faithful children desolate, and a good man's death is full of blessings that are sure to reveal themselves in time. The widow can not be comfortless after a life so devoted to comforting others, and her rich endowments of interior life are clearer now than ever, and more able to open to others the sanctuary of inward peace. Rose-Garden is now in its full bloom, and abundance of luscious fruit hangs upon its trees and vines. What precious records of friends those gifts are which bloom out from the bountiful earth! That old place seems now like a rich volume, an illuminated missal whose pictured borders and sacred text each season opens anew; and every day the new leaf that is turned over by Nature calls up some familiar scene or word. Each flower and fruit, in its own way, speaks of the former times, and helps the survivors not only revive the friendly faces that have passed away, but also to interpret the solemn decrees of

Providence. The garden paints the margins of that sacred annual, and the hand of God has written the holy text. This week word comes to us from a visitor that the family is well, and the same mother Nature that nurtures the flowers and fruits within the soil does not withhold her blessing from young hearts there confiding together. There will be a marriage in the family before long, and the widowed mother may wisely hope to have in her surviving daughter's husband a son who recalls the manliness and the gentleness of the two loved ones who have been called away. The honey-suckle will not bloom without happy hearts to enjoy its perfume; and the slip from the parent vine, that gives such sweetness to our cottage now in the incense that it sends to our nostrils, not only revives old memories, but quickens new hopes and promises new joys. In fact this wild and pretty Steinwald, our summer resting-place, is full of souvenirs of Rose-Garden, and among the flowers and shrubs that came from that nursery to give beauty and sweetness to our lawns and walks, may be seen a mother-plant and three scions that tell of that first visit almost twenty years ago.

MY VELVET SHOES.

COTTON velvet, but very rich texture—patent leather toes, and price one dollar. That is what I call a bargain.

I bought them at a store which the administrator was selling out to close up an estate. The administrator went to the length of putting strings in them, and generously did them up in a white paper parcel, besides giving me the gratuitous information that they originally cost the man he was winding up one dollar and a half at wholesale. The knowledge of this fact made me very happy. I am a man who can not often afford to spend a dollar and a half on his pleasures. Consequently, when I get twelve shillings' worth of enjoyment for a dollar I am as glad as a rich man who gives ten dollars and gets ten shillings' worth of happiness out of it.

The circumstances of the purchase were these: During the last month I had saved from my book-keeper's salary in the great shipping house of Futtock, Stenson, and Co. the sum of ten dollars outside of all family expenses. Half of our monthly savings my wife and I have agreed to lay by as "an umbrella"—a little fun of ours, you know, with reference to the rainy day that all men with a salary have to provide against. Accordingly five of the ten went into the Savings' Bank. "Now what good use can we put the remainder to?" said I to Mrs. Lambswool. She looked about the room with her cheery, thoughtful eyes, and then dropped them to my feet.

"The toe of your boot will crack before long, John," said she, tenderly.

"Dear me! what makes you think so, my love?" With these words I lifted my foot, and laid it on my knee to look at the point of suspected danger. Either that unusual strain, or

the fact that the boot had been worn a year already, or both, brought on the accident prematurely. With a snap the leather opened clear across the toes, and some of Mrs. Lambswool's excellent darning was presented to her view.

"Dear me!" said I again; "that is too bad!"

"Not at all!" replied Mrs. Lambswool, with a kindly little laugh. "I think it's quite providential. You've been wanting a new pair of stout shoes or boots for some time, and I don't know when you'd have got them if this hadn't happened. You *never will* get any thing for yourself! Now on your way up from the office to-morrow stop somewhere and get yourself a nice pair of double-soled buskins, and leave these boots to be half-soled and capped. They'll do for the long walks we're going to take in the country next summer if you get a vacation."

"Don't talk about *my* never getting any thing. When have *you* had a new bonnet, my dear? But I'll get the shoes to please you." So saying, I kissed Mrs. Lambswool on both cheeks; and when the clock struck eleven, half an hour afterward, we went to bed.

The first thing that met my eyes as I awoke early next morning was a set of hoops hanging on a nail by the window. One doesn't know exactly what he's about when he first wakes up, and my immediate impulse was to exclaim "Dear me! whose hoops are those?" but the thought that Mrs. Lambswool was sleeping quietly by my side deterred me. The question did not occur to my mind because it was at all unnatural that Mrs. Lambswool should have hoops, nor that she should hang them there while she had no use for them, but because they were such a very queer set.

I arose quietly and pushed the curtain a little aside, standing in the light so it should not shine in my wife's face, and proceeded to give the hoops a leisurely examination. I declare there wasn't a single rib in all the apparatus that hadn't been broken somewhere! The circles were all changed to polygons, and at every angle was a neat splice of white cord, or a bandage of galloon, or a delicate suture of linen thread, and in one place where the break was particularly bad—a regular compound fracture, as the doctors would say—and the steel protruded through the skin, the dear little woman had put it into splints of whalebone, and wound it round and round with bonnet-wire! I felt the tears come into my eyes as I looked at Mrs. Lambswool's hoops.

When did she get that set? I counted on my fingers, and calculated that it must have been at least six months ago. It was the regular old-fashioned Champagne-glass figure, and I reflected that had Mrs. Lambswool married somebody besides a poor book-keeper she would have had at least two new sets since that was bought. Hoh oh!

I formed a resolution with that sigh, and dressed myself. I put the disabled pair of boots in a paper, and tied them up with string. I put on my best pair, which I had to wear down town

that day, and stuck a five-cent piece in my vest-pocket, that I might take the cars and avoid scratching the patent leather.

On my way back from business that evening I had to walk, for you know I wished to stop at the shoemaker's. As I went I saw a shop on the Sixth Avenue all ablaze with burners, and indeed dazzling beyond endurance to weak-eyed passengers who came by from the comparative darkness above or below, but that the street had been considerably guarded from blindness by the great bills which hung in every pane of the show-windows. "Far below cost!" "Going off at an immense sacrifice!" "Positively only three days longer, as the balance of the goods must be sold at auction!" "Now's your chance for a tremendous bargain!" These were a few among the vast inducements offered by the big capitals.

I entered, seeing that it was a shoe store, and, after much inspection of many lots, concluded to take the one I have mentioned—one pair of velvet shoes, price one dollar—instead of five pair for five dollars, as the frenzy of all that cheapness, and the volubility of the clerk, were at first impelling me to do.

With the shoes in my pocket I again went into outer darkness, and continued my way up the avenue. At the first ladies' furnishing store I stopped again.

"What is your best style of hoop?" said I, firmly, to the woman behind the counter.

(I mention the firmness, because it required considerable strength of mind for me to make the purchase—a man buying hoops instead of making stale jokes about them in a funny paper is such a queer sight!)

"We have every kind, Sir," said the woman, with an air of great superiority. And then, as if it could not be of the slightest consequence to me to hear names I didn't understand, but still she thought the form must be obeyed, she mentioned in a running undertone, "Smith's Adjustable Bustle—Podridge's Blistered Steel Nonpareil—Tompkins's Grand Back-Action Self-Supporting Tape-Woven Elastic—Peddie's—"

"Stop there," said I, "I'll take Peddie's." I had heard Mrs. Lambswool say there were none like that manufacturer's in New York. The woman handed me down a thirty-spring skirt of the latest fashion, by a strange sleight of hand twisted it all up into a round coil, tied and papered it; and, laying down three dollars on the counter, I again went up the street. Once more I stopped to leave the disabled boots at a cobbler's, and then, with the two bundles, reached home.

Mrs. Lambswool met me at the door with her habitual welcome-home kiss, and threw more than ordinary heartiness into it because she felt the bundles pressing her bodice, and thought they were the purchase she had advised.

"So you have been a good boy, John, and got the boots as I asked you to?"

"Oh, such a beautiful pair!" exclaimed I, evasively. "The neatest thing of the kind I ever saw!"

"That's grand! Let me see them, dear."

"Will you excuse me—just for to-night, my love? It's only a little notion of mine: you'll see the reason of it in the morning."

Mrs. Lambswool's face became shadowed with a slight disappointment; but she answered, cheerfully, "Very well, John; be sure you don't tease my curiosity any longer than to-morrow."

That night I feigned sleep as soon as was at all natural after getting into bed. Mrs. Lambswool is a true wife—follows her husband in all good respects—and never goes to sleep unless she hears me setting the example. It may be out of place to mention it here, but I can not help giving the reason. You see in that terribly hard autumn of '57 it wasn't quite certain that I should keep my situation in Futtock, Stemsom, and Co. Though the firm did not fail in the crisis, it had hard work to bear up under the pressure. Every day some new clerk's salary was docked, or some fresh man discharged, because Futtock couldn't afford him even on short wages. I saw the tide of retrenchment roll nearer and nearer to me every morning; and I can tell you adding up big columns of bad debts became heavy enough when I reflected that, before the sun went down, they might pull me off of my book-keeper's stool, and Mrs. Lambswool from that pleasant seat by the home-grate, where she was running the heels of my last winter stockings. Still, as day after day ended, and Futtock said nothing to me about going, I did not feel it in my heart to embitter our little suppers by imparting my fears to Mrs. Lambswool. Said I to myself, "Cross your bridges before you come to them as much as you please, Lambswool, but spare that dear pair of little gaiters the extra journey, old boy!" So I said nothing, and thought the more. For three weeks—I don't believe I am stating the figure too high when I say that—I lay awake at least four hours every night between bedtime and rising. Of course I hadn't the slightest idea that Mrs. Lambswool knew any thing about it. It would have puzzled Mayor Wood, or Mr. Brady, or the sharpest man in New York, to have detected any thing wrong under my cheerful outside. Well, by-and-by the wave of retrenchment stopped on the beach of Futtock, Stemsom, and Co., close at the foot of my desk. When they had taken one or two of the old clerks back again, and the market began growing steadier, I felt such a delightful reaction in my feelings that I ran home one night and unbosomed all the last dreadful three weeks to Mrs. Lambswool.

"And you thought I knew nothing about it all the time, dear John?" asked my wife.

"You, my love?"

"Yes, I. That I didn't hear you sigh when my back was turned; and see you make believe go out to Carmine Street to take the cars down town, and then turn into Mercer to save the five cents by walking all the way; and feel you twist and tumble, and shake up your pillow a dozen times a night—and—and—oh! John, John dear, never, never try to keep your troubles from your little wife again!"

And Mrs. Lambswool burst out a-crying, with her arms around my neck.

One of the results of the last crisis that I have not seen mentioned in the *Merchant's Magazine* is that, since that time, Mrs. Lambswool never closes her eyes till she hears me breathe heavily. (By *that* I don't mean a gentle circumlocution for snoring; thanks to my pious parentage, I neither drink, swear, nor do that odious thing!)

To return to the velvet shoes.

After making believe go to sleep steadily for half an hour, I became convinced that Mrs. Lambswool was doing the genuine thing, and sidled out of bed in the gentlest, most gradual manner. Going on tip-toe to the nail where Mrs. Lambswool's hoops had been hanging in the morning, I felt for them and found them gone. Evidently she had revealed their condition, by some rare inadvertence, and was not going to run the risk of my inspection by hanging them up in plain sight again. Then I groped about in the collapsed chrysalis of Mrs. Lambswool which lay over one of our bed-room chairs, and by skillful manipulation contrived to separate the poor battered skeleton from the French calico skin which, with sundry articles of muslin, charitably hid its multitude of sins. In place of it I inserted the bran-new Peddie thirty-spring; and chuckled inwardly to behold, in the dim night light that filtered down our small courtyard through the blinds, how much more appropriate than before the arrangement looked for Mrs. Lambswool's external manifestation unto men. As for the old hoops, I did not yield to the first impulse of making them forever impossible by inserting them in the nearest grate; but being a man of delicate associations, though only a shipping book-keeper, did them up as nearly as possible after the shop-woman's example, carried them into the next room, and, striking a light, wrote on their paper envelop as follows:

"A set of hoops, worn by my dear wife, Mrs. John Lambswool, for the space of six whole months. Should it please Providence to remove me before her, it is my desire that she will keep this package, referring to it occasionally as a voucher of that tender admiration with which her loving husband cherished through his whole life those qualities of prudence, ingenuity, economy, and thorough unselfishness which here proved themselves in her patient handiwork. Should it be our more fortunate lot to yield up our spirits at one and the same time, I present my heirs with this characteristic legacy of a noble and self-denying wife's memorial; asking that it, and the virtues which it represents, may always be kept in the family, forever refusing to be extinguished by time, though hoops as a fashion may succumb to prejudice, ignorance of the laws of health, and the would-be satire of a meretricious press.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish—though hoops are entirely discarded by the upper
crust."

"JNO. LAMBSWOOL."

I did not succeed as well in that adaptation of the poet's words as I could have wished. I am afraid the last line is too long; though, when I was a boy, I read some very pretty verses called "Thalaba," by an English gentleman, named Mr. Southey, which went off in much the same metre. Perhaps that last line may be what Enfield's Speaker used to call an "Alexandrine,"

I believe. If so, it's all right. At any rate it expresses the sense, and that's what I was mainly driving at.

Having directed the parcel to posterity, so to speak, I put it on the top shelf of our darkest closet, where posterity might find it by standing on a chair, but Mrs. Lambswool would be little likely to. After this I took the velvet shoes out of their paper, and set them on the bedroom floor, just at the bottom of the chair where the legs of my everyday pantaloons hung over. And then, without once stirring Mrs. Lambswool's sweet first sleep, I crept back into bed.

In the morning I woke early, but pretended to be still asleep, being anxious to let Mrs. Lambswool get up first and dress, while I watched the effect upon her of the new arrangement. She gave me a look when she first opened her eyes, and finding that I preserved the most somnolent appearance, whispered to herself, "Dear John, how tired he does get!" and stole out of bed like a little mouse. Meanwhile I kept up appearances, and saw every thing through eyelids just the least bit ajar.

When she came to the skirt which on her retiring had so dexterously concealed the last six months' patient, uncomplained-of mending—when she put out her hand to raise it—she gave me another quick look, and shut went my eyelids directly. And then the skin of that supposed mangled skeleton was peeled off.

It was as good as the Ravens to see the effect of that night's transformation on Mrs. Lambswool! As good? Fifty times better, for I felt to my toes the delight of being my own juggler on the occasion.

Mrs. Lambswool opened her soft blue eyes to their utmost extent. She held the thirty-spring out at arm's-length, and counted its smooth, snowy, slender, perfectly circular ribs one by one with her finger. Then she laid it down, and began hunting among the other clothes for the set which now belonged to posterity. Failing in this, she took the new set up again, pondered it a while in amazement, and finally came to the edge of the bed with it, and laid her hand on my shoulder.

"John!" said Mrs. Lambswool, "John dear! Time to wake up, John!"

"O-o-o-oh, ah," said I, pretending to groan sleepily, as I turned over and rubbed my eyes. "What—did—you—say—my love?"

"Seven o'clock! Time to get up, dear! What is the meaning of this?"

"Oh—ah—yes. Meaning? Why, *hoops*—that's what it is."

"Of course it's *hoops*. But where did they come from?"

"Maker's name stamped legibly on the waist-band of all genuine."

"I see—Mrs. Peddie. But that don't tell me how it got here."

"Walked, I suppose. Don't you see them doing it every day on Broadway?"

"John, you got them for me! And you didn't buy your boots!"

I answered Mrs. Lambswool by jumping up and handing over the velvet shoes for her inspection.

"There, look at that, will you, my love! Did you ever see such beauties?"

Mrs. Lambswool made a critical examination of the leather toes and soles, rubbed up the fur of the velvet, and uttered the emphatic dissyllable, "*Cotton!*"—peered into the inside, and thought the lining was pasted on—gave a comical twitch, and a gently sarcastic smile, at the strings with bright brass tags to them; and then replied,

"No, dear, I never did see *such* beauties! How much did you give for them?"

"You'd never guess; so I'll tell you. Only a dollar—strings and all!"

"Which were thrown into the bargain, the shoes or the strings?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I didn't know whether you gave a dollar for the shoes or the strings. They're of about the same value, I suppose."

"Why, Mrs. Lambswool!"

I tried to think of all the man who was selling out below cost had told me in praise of those shoes; I felt as if I would have given any thing to have had him there, retained for their defense. But though I could remember the general effect of a great display of commercial eloquence, I could not recall the slightest detail of it for my present emergency. So I was reduced to the faintly reproachful period,

"Why, Mrs. Lambswool!"

"They're made of the cheapest kind of cotton stuff—old slazy velveteen; and remnants of enameled leather, that couldn't possibly be used for any other purpose than toes and heels—scant at that, too. The bottoms are pegged, and the pegs glued over with thin strips of morocco-shaving. The original cost of all the material can't have been a cent over twenty-five, and if I had the tools I could make them myself in two hours; call that a quarter more for the labor. So their greatest value is only fifty cents."

"Impossible, Mrs. Lambswool! The man told me they went far below cost—"

"My dear husband, the man—made a mistake; they went at least fifty cents above. They will not stand any use at all; the leather will crack, or the velveteen wear threadbare, before the month is out. I'm so sorry you didn't get yourself a nice pair of shoes!"

I bent down, with a sigh, to put on the great disappointment of my life. I had not fastened the first string when a pair of soft, white arms came stealing around my neck, and Mrs. Lambswool said, in a suppliant tone,

"Forgive me, dear John! Don't think me selfish and ungrateful because I've been talking so. I know it wasn't kind; but it was because I had set my heart on seeing you in a nice pair of comfortable shoes. Dear John, I *do* thank you, over and over again, for this beautiful new set of hoops. It is so good in you to take such

thought for me! I never did have handsomer ones, or stronger, or better in any way; they're perfectly splendid! But I could easily have worn the others for a month or two yet; they were very good still."

I felt my indignation aroused at this cool attempt to falsify the witness of my own eyes. But I curbed myself, and replied, merely,

"*I have seen those hoops, Mrs. Lambswool.*"

Mrs. Lambswool blushed.

"They were an everlasting credit to you, and an everlasting shame to me if I had let you wear them a day longer. But I'm not going to. You'll never put on those hoops again, Mrs. Lambswool!"

"Where are they, my dear?"

Then I told Mrs. Lambswool how they had been handed down to posterity. She seemed so happy that I was surprised that I had not praised her a great deal oftener. Why don't men praise their wives more, I'm sure I wonder? It doesn't hurt Mrs. Lambswool at all—it always does her good. But till I saw those hoops I never gave her half enough of it. And I'm afraid that Mrs. Lambswool, being, like woman's true nature, very modest and self-deprecating, had sometimes moments of despondency, when she said, "Ah! I can't be worth much, after all! There's John, who knows me more intimately than any body else, and the more of me he sees the less he has to say in my favor." But that sha'n't happen again. *I've seen those hoops.*

Finding that the shoes were a certainty not to be got rid of save by their wearing out, and probably thinking that would happen soon enough, Mrs. Lambswool began making the best of them. They were easy, and didn't keep the foot from expanding freely, like those hard leather ones. They looked at a little distance like real velvet. If I didn't get them wet, the velvet might keep its richness for some time. Encouraged by such remarks, I put them up on the fender, and let them bask in the sun of her charitable smiles. I began to be in excellent conceit with them, and thought they were very pretty, after all.

In this satisfied state of mind I started down town soon after breakfast. The day was mild and shiny; the streets—thanks to a recent rain from that heaven which as yet the Controller has been unable to reach with a notice prohibiting further disbursement—were remarkably clean. Accordingly, I concluded to walk down, though not without some modest misgivings touching the exposure of so much beauty to the eyes of an unappreciative public. The shoes were unusual—that was true; but then people might think I had corns, which receive sympathy—or gout, which commands respect; the one being common, the other fashionable.

I had not gone many steps down Broadway before a little girl in the crossing-sweeper profession informed me, in a tone of voice unnecessarily loud, that my shoe was untied. This was mortifying; but it was still more so, when I put up my foot against a lamp-post to remedy the

trouble, to discover the interested motives of the child.

"Please to give me a penny," said she.

I felt in my pocket; there was nothing there but one of the fifty-cent pieces the shopwoman had given me the night before. I told the little girl this fact—and with a delicate mind that would have been sufficient—but she had the unkindness to request me to sell those shoes and give her the net product; the sum resulting from the sale would be just about right, she thought. Cast down in spirit, I hastened on.

At the very next corner but one a prematurely old boy, in a ragged surtout reaching to his heels, accosted me with the familiar cry,

"Black your boots?"

"Not to-day, thank you, sonny," said I, mildly.

"Oh no, not to-day! You're a-savin' black-in' to-day—you are!" replied the prematurely old boy, in the most offensive manner. "Say, Mister, what'll you take for them real old original velvets?"

Could a more painful position be imagined? I confounded my own folly in buying the shoes, and wished I had the man there who sold them to me—wouldn't I give him a talking to! Below cost at a dollar? Dear at fifty cents, rather, to a man's peace of mind and self-respect! I saw the poor fellow who sits in a bowl and walks up Broadway on his fists, and almost wished I could change places with him—at least, as far as Futtock, Stemson, and Co.'s—because nobody called attention to *his* shoes; *he* hadn't been taken in by a chap selling out to close up the concern. A Hollander, or a Chinaman with his peculiar foot-gear, couldn't have had his feelings hurt, within the space of three blocks, as mine were.

There was but one resource. I would not walk down Broadway. I would strike directly across to West Street, and there I should find myself an object of less prominent interest. At any rate, the public there were not so fastidious, so unmerciful to a man in velvet shoes.

Without further annoyance I had crossed Varick Street and was coming in sight of the river when a voice at my side made the simple remark, "Baskets?" I had heard the word a thousand times without finding any thing touching in it; but just then, because my heart was softened by trouble, and still more because the voice itself was so sweet, imploring, and patient, I stopped and looked around.

The voice was a girl's. Its owner stood half-way up the steps of a cellar entrance, with a quantity of pretty, light willow-ware hanging from her arms, like clusters of fruit on the boughs where Mrs. Lambswool and I go in the summer. Little round nests for balls of knitting yarn, work-baskets, flower-baskets, ornamental fruit-baskets, watch-safes even, and all snowy white, elegantly plaited, wrought into the tastefullest figures. Coarser articles of osier hemmed her in on every side—clothes-hampers, market-panniers, bushels, pecks, strawberry pottles. The

cellar below her was such a dark back-ground too! Such a dingy place for such beautiful things to be made in—such a nice young girl to live in!

For she was a nice girl. What made me think so more than any thing else was her resemblance to Mrs. Lambswool. She looked enough like her to be some little sister of hers, who had gone astray in early childhood—as they do in novels—and after some romantic wandering and a great deal of fatigue and wear and tear and tears and ineffectual hunting after the way home again, had come to the hut of a pious wood-cutter, who knew nothing about her parents, though they lived only five miles off, but took such a fancy to her that he invited her in, gave her a bowl of porridge with a clean wooden spoon in it, and educated her as his own child—teaching her principally, among other accomplishments, “Now I lay me down to sleep,” and how to make very good baskets.

My heart warmed toward the girl. Very, very much like Mrs. Lambswool—big blue eyes with a deep, tender smile in them, through which you couldn't see any bottom, crinkled golden hair, a pretty childlike mouth, and a regular nose. Her skin was very white, even on her hands, though they were larger than Mrs. Lambswool's—perhaps they mightn't have been if she hadn't strayed away and been taught basket-making by the pious wood-cutter. Her clothes were very old. In all her blue cotton frock I have great doubts if you could find an undarned, unpatched place three inches square; but this, especially the darning and the patching, was much like Mrs. Lambswool—as she would have been if she were the girl who had strayed away.

I asked myself the question, “Why isn't this Mrs. Lambswool?” It might have been; and this girl, under those circumstances, would have been the one who had the home, and the new hoops, and the loving though somewhat foolish and taken-in husband with the velvet shoes. And if that *had* been Mrs. Lambswool, wouldn't I have felt for her—wouldn't I have stopped at least, seeing I had fifteen minutes to spare over office-time, to give her a word of encouragement? I guess I would!

So I did stop. And the young girl repeated, in a voice very much like Mrs. Lambswool's, but an accent that seemed to suggest that the pious wood-cutter was a German, “Baskets? Any nice baskets to-day, Sir?”

“What do you ask for that handsome clothes-basket?” said I. I know it wasn't wise to say the basket was handsome when I wanted to know the price of it; but it *was* handsome, and I couldn't help telling her so to do her good.

“That one is fifty cents. It has a cover and a loop to fasten it by,” answered the girl, timidly, as if she expected me to say it was too dear, and wished to deprecate such an observation beforehand.

“Very well; that is cheap, and I like the basket very much! Can you send it home for me?”

“Yes, Sir; I can send it this afternoon. My

brother Fritz will bring it for me when he returns from the school.”

“I'll take it then. My wife has been wanting such a basket for a long time, and will be glad of it, I've no doubt. Here's the money”—I stopped and wrote on the back of a letter—“and here's the number of the house. Do you make all these baskets by yourself?”

“I could do it, but not of course so soon, Sir. Fritz works at it most of the evenings, and my father and mother are busy all the time herein.” As she spoke she pointed down the steps to the door of an inner room at the back of the cellar.

“And do you make a good thing of it?” I asked.

The girl looked puzzled at the idiom, then answered after a moment:

“We try to make good things when we can pay for nice willows.”

“But do you sell many of them, I mean?”

“Not many, Sir,” replied the girl, pensively—“we live.”

“Are your father and mother able to do much of this work—are they strong and healthy?”

“They are very well, thanks to God! but old, and getting older.”

“And have you been long in this country—you and they?”

“It is three years now since we came from Germany, Sir.”

The girl, as she said this, looked something like Mrs. Lambswool at the time—not often, I'm very glad to say—when she is saddest. I conferred with my watch, and found I had still ten minutes to spare.

“I would like to know your father and mother,” said I. “Can I see them this morning, my pretty little—what's your name?”

“Wilhelmina Beyer, Sir. Oh, with *very much* pleasure! Would you come right down?”

As she said this the pensive expression of her face gave way to one of the happiest smiles. It seemed to shine all through her face—not over it like a sunbeam, but from within like a soul—like Mrs. Lambswool too, to make the comparison once more. I could not help saying,

“Are you very glad, then, Wilhelmina, that your parents and I are going to know each other?”

“So glad!” exclaimed Wilhelmina, pressing her palms together after the childlike fashion—“because—perhaps you will love them, and so very few do love them but Fritz and me!”

Wilhelmina took a hurried survey of the street, to be sure that she could leave her baskets without any body's wanting them in her absence, either honestly or feloniously, and seeing the coast clear, led me down the steps, through the front cellar to the back room.

A man about fifty sat on a stool near the door, looking very intently through a pair of heavy iron-rimmed spectacles at the large market-basket he was weaving to carry somebody else's dinner home in. His hair was short and coarse, but neatly combed and of an iron gray, like the pictures I used to see of Old Hickory when I was

a boy. But he did not look as if he would like to hang up any body to a tree under the fourth article of war, nor in any other respect did he resemble the famous President, for his face, though grave and intent, was quite benevolent and gentle. A clean wide shirt-collar, turned over his coat, gave him a pleasing rural appearance, and kept up the illusion of the pious wood-cutter very well indeed. His clothes, I noticed, had passed through even more stages of patching and darning than Wilhelmina's.

At a little distance from him on another stool sat a woman whom I took to be as old. Her hair was whiter and silkier, and she wore it pushed back under a snowy cap, whose exuberance of ruffle was the only symptom of luxury in all the room. Her face was very sweet and placid, her eyes still a bright soft blue that warmed tenderly looking up as we entered; and her hands were busy with a smaller basket than the man's.

Wilhelmina began speaking with a cheerful rapidity in German; but seeming to recollect herself, blushed and turned to me with, "Forgive me, Sir, you do not, perhaps, understand Deutsch?"

"What refinement!" thought I. "She *must* have strayed away from some noble family I'm sure! No, my dear," I continued aloud; "but do you speak Deutsch if you can make your parents understand any better."

"Oh, they know some English—plenty, Sir! They'll understand. This good gentleman, father, has come to see us. He is very kind, indeed, and has bought one of our big baskets. Take a chair, Sir." And little Wilhelmina gave me, with the word, a comfortable home-made one of willow, the only other seat in the room besides the stools.

"Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you very much for come to see us!" exclaimed both the old people at once; and with such a hearty gladness that I wondered how I could ever have been ungrateful in my life, when two hearts could experience so much unaffected gratitude for as trifling a blessing as a visit from John Lambswool.

"I'm sure you're very welcome," I replied, with all the cordiality I felt. "I came because I wanted see you make baskets, and because I was so much interested by the appearance of your good daughter here, and because—I couldn't help it. I hope you are very well, Mr. and Mrs. Beyer?"

"We are very well, thank God," answered the wife, devoutly.

"Yes, and we do have a *very* good daughter. A *very* good girl is Wilhelmina," continued the husband.

"So Fritz is a very good boy also," resumed the wife. "I wish he were here now for you to see; but we keep him at the school all day."

"Do you like to make baskets?" I asked.

"We *must*. It is Heaven's will," replied the husband, calmly.

"In our own country," continued the wife,

"we had a little land—some cows also. We made very nice cheese and butter. There was a field of vines, and very good wine came from the fruit. We did love very much to work in that land."

"But that is not now," said the husband, somewhat sternly, as if it were a memory not to be brought up.

"No, that is not now," assented the wife, in a gently mournful tone.

"We love also to work in *this* land," said the husband; the sternness of his manner not all gone, but changed into a kind of cheerful strongness. "It is here that we are. Here we must work. In that land we had *that* work. In this land we have *this* work. And to love the work that there is—that is to be good—that is to be happy."

"You speak the truth," said I, warmly. It was so splendid to sit right by the elbow of a man who talked in that way, and get nerved up by the overflow of his strength. I began to feel morally sublime myself, as if I had got what the boys call "a boost," which would last me all the way up that day's debt and credit columns at the least. "You speak the truth. Mrs. Lambswool (that's my wife. I'm Mr. Lambswool) often says very much the same thing to me. 'John,' she says, 'I know we're very tired of keeping books for a living—very tired of living on keeping books. There isn't any poetry in it—there isn't any music in it, nor any landscape-painting, nor any fame, nor show in it of any kind; but isn't there *duty* in it, and isn't there *glory* in it, then? I tell you what, John,' says Mrs. Lambswool, 'we don't believe that Heaven ever put any body into any place where he couldn't be happy if he only made his *must do* a real cheerful *will do*, do we? If we do that we're *great*, in *Heaven's* sight; and the man that isn't great in Heaven's sight will be mighty small after a few years, however large he may be in the sight of earth. So work away at the old books, my *great* John!' That's the way Mrs. Lambswool talks to me when I get low-hearted."

I declare I'm very enthusiastic. Those few mild quiet words of the old gentleman had led me off into a regular speech. I'm afraid his acquaintance with English wasn't enough to make him understand it all; but the gist of it he took, and replied simply:

"And your lady Lambkin speaks the good Heaven's truth also." I did not correct him on the Lambkin, but laughed over it in my heart, told it to my wife that night, and have called her by it many a time since.

"Is it too much to ask you why you left the Fatherland—why you came to America?" said I, with some hesitation as to the delicacy of the question.

"No, Sir," replied the wife. "I shall tell you willingly. The land was beautiful. We all in it would have been happy. But, ah! War, war! Bad, sorrowful war. The land was so sweet and plenty in it. The cat and

drink; but every man therein must be a soldier. Fritz was but a small, little boy. Yet, we say to ourselves, by-and-by he grow up to be a man. Then if the King want him he must go to fight. He shall learn to swear, and drink, and play dice; he shall forget his prayers, he shall come no more to his home, he shall march and shoot and kill, and for what? Ah, God! for very little money; but worse—much worse—for very great ruin! He shall die far away; he shall fall down on the field in his blood; and no one shall give him drink before he shut his eyes—no one shall tell him look up to the good God—no one shall put over him the earth, saying a prayer. That shall be too bad, I say to my good man—too unhappy. Then he say yes, we must not stay here till Fritz grow to be a man. He is our only son. We must have him to love us when we are old. While yet there is no fight in our land many people close by us have to give their sons to the King, they be made soldiers—they go away and forget all things at home—they come to ruin. Their old parents have no child to work the land for them, to love them, and die all alone. So we sell our little farm and come to America—that is three years since."

"When we come here," said the old man, taking up the thread his wife had dropped, "we think land is plenty. We not know nothing how big is New York—how are all things dear and hard for the poor to get. We think we have money plenty to buy much land and make a very good new home. It was mistake. On the ship, my wife, Wilhelmina, Fritz, all take sick but me. They be sick eight month when we come here. We hear much of the West; but there we can not go, because so sick, because have to pay so much the doctor. So we stay here. I know how make the baskets, my wife and the children know also, and soon as they get well they help me. So we been here ever since."

"And do you live comfortably?" I asked.

"Most time live very well," said the old man.

"We have never been left of the good God."

"No, nor will you ever be. Keep a strong heart! You will find friends. I am not a rich man, but I will buy your baskets whenever I can, and get some friends of mine who are rich to buy them. Are Wilhelmina and Fritz your only children? Did you leave none behind?"

"We left no *own* children," said the mother, "but we left one who was very dear, like a son; perhaps we never see him again; we know not now where he been."

I looked into the blue eyes of Wilhelmina and saw that they were full of tears. Ah! was that "one very dear like a son" the same that I would have been if Mrs. Lambswool *had* been Wilhelmina?

I felt I was intrrenching on delicate ground. I looked at my watch; found I had overstaid my spare time by three minutes, and must walk very rapidly to reach the office at the opening hour.

"Good-by, my dear friends!" said I, extending a warmly-grasped hand to each in succession. "I will often come and see you. This

little visit has done me a great deal of good. Keep a strong heart, I say! Perhaps some day I'll bring my wife to see you."

"It is a poor old place," said Wilhelmina, wiping a corner of the blue eyes with a corner of the blue gown; "but Mrs. Lambkin must be a good, *very* good, kind lady if she is like you, and we shall be most glad to see her."

So she accompanied me to the steps, and watched me all the way toward West Street till I was out of sight. The one time that I looked around I saw the blue gown and the blue eyes again in contact, and my own watered as I said to myself,

"What if it *had* been Mrs. Lambswool!"

Another day at the ledger; and again at evening I came home. Mrs. Lambswool met me at the door with a smile, and held a pretty little envelope in her hand.

"Whom do you think this is from—guess?" said she.

"An invitation to attend the Bi-Weekly Sisters' Regular Semi-Annual Tea?" (That was a sewing-society in which Mrs. Lambswool had been pressed to take membership.)

"No! Cards for Mrs. Stenson's private Musical Matinée; to take place next Thursday, at one o'clock precisely. Wasn't Mrs. Stenson kind to think of us?"

"Yes, she is a good woman; and her husband is very much of a man. I shall always think that I am indebted to his influence in the firm for being kept in my place, at an unretrenched salary, all through that dreadful fall of '57. Well—you'll go, of course, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed! I know there will be splendid music; and at any rate I'd go, if it were only to show my appreciation of Mrs. Stenson's kindness."

"What dress shall you wear?"

"That pretty lavender silk, with a Pompadour neck, that you like so much."

"Good! It seems an age since I've seen you with it on. Why haven't you worn it lately?"

"Well, it has quite a full skirt, and it's very fine light goods; and, somehow or other, I took a fancy that it didn't become me."

"But it *does* become you *now*! Ha, ha! Mrs. Lambswool, confess the truth! Why is it you can wear that lavender-silk now, and go to Mrs. Stenson's? Why, I say?"

"I will be ingenuous: I know what you mean. Yes, it is the new hoops, John."

"Yet you could have worn your old ones a month longer, at least, you said. In which case you couldn't have gone to the Matinée. Now you can, and appear as respectably as any body. Advantage of the new hoops, number one. We shall see others, Mrs. Lambswool, my love! How beautiful you look in them already!"

"Oh, John! Didn't you think I looked beautiful before?"

"To be sure—in spite of them; like a tree inside of St. John's old wooden fence. Now they help you, as a handsome iron fence will help the tree—if they ever get one."

Mrs. Lambswool said I was wonderful at a comparison. That suggested the particular one of the morning, between her and her little sister who had strayed away to the pious wood-cutter. Had the basket come? I asked. Yes, it had; and Mrs. Lambswool liked it very much. So I sat down and told her the whole encounter that had led to sending it home. I need not say she was deeply interested. She would go with me and see the good old people and their daughter at an early day, she said.

Of course I could not leave business in the middle of the day. So Mrs. Lambswool had to go to the *Matinée* alone. When we met in the evening she was full of it. I am not much judge of music myself, only that I know I love to hear Mrs. Lambswool sing "Annie Laurie;" but, from what she told me, I should think Mrs. Stemson's affair was something very like the Italian Opera, perhaps better. There was a gentleman there with so much hair and whiskers that he must have looked as if he were making his way imperceptibly out of a mattress, and he played on an instrument which resembled a cross between a copper boiler and a honey-suckle: this is not exactly Mrs. Lambswool's description, of course, but a translation of her words into my understanding of them. He played superbly. Then there was another one, who looked like a little boy till he began to bring the music trickling out of his harp, like angels' songs, as Mrs. Lambswool said, which had caught on the strings, and needed a little delicate shaking to dislodge them; then, she asserted, you'd have thought it was old King David come again. Besides there was a young lady who sang, and went to some very high letter or other—I won't venture to say what it was, for fear I should put it too high—but, at any rate, it was just about as high as they ever go and get down again. Still another singer, a gentleman, cultivated the other direction, and sang so very low that for some time it was difficult for Mrs. Lambswool to realize that he hadn't somebody helping him in the basement. In addition, there were people who played on violins, one or two on flutes, and a remarkable child with a snare-drum, and such an ear for music that, if you rattled off almost any march in his presence, he could follow you perfectly with his sticks in every thing except the tune.

But by far the most remarkable, and in every way prominent performer, was Herr Maïenliebe, the unutterable young German pianist. An exile from his native land, poor, and hitherto unfriended in the great desert of New York, Mrs. Stemson had happened upon him by the merest chance. Amelia Angelina had an Italian piano-master, who had a little way of saying something which has the very strange meaning in English of "Body of Bacchus," besides making occasional undevout references to sundry saints, whenever Amelia Angelina gave improper quantity to a note. This was disagreeable, but still not unendurable—for he was a favorite teacher in fashionable circles, and it would have been very dif-

ficult to replace him with any other who charged forty dollars for twenty lessons. But when, one day, he testified his dissatisfaction at one of Amelia Angelina's slight alterations of a piece by breaking his music-stick over the back of Amelia Angelina's piano-chair (over *her* back, she said, in the first excitement of the moment), why, Amelia Angelina couldn't stand it—and Mrs. Stemson couldn't stand it—and, as an inevitable consequence, Mr. Stemson couldn't stand it, but paid the Signore Cospettevole his quarter's allowance, and invited him not to come any more. This was Thursday, mind you. Now the next day, Friday, was the regular day for Amelia Angelina's German lesson. It happened, however, most providentially, that Dr. Paulus Sommerkleider having gone lately to a new boarding-house, had been taken ill through the change in his sauer-kraut, and would not be able to give that regular Friday's lesson. Feeling it necessary to give Amelia Angelina timely notice of this fact, he sent around to the Stemsons a very poor young countryman and protégé of his own with the message. This was the Herr Ambrosius Maïenliebe. Just as the discarded Italian was going down the steps Herr Maïenliebe came up. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have delivered his message without crossing the threshold; but at that particular moment Mr. and Mrs. Stemson, together with Amelia Angelina, felt a peculiar animosity toward the Italian race, which opened their hearts to every other. If he had been a gentleman from the interior of Africa I suppose it would have been the same; but, at any rate, Mrs. Stemson told her waiter to show the good young German into the parlor. He entered; spoke for Doctor Sommerkleider; and was about to depart, when Amelia Angelina took the sudden caprice to say,

"Stop a moment, if you please. Do you know of any good piano teacher from your country whom you can recommend to me?"

Being a very modest man, Herr Maïenliebe had it on his tongue's end to say no; but another caprice made his answer:

"I have myself sometimes taught music."

"Will you play me something on the piano?"

"With pleasure, Miss Stemson."

So Herr Maïenliebe sat down at the instrument—Mr. and Mrs. Stemson meanwhile looking at him with strong doubts of his being the man to charge forty dollars for twenty lessons. As he quietly began the prelude a certain ease and wontedness of manner raised him in their minds a little way toward that point of pecuniary excellence; and when, after a dream of rapture which lasted forty-five minutes, though it seemed five, his hands struck those three last blows which mean that a man who knows how has got through, all the Stemsons broke forth in one chorus of "Wonderful!" and he was asked to name his own price, without regard to the fashionable tariff.

To bring the Herr Maïenliebe into notice was the grand object of Mrs. Stemson's *Matinée*. She had made him Amelia Angelina's teacher,

and the teacher of several other people's Amelia Angelinas among her circle. What she wanted now was that every body's Amelia Angelina should have him at her elbow at least two hours per week; in fact, that all the world should resolve itself into one great universal Amelia Angelina to listen to his playing—pay him, praise him, worship him for it, as he deserved. As I often say to Mrs. Lambswool when she tells me how sententious I am, what would woman be without man's genius to adore? what would man's genius be without woman to adore it? A stock of goods without a ledger—a ledger without goods!

I wish I could repeat verbatim Mrs. Lambswool's account of Herr Maïenliebe's playing. I resolved that the moment I could save the money and get the time I would take her to Niagara, and let her give the first adequate description of that body of water which has ever been known. She could do it!

But I can't. I will only say, therefore, that I sat at the tea-table and listened to her eloquence without touching the sliced ham or the strawberry preserves for an entire half hour—though I had felt perfectly ravenous while walking up town. I didn't know what the musical terms meant, as she did; I couldn't understand her references to slurs, and runs, and minor chords. At any other time I would have asked her if notes that were staccato meant notes that were stacked close together; but now I sat with my mouth open, and nothing coming out of it but just once in a while a short breath. Angels seemed to perch on the tea-pot handle; the toast rack changed to my idea of an Æolian harp, and tulips, with their bells full of witch music, appeared growing out of the salt-cellar.

"Well!" said I, when she had concluded, "I've heard Everett on Washington, but it wasn't like *that*, Mrs. Lambswool!"

Not only was Herr Maïenliebe a great musician, but he was such a wonderfully, indescribably, unaccountably polite young man! When she entered Mrs. Stemson's saloon her feet had not sunk an inch into the garden-bed of the tapestry carpet before Herr Maïenliebe half-started from his seat, with his dark eyes magnetically fixed upon her, and a pale face full of admiring awe. She knew she had never seen him before, and dear little modest woman that she is, had no idea that the beauty of a humdrum book-keeper's quiet wife could work such miracles of fascination on a triumphant man of genius. "Why, Mrs. Lambswool," said I, "is it possible that you have never believed till now how beautiful you are, and all the times I've told you of it, too?" Then she saw Herr Maïenliebe go over to Mrs. Stemson, bend low to her, and whisper. After that, in one of the intervals between parts, Mrs. Stemson brought him up and introduced him to her—a distinction not conferred until the close of the *Matinée* on any other lady in the room. She found him a cultivated, refined gentleman—very handsome—elegant in his conversation notwithstanding his short acquaint-

ance with the President's American—graceful, and modest even to timidity. Still his manner in addressing her was full of subdued enthusiasm; he listened to every least word of hers with the most charmed attention; and when the fifteen minutes' intermission had expired, he went back to his seat among the musicians so unwillingly that it must have been almost apparent to others than herself. Finally, Mrs. Lambswool said, on the breaking up of the party, he had requested permission to call on her, and she had replied that her husband and she would be glad to see him upon any week-day evening—they were always at home together.

But for this discreet answer, I, John Lambswool, knowing a piano from a hand-organ only by external difference of shape, and not from any acquaintance with the principles of their inner mechanism, would have felt a twinge of heart-misery at my wife's admiration of this handsome young musical genius. Still another consideration, acquired by life-long observation, fortified me against the most poisonous and agonizing malady of fair-wived husbands: a man need never be jealous of any other whom his wife unreservedly praises *to him*.

I add a third reason why I looked on Herr Maïenliebe that night with eyes free from all tinge of jaundice. When we had retired to our room, and Mrs. Lambswool hung her shapely new hoops over the big arm-chair, she looked tenderly first at them, then at me, threw her soft arms around my neck, and said, with a confiding kiss,

"How I do love the dear man whose thoughtfulness has given me such a treat to-day! What a pleasure I should have lost but for those hoops! You were right, John—you were right, after all—but *do* get a nice pair of boots the next time, won't you?"

I went to sleep in great peace of mind, looking at the hoops and the velvet shoes which lay in the common moonlight shining through our window.

I followed almost every day the new route which my mortification had forced upon me in going down to business. When it did not rain Wilhelmina stood always on the cellar steps among her baskets, and as regularly had a grateful smile and happy answers to return for the recognition I gave her when in haste, or the little chat for which opportunity was sometimes afforded me by a few spare minutes. The velvet shoes still held their own very well, and I set it down among the other sententious observations culled from life into my mental diary, that shoes never wear out so fast when the walking they do makes somebody else's heart happy.

Frequently, too, I called upon the elder Beyers, and the third or fourth time knew them all, that good boy, Fritz, included. I hope my acquaintance did them some material good, as well as that which they derived spiritually. At any rate, they sold a good many more baskets than of old, and most of the increase went into the hands of my wealthier friends—of the firm, particularly.

Meanwhile I had very pleasant evenings at home. According to his promise, Herr Maienliebe came to call on us. I took a great fancy to him. There was a pleasant depth and warmth about his nature which some people, I suppose, would have called melancholy; but Mrs. Lambswool and I found it like a soothing bath of a different medication from the daily pool in which our life swam, and all the more refreshing for being different. Not that we liked the German tone of mind any better than the American, but Herr Maienliebe's mind had its particular office for us. All day we saw business people and people of the household or society; they talked of things that lie close on the surface; and it was so pleasant, one night or two in a week, to get into a character in whose depths we could cover ourselves all over!

Herr Maienliebe played beautifully on the flute—almost as well, Mrs. Lambswool said, as on the piano. The former instrument he generally brought with him in his visits, staid with us at tea, and afterward alternately talked and gave us music till between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening. Both his talk and his music had a sad streak running through their evident playfulness. We always said to each other, after he had gone, that there was something weighing upon his mind. It could not be poverty now, for he was in the receipt of an income considerably larger than my own, from his daily-extending teachership. Exile from his native land it could hardly be either—he had several times made answer to our affectionate inquiries that he had no desire to return to Germany, had left nothing, no one behind him that could ever call him back thither. At last I came to the conclusion that he was in love with Amelia Angelina Stemson, and felt that the difference between their social positions would make his suit hopeless with her parents. He frequently spoke of her with the warmest gratitude—and how often has gratitude been the worldward face of despairing love! Mrs. Lambswool says she has known it to happen a hundred times. I communicated this view of Herr Maienliebe's case to Mrs. Lambswool. She did not know—she was not quite so sure.

"Why don't you *find out*, Mrs. Lambswool?" said I, one night when the young German had gone away after an evening of much deeper pensiveness than usual.

"How *can* I?" replied my wife.

"Dear me!" returned I. "It is not for a man to give instructions on such a subject to a woman! We know him intimately enough now not to have such an inquiry seem impertinence—if it comes from *you*. You have great influence over him; he has a great affection for you. I have no doubt he has been waiting for you to seek his confidence; and of all things in the world, a sincere friend to unbosom himself to would do him the most good. You can be of great benefit to him if you will."

Mrs. Lambswool thought for a moment, and then said, the next time Herr Maienliebe came

to our house she would make the attempt, provided any delicate opening for it appeared.

That next time proved to be the next evening. All through tea the young man was reserved and absent-minded as we had never seen him before. When we pushed back our chairs and went up into the sitting-room he seemed to feel the necessity of throwing off this manner, and immediately took out his flute. At first he played the liveliest kind of airs in the liveliest possible time, lifting my spirits to such a degree that I could have jumped up and danced a horn-pipe all around the room, but for having noticed that Mrs. Lambswool was looking at him under her hand with eyes of deep concern, at something out of the way which she perceived so much quicker than I. Almost imperceptibly his music became sadder, sadder, sadder. From a hurried dance it fell into "Gertrude's Dream-Waltz;" from that into "Von Weber's Last;" then into "When the Swallows Homeward fly;" then, "By the sad Sea Waves;" and finally into that most doleful, beautiful thing, which, always when he played it, made me seem to fall together into a hopeless heap, with my chin on my breast and my face a mile in length—the "Long, long, weary Day." (You see I know these all by name, and they're the first music that people call "classical" which I ever could learn to recognize or like. The Herr taught me to do it by playing them a great many times on different evenings for Mrs. Lambswool, whose favorites they were. I got her to write down the names on a piece of paper, and at last became so familiar with them that I used to call for them off of the list as if it were a bill of fare.)

At length, when he had breathed out the last melancholy passage, Herr Maienliebe laid his flute on the table, folded his arms across his wide breast, and relapsed into the former abstracted silence. For a few moments Mrs. Lambswool continued looking at him under her hand, and then spoke for the first time since tea.

"Have you made many pleasant acquaintances, besides your pupils, since you came to New York, Herr Maienliebe?"

"I have no such after we speak of you two and Doctor Paulus."

"What do you do to amuse yourself, then, when we do not see you?"

"Amuse? Ah, there is nothing, indeed, to call *that*. I work much. Occasionally, to be sure, I go to the opera—especially on a Mozart night. Also a few times to the Philharmonic Rehearsals. But I mostly write music for my scholars; or, because being in me it must come out, I write now a Lambswool Sonata. It will be published next month."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Maienliebe! How delighted we shall be to hear it! But you must be very lonely."

"When I do not work I *am* lonely—most lonely."

"Do you know what we have been long wishing very much that you would do, Herr Maienliebe?"

The Herr laughed sadly, and said No—he did not know. He hoped it was not to jump off into the North River.

"Dear me, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Lambswool. "How can you say such a dreadful thing? Not that at all, nor any thing like it. Something far better. To live—love—*marry*, and be no more lonely, but happy like Mr. Lambswool and me."

The look of half melancholy playfulness left Herr Maienliebe's face in a moment, and he became so dark and serious that for a moment I feared he must be angry with us.

"Ah, God!" he answered, solemnly, after a moment's pause. "That happiness you wish forever henceforth is for me impossible. *I must have to live*, but to *love* is past, and I shall never *marry*."

Mrs. Lambswool looked on him so tenderly sad with those great soft blue eyes of hers which would melt a stone.

"Will you forgive me, Herr Maienliebe," said she, in a tone of frank gentleness, "if, as two friends of yours, who like you—love you, perhaps, better than any people in this country—we ask you *why* you make this resolve?"

"My friend, it is not *resolve*; it is *despair*. Fate—God—the Earth—the Heaven, say it to me—all! Ah! I am strong, you see; I do not look like a weak boy. Well, I am strong enough to do all the work that to me every day may bring—to bear, to suffer *also*; but to resist Fate and God—no!"

"Are you sure God bids you despair?"

"If it pain you not too much to listen, I tell you two now, between our three souls, what other than my own breast knows for the first time in America. In my land I *did* love. I was there loved. It became necessity for the most good, beautiful, heavenly maiden to leave our land and, with others, to sail for here. I was to follow so soon as I could get money enough to try the life of this foreign city. I was very poor then. I went to Antwerp—I saw her wave her hand to me long as the ship could be seen. Since that day I heard never one word from her. In a year the ship was once back again at Antwerp. I write to the Captain, I describe my beloved one, and ask for news. A letter came back from him—many passengers, he say, have ship-fever in the voyage, and some did die. He think that of them she be one. I no more *think* it *then*, as for days and nights before. I *know* it from that day; and when I pray to God at all I to her also pray as among the saints. It is two years after then that I stay in my land. Work, work, work all the time, with no one to work for—no thing—only to be able to come to the land where she might be could she but have live for me. At last I find myself able to sail for America. I be now here one year. One year, and alone—*alone*! I *die alone* so as I live. To *love* is *past*—to *marry*, *never*! unless I can some time go to Heaven, by-and-by, then— But let us speak of other things now."

But he did not speak. He took his flute again

from the table, and for nearly an hour, while my wife was trying in vain to hide the tears that kept rolling down her cheeks, poured forth a wonderful dream of wild music, improvised, and Mrs. Lambswool says (I believe her, too), inspired. Then putting the instrument into its case he pressed the two hands of each of us, bid us a deep-chested good-night, and, without a lingering look, departed.

After that Mrs. Lambswool and I, you may be sure, never referred to Amelia Angelina in connection with Herr Maienliebe's name. He was consecrated in our minds to a beautiful passed-away spirit.

For several months longer we had our regular visits from him. Sometimes he seemed to rise above the general level of his boundless trouble, but sometimes he left us with such a look that when Mrs. Lambswool laid her head on her pillow she prayed he might be protected from the doing of any dreadful deed in his despair which would shut this world on him forever.

The winter softened into spring, spring melted into summer. My velvet shoes had seen their day. Mrs. Lambswool's prophecy had come true. They *had* lost all their plush—they *had* ripped up along the pegs—they *had burst* out at the sides. Still, though I replaced them with new ones (not of velvet below cost at a dollar, by-the-way!), I put them on one of the sacred shelves of the closet where I kept my fag ends of reminiscence, and looked at them almost daily with a feeling of good cheer as connected with so many minor happinesses which make up a poor book-keeper's life. The hoops that were contemporary had got somewhat dingy in hue and nearer the condition of skin and bones than such an apparatus usually is, but Mrs. Lambswool still found great comfort in them—for that make never break—and, true to her character, she thought she could wear them "at least a month yet."

In two months more I should have three weeks' vacation, and Mrs. Lambswool and I were looking forward to a seat under the bow-apples with great zest. Herr Maienliebe's profession gave him a much earlier as well as a much longer recess, and his pupils were already trickling out of town, girl by girl, when, one morning, just as I left the house to go down to business, he accosted me on the steps.

"I was coming," said he, "to get your advice and assistance."

"That's right, my dear fellow," I answered. "Walk along with me and let's talk as we go, unless you'll stop in and see Mrs. Lambswool."

"No, I'll take the walk. It's only a little thing I wish to consult with you about. Tomorrow all Mr. Stemson's family leave for their country-seat. They have been so kind to me that I would give to them some little token of my thoughtfulness before they are gone. Quite cheap you know—to them nothing worth, indeed, but for the spirit of it. It is a few pretty flowers which I will choose, I think, to present with my compliments to Miss Amelia Angelina. I would have also a very pretty basket for them. Where

shall I get that? You are a family man, and know where to buy every thing."

"Nobody can advise on *that* point better than I, certainly! I know some excellent people—countrymen of yours—who make baskets, and it's right on my way to the office."

"But do these excellent people make excellent baskets?"

"Yes indeed! the neatest, tastefulest, handsomest, I ever saw!"

"Come along, then, Mr. Lambswool!"

I saw that Herr Maienliebe's extra gayety was forced—that he felt even lower-spirited than usual—but ascribed it to his long prospect of loneliness and leisure during the summer vacation. Notwithstanding my sympathy, and the fact that I was mentally hard at work planning how to make it pleasant for him during the summer and take him out with us when we left, the bright golden day worked for me such an exhilaration of bodily spirits that I walked just about as fast as he could keep up with me.

We were close on the old cellar-way. I could see Wilhelmina's sunny young head above the great cage of basket-ware, and though her face was turned away down the street, began to hear her musical voice crying, "Baskets! Any nice baskets to-day, gentlemen?"

Less than a block more of walking, and Maienliebe heard her too, distinctly.

"Why, that is Mrs. Lambswool's voice!" said he, with a strange look on his face.

"No!" I answered, laughingly, "not hers exactly; but one very much like hers. Astonishingly like indeed. The beautiful young basket-girl resembles Mrs. Lambswool in almost every respect."

"What!" exclaimed Maienliebe, catching me by the arm. I looked and saw that he was pale and trembling all over. "You say that *she* is exactly like Mrs. Lambswool?"

"Yes, wonderfully like. But don't stop so, let us go on and you will see for yourself."

"I dare not to go on—another step—another moment—"

"Why, what is the matter? I am afraid something's wrong with you! Come, come!" He took my arm and let me lead him almost unconsciously. Few more steps and we were by the basket-girl's side. She looked up to recognize me with her accustomed smile, and full in the face saw Maienliebe—Maienliebe saw her.

"Oh, my God! Wilhelmina!" cried Maienliebe.

"Ambrose!" murmured the girl, dreamily.

And they fell into each other's arms.

Seeing through it all as by a sudden flash I retired a little distance to let, as Maienliebe afterward said, "*the unspeakable speak itself*." For my own part, before I knew it, I was crying like a boy of ten years old breaking his heart!

By-and-by we three went down into the cellar to see the father and mother Beyer. And then there was a time I can tell you.

A few days ago, when I got my wife her last new set of hoops, we brought down the famous old ones to see if they were keeping well for posterity in the closet. We got talking about the times then and since then.

"On the whole," said I, "Mrs. Lambswool, what do you think of the wisdom of that purchase of mine, viewed in the light of mature experience?"

"Blessings both!" replied Mrs. Lambswool, "hoops and shoes. I think, too, that any pair of shoes, though they cost the maker fifty cents and the buyer a dollar, and are cotton velvet with pegged soles, will be a blessing if they walk in the ways of simple-hearted honest goodness. Blessed with the blessedest of blessed luck, dear John, shall be the feet forever who walk in such a pair of shoes as your old velvets were! But what are they all laughing about so in the next room? Let's go and see."

We opened the door. We were about to have a family tea, and in that next room our guests were assembled.

A venerable old man and woman sat peacefully smiling in two big arm-chairs by the fire.

A fine-looking young man, every trace of melancholy gone from his genial face, stood with his arm around the waist of a beautiful golden-haired girl, who was laughing and clapping her hands in perfect abandonment.

"Yes, blessed be the old dollar purchase! Good luck to the wearer forever!" repeated Mrs. Lambswool, enthusiastically.

For they had taken them down from my shelf of remembrancers, and toddling toward us all in the first glory of the art of walking came Mary Lambswool, the baby of the Maienliebes, her little white feet lost in the depths of *my velvet shoes!*

"UNTO THIS LAST."

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

III.—QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM.

SOME centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant, largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning

wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the Middle Ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle

of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce. Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty, and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principle of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth, which, partially insisted on in my last paper, it must be our work more completely to examine in this.

He says, for instance, in one place: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death:" adding in another, with the same meaning (he has a curious way of doubling his sayings): "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but justice delivers from death." Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth. If we read, instead of "lying tongue," "lying label, title, pretense, or advertisement," we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business. The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men's toil in such business. We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily, he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all-glorious; not like the King's daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold. We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or liding from us. Our crowning success at threescore and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.

Again: the merchant says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want." And again, more strongly: "Rob not the poor because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."

This "robbing the poor because he is poor," is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labor or property at a reduced price. The ordinary highwayman's opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich—does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant's mind; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practiced by persons of discretion.

But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following:

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light."

They "have met:" more literally, have stood in each other's way (*obviaverunt*). That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meet-

ing, face to face, of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of stream to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds: "God is their maker." But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive: it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave; in blackness of thunder-stroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft, and shapeable into love-syllables from far away. And which of these it shall be depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life there is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces and live; light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the "sun of justice,"* of which it is promised that it shall rise at last with "healing" (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one) in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men, through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears: so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just;† and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and robber, to be granted to them—the murderer instead of the Lord of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.

I have just spoken of the flowing of streams to the sea as a partial image of the action of wealth. In one respect it is not a partial, but a perfect, image. The popular economist thinks himself wise in having discovered that wealth, or the forms of property in general, must go where they are required; that where demand is, supply must follow. He farther declares that

* More accurately, Sun of Justness; but, instead of the harsh word "Justness," the old English "Righteousness" being commonly employed, has, by getting confused with "godliness," or attracting about it various vague and broken meanings, prevented most persons from receiving the force of the passages in which it occurs. The word "righteousness" properly refers to the justice of rule, or right, as distinguished from "equity," which refers to the justice of balance. More broadly, Righteousness is King's Justice; and Equity, Judge's Justice; the King guiding or ruling all, the Judge dividing or discerning between opposites (therefore, the double question, "Man, who made me a ruler—δικαστής—or a divider—μερστής—over you?") Thus, with respect to the Justice of Choice (selection, the feebler and passive justice), we have, from lego—lex, legal, loi, and loyal; and with respect to the Justice of Rule (direction, the stronger and active justice), we have from rego—rex, regal, rol, and royal.

† In another place written with the same meaning, "Just, and having salvation."

this course of demand and supply can not be forbidden by human laws. Precisely in the same sense, and with the same certainty, the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing depends upon man's labor and administering intelligence. For centuries after centuries great districts of the world, rich in soil and favored in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers; nor only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field—would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom—now overwhelms the plain, and poisons the wind; its breath pestilence, and its work famine. In like manner this wealth "goes where it is required." No human laws can withstand its flow. They can only guide it: but this, the leading trench and limiting mound can do so thoroughly, that it shall become water of life—the riches of the hand of wisdom;* or, on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it, what it has been too often, the last and deadliest of national plagues: water of Marah—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously overlooked in the ordinary political economist's definition of his own "science." He calls it, shortly, the "science of getting rich." But there are many sciences, as well as many arts, of getting rich. Poisoning people of large estates was one employed largely in the Middle Ages; adulteration of food of people of small estates is one employed largely now. The ancient and honorable Highland method of black-mail; the more modern and less honorable system of obtaining goods on credit, and the other variously improved methods of appropriation—which, in major and minor scales of industry, down to the most artistic pocket-picking, we owe to recent genius—all come under the general head of sciences, or arts, of getting rich.

So that it is clear the popular economist, in calling his science the science *par excellence* of getting rich, must attach some peculiar ideas of limitation to its character. I hope I do not misrepresent him, by assuming that he means *his* science to be the science of "getting rich by legal or just means." In this definition is the word "just" or "legal" finally to stand? For it is possible among certain nations, or under certain rulers, or by help of certain advocates, that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just. If, therefore, we leave at last only the word "just" in that place of our definition, the insertion of this solitary and small word will make a notable difference in the grammar of our

* "Length of days in her right hand; in her left, riches and honor."

science. For then it will follow that, in order to grow rich scientifically we must grow rich justly; and, therefore, know what is just; so that our economy will no longer depend merely on prudence, but on jurisprudence—and that of divine, not human law. Which prudence is indeed of no mean order, holding itself, as it were, high in the air of heaven, and gazing forever on the light of the sun of justice; hence the souls which have excelled in it are represented by Dante as stars forming in heaven forever the figure of the eye of an eagle: they having been in life the discerners of light from darkness; or to the whole human race as the light of the body, which is the eye; while those souls which form the wings of the bird (giving power and dominion to justice, "healing in its wings") trace also in light the inscription in heaven: "DILIGITE JUSTITIAM QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM." "Ye who judge the earth, give" (not, observe, merely love, but) "diligent love to justice:" the love which seeks diligently, that is to say, choosingly, and by preference to all things else. Which judging or doing judgment in the earth is, according to their capacity and position, required not of judges only, nor of rulers only, but of all men:† a truth sorrowfully lost sight of even by those who are ready enough to apply to themselves passages in which Christian men are spoken of as called to be "saints" (*i. e.* to helpful or healing functions); and "chosen to be kings" (*i. e.* to knowing or directing functions); the true meaning of these titles having been long lost through the pretenses of unhelpful and unable persons to saintly and kingly character; also through the once popular idea that both the sanctity and royalty are to consist in wearing long robes and high crowns, instead of in mercy and judgment; whereas all true sanctity is saving power, as all true royalty is ruling power; and injustice is part and parcel of the denial of such power, which "makes men as the creeping things, as the fishes of the sea, that have no ruler over them."‡

Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.

We have to examine, then, in the subject before us, what are the laws of justice respecting

* I hear that several of our lawyers have been greatly amused by the statement in the first of these papers that a lawyer's function was to do justice. I did not intend it for a jest; nevertheless it will be seen that in the above passage neither the determination nor doing of justice are contemplated as functions wholly peculiar to the lawyer. Possibly, the more our standing armies, whether of soldiers, pastors, or legislators (the generic term "pastor" including all teachers, and the generic term "lawyer" including makers as well as interpreters of law), can be superseded by the force of national heroism, wisdom, and honesty, the better it may be for the nation.

† It being the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but the distinction of humanity to live by those of right.

payment of labor—no small part, these, of the foundations of all jurisprudence.

I reduced, in my last paper, the idea of money payment to its simplest or radical terms. In those terms its nature, and the conditions of justice respecting it, can be best ascertained.

Money payment, as there stated, consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labor he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure equivalent time and labor in his service at any future time when he may demand it.*

If we promise to give him less labor than he has given us, we underpay him. If we promise to give him more labor than he has given us, we overpay him. In practice, according to the laws of demand and supply, when two men are ready to do the work, and only one man wants to have it done, the two men underbid each other for it; and the one who gets it to do is underpaid. But when two men want the work done, and there is only one man ready to do it, the two men who want it done overbid each other, and the workman is overpaid.

I will examine these two points of injustice in succession; but first I wish the reader to clearly understand the central principle, lying between the two, of right or just payment.

When we ask a service of any man, he may either give it us freely, or demand payment for it. Respecting free gift of service, there is no question at present, that being a matter of affection—not of traffic. But if he demand payment for it, and we wish to treat him with absolute equity, it is evident that this equity can only consist in giving time for time, strength for strength, and skill for skill. If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half an hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage. If, on the contrary, we promise to work an hour and a half for him in return, he has an unjust advantage. The justice consists in absolute exchange; or, if there be any respect to the stations of the parties, it will not be in favor of the employer: there is certainly no equitable reason in a man's being poor, that if he give me a pound of bread to-day, I should return him less than a pound of bread to-morrow; or any equitable reason in a man's being uneducated, that if he uses a certain quantity of skill and knowledge in my service, I should use a less quantity of skill and knowledge in his. Perhaps, ultimately, it may appear desirable, or, to say the least, gracious, that I should give in re-

turn somewhat more than I received. But at present, we are concerned on the law of justice only, which is that of perfect and accurate exchange;—one circumstance only interfering with the simplicity of this radical idea of just payment—that inasmuch as labor (rightly directed) is fruitful just as seed is, the fruit (or "interest," as it is called) of the labor first given, or "advanced," ought to be taken into account, and balanced by an additional quantity of labor in the subsequent repayment. Supposing the repayment to take place at the end of a year, or of any other given time, this calculation could be approximately made; but as money (that is to say, cash) payment involves no reference to time (it being optional with the person paid to spend what he receives at once or after any number of years), we can only assume, generally, that some slight advantage must in equity be allowed to the person who advances the labor, so that the typical form of bargain will be: If you give me an hour to-day, I will give you an hour and five minutes on demand. If you give me a pound of bread to-day, I will give you thirteen ounces on demand, and so on. All that it is necessary for the reader to note is, that the amount returned is at least in equity not to be less than the amount given.

The abstract idea, then, of just or due wages, as respects the laborer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him at least as much labor as he has given, rather more than less. And this equity or justice of payment is, observe, wholly independent of any reference to the number of men who are willing to do the work. I want a horse-shoe for my horse. Twenty smiths, or twenty thousand smiths, may be ready to forge it; their number does not in one atom's weight affect the question of the equitable payment of the one who *does* forge it. It costs him a quarter of an hour of his life, and so much skill and strength of arm to make that horseshoe for me. Then at some future time I am bound in equity to give a quarter of an hour, and some minutes more, of my life (or of some other person's at my disposal), and also as much strength of arm and skill, and a little more, in making or doing what the smith may have need of.

Such being the abstract theory of just remunerative payment, its application is practically modified by the fact that the order for labor, given in payment, is general, while the labor received is special. The current coin or document is practically an order on the nation for so much work of any kind; and this universal applicability to immediate need renders it so much more valuable than special labor can be, that an order for a less quantity of this general toil will always be accepted as a just equivalent for a greater quantity of special toil. Any given craftsman will always be willing to give an hour of his own work in order to receive command over half-an-hour, or even much less, of national work. This source of uncertainty, together with the difficulty of determining the monetary value of

* It might appear at first that the market-price of labor expressed such an exchange: but this is a fallacy, for the market-price is the momentary price of the kind of labor required, but the just price is its equivalent of the productive labor of mankind. This difference will be analyzed in its place. It must be noted also that I speak here only of the exchangeable value of labor, not of that of commodities. The exchangeable value of a commodity is that of the labor required to produce it, multiplied into the force of the demand for it. If the value of the labor = x and the force of demand = y , the exchangeable value of the commodity is xy , in which if either $x = 0$, or $y = 0$, $xy = 0$.

skill,* render the ascertainment (even approximate) of the proper wages of any given labor in terms of a currency, matter of considerable complexity. But they do not affect the principle of exchange. The worth of the work may not be easily known; but it *has* a worth, just as fixed and real as the specific gravity of a substance, though such specific gravity may not be easily ascertainable when the substance is united with many others. Nor is there so much difficulty or chance in determining it as in determining the ordinary maxima and minima of vulgar political economy. There are few bargains in which the buyer can ascertain with any thing like precision that the seller would have taken no less; or the seller acquire more than a comfortable faith that the purchaser would have given no more. This impossibility of precise knowledge prevents neither from striving to attain the desired point of greatest vexation and injury to the other, nor from accepting it for a scientific principle that he is to buy for the least and sell for the most possible, though what the real least or most may be, he can not tell. In like manner a just person lays it down for a scientific principle that he is to pay a just price, and, without being able precisely to ascertain the limits of such a price, will nevertheless strive to attain the closest possible approximation to them. A practically serviceable approximation he can obtain. It is easier to determine scientifically

* Under the term "skill" I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion in their operation on manual labor; and under the term "passion," to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings; from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which render science possible—the retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century—and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

It is highly singular that political economists should not yet have perceived, if not the moral, at least the passionate, element, to be an inextricable quantity in every calculation. I can not conceive, for instance, how it was possible that Mr. Mill should have followed the true clew so far as to write: "No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought," without seeing that it was logically necessary to add also, "and of mere feeling." And this the more, because in his first definition of labor he includes in the idea of it "all feelings of a disagreeable kind connected with the employment of one's thoughts in a particular occupation." True; but why not also, "feelings of an agreeable kind?" It can hardly be supposed that the feelings which retard labor are more essentially a part of the labor than those which accelerate it. The first are paid for as pain, the second as power. The workman is merely indemnified for the first; but the second both produce a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increase its actual quantity.

"Fritz is with us. He is worth fifty thousand men." Truly, a large addition to the material force; consisting, however, be it observed, not more in operations carried on in Fritz's head, than in operations carried on in his armies' heart. "No limit can be set to the importance of mere thought." Perhaps not! Nay, suppose some day it should turn out that "mere" thought was in itself a recommendable object of production, and that all Material production was only a step toward this more precious Immaterial one?

what a man ought to have for his work than what his necessities will compel him to take for it. His necessities can only be ascertained by empirical, but his due by analytical, investigation. In the one case, you try your answer to the sum like a puzzled school-boy—till you find one that fits; in the other, you bring out your result within certain limits by process of calculation.

Supposing, then, the just wages of any quantity of given labor to have been ascertained, let us examine the first results of just and unjust payment, when in favor of the purchaser or employer; i.e. when two men are ready to do the work, and only one wants to have it done.

The unjust purchaser forces the two to bid against each other till he has reduced their demand to its lowest terms. Let us assume that the lowest bidder offers to do the work at half its just price.

The purchaser employs him, and does not employ the other. The first or *apparent* result is, therefore, that one of the two men is left out of employ, or to starvation, just as definitely as by the just procedure of giving fair price to the best workman. The various writers who endeavored to invalidate the positions of my first paper never saw this, and assumed that the unjust hirer employed *both*. He employs both no more than the just hirer. The only difference (in the outset) is that the just man pays sufficiently, the unjust man insufficiently, for the labor of the single person employed.

I say, "in the outset;" for this first or apparent difference is not the actual difference. By the unjust procedure, half the proper price of the work is left in the hands of the employer. This enables him to hire another man at the same unjust rate, on some other kind of work; and the final result is that he has two men working for him at half-price, and two are out of employ.

By the just procedure, the whole price of the first piece of work goes into the hands of the man who does it. No surplus being left in the employer's hands, *he* can not hire another man for another piece of labor. But by precisely so much as his power is diminished the hired workman's power is increased; that is to say, by the additional half of the price he has received: which additional half *he* has the power of using to employ another man in *his* service. I will suppose, for the moment, the least favorable, though quite probable, case—that, though justly treated himself, he yet will act unjustly to his subordinate, and hire at half-price, if he can. The final result will then be that one man works for the employer, at just price; one for the workman, at half-price; and two, as in the first case, are still out of employ. These two, as I said before, are out of employ in *both* cases. The difference between the just and unjust procedure does not lie in the number of men hired, but in the price paid to them, and the *persons by whom* it is paid. The essential difference—that which I want the reader to see clearly—is, that in the unjust case, two men work for

one, the first hirer. In the just case, one man works for the first hirer, one for the person hired, and so on, down or up through the various grades of service; the influence being carried forward by justice, and arrested by injustice. The universal and constant action of justice in this matter is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, in the hands of one individual, over masses of men, and to distribute it through a chain of men. The actual power exerted by the wealth is the same in both cases; but by injustice it is put all into one man's hands, so that he directs at once and with equal force the labor of a circle of men about him; by the just procedure, he is permitted to touch the nearest only, through whom, with diminished force, modified by new minds, the energy of the wealth passes on to others, and so till it exhausts itself.

The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, first in acquisition of luxury, and, secondly, in exercise of moral influence. The employer can not concentrate so multitudinous labor on his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum of difficulty in rising above his position. The tendency of the system is to check advancement. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a descending series of offices or grades of labor,* gives each subordinated person fair and sufficient means of rising in the social scale, if he chooses to use them; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty.

It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the laborer is ultimately dependent. Many minor interests may sometimes appear to interfere with it, but all branch from it. For

* I am sorry to lose time by answering, however curtly, the equivocations of the writers who sought to obscure the instances given of regulated labor in the first of these papers, by confusing kinds, ranks, and quantities of labor with its qualities. I never said that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate. Neither did I say that more work ought to be paid as less work (so that the curate of a parish of two thousand souls should have no more than the curate of a parish of five hundred). But I said that, so far as you employ it at all, bad work should be paid no less than good work; as a bad clergyman yet takes his tithes, a bad physician takes his fee, and a bad lawyer his costs. And this, as will be farther shown in the conclusion, I said, and say, partly because the best work never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all; but chiefly because the moment people know they have to pay the bad and good alike, they will try to discern the one from the other, and not use the bad. A sagacious writer in the *Scotsman* asks me if I should like any common scribbler to be paid by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. as their good authors are. I should, if they employed him—but would seriously recommend them, for the scribbler's sake, as well as their own, not to employ him. The quantity of its money which the country at present invests in scribbling is not, in the outcome of it, economically spent; and even the highly ingenious person to whom this question occurred might perhaps have been more beneficially employed than in printing it.

instance, considerable agitation is often caused in the minds of the lower classes when they discover the share which they nominally, and to all appearance actually, pay out of their wages in taxation (I believe thirty-five or forty per cent.). This sounds very grievous; but in reality the laborer does not pay it, but his employer. If the workman had not to pay it, his wages would be less by just that sum: competition would still reduce them to the lowest rate at which life was possible. Similarly the lower orders agitated for the repeal of the corn-laws,* thinking they would be better off if bread were cheaper; never perceiving that as soon as bread was permanently cheaper wages would permanently fall in precisely that proportion. The corn-laws were rightly repealed; not, however, because they directly oppressed the poor, but because they indirectly oppressed them in causing a large quantity of their labor to be consumed unproductively. So also unnecessary taxation oppresses them, through destruction of capital, but the destiny of the poor depends primarily always on this one question of dueeness of wages. Their distress (irrespective of that caused by sloth, minor error, or crime) arises on the grand scale from the two reacting forces of competition and oppression. There is not yet, nor will yet for ages be, any real over-population in the world:

* I have to acknowledge an interesting communication on the subject of free trade from Paisley (for a short letter from "A Well-wisher" at — my thanks are yet more due). But the Scottish writer will, I fear, be disagreeably surprised to hear that I am, and always have been, an utterly fearless and unscrupulous free-trader. Seven years ago, speaking of the various signs of infancy in the European mind ("Stones of Venice," vol. iii., p. 168), I wrote: "The first principles of commerce were acknowledged by the English Parliament, only a few months ago, in its free-trade measures, and are still so little understood by the million, that no nation dares to abolish its custom-houses."

It will be observed that I do not admit even the idea of reciprocity. Let other nations, if they like, keep their ports shut; every wise nation will throw its own open. It is not the opening them, but a sudden, inconsiderate, and blunderingly experimental manner of opening them, which does harm. If you have been protecting a manufacture for a long series of years, you must not take the protection off in a moment, so as to throw every one of its operatives at once out of employ, any more than you must take all its wrappings off a feeble child at once, in cold weather, though the cumber of them may have been radically injuring its health. Little by little you must restore it to freedom and to air.

Most people's minds are in curious confusion on the subject of free trade, because they suppose it to imply enlarged competition. On the contrary, free trade puts an end to all competition. "Protection" (among various other mischievous functions) endeavors to enable one country to compete with another in the production of an article at a disadvantage. When trade is entirely free, no country can be competed with in the articles for the production of which it is naturally calculated; nor can it compete with any other in the production of articles for which it is not naturally calculated. Tuscany, for instance, can not compete with England in steel, nor England with Tuscany in oil. They must exchange their steel and oil. Which exchange should be as frank and free as honesty and the sea-winds can make it. Competition, indeed, arises at first, and sharply, in order to prove which is strongest in any given manufacture possible to both; this point once ascertained, competition is at an end.

but a local over-population, or, more accurately, a degree of population locally unmanageable under existing circumstances for want of forethought and sufficient machinery, necessarily shows itself by pressure of competition; and the taking advantage of this competition by the purchaser to obtain their labor unjustly cheap, consummates at once their suffering and his own; for in this (as I believe in every other kind of slavery) the oppressor suffers at last more than the oppressed, and those magnificent lines of Pope, even in all their force, fall short of the truth—

"Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but HATE HIS NEIGHBOR AS HIMSELF:
Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides,
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides."

The collateral and reversionary operations of justice in this matter I shall examine hereafter (it being needful first to define the nature of value); proceeding then to consider within what practical terms a juster system may be established; and ultimately the vexed question of the destinies of the unemployed workman.* Lest, however, the reader should be alarmed at some of the issues to which our investigations seem to be tending—as if in their bearing against the power of wealth they had something in common with those of socialism—I wish him to know, in accurate terms, one or two of the main points which I have in view.

Whether socialism has made more progress among the army and navy (where payment is made on my principles), or among the manufacturing operatives (who are paid on my opponents' principles), I leave it to those opponents to ascertain and declare. Whatever their con-

* I should be glad if the reader would first clear the ground for himself so far as to determine whether the difficulty lies in getting the work or getting the pay for it? Does he consider occupation itself to be an expensive luxury, difficult of attainment, of which too little is to be found in the world? or is it rather that, while in the enjoyment even of the most athletic delight, men must nevertheless be maintained, and this maintenance is not always forthcoming? We must be clear on this head before going farther, as most people are loosely in the habit of talking of the difficulty of "finding employment." Is it employment that we want to find, or support during employment? Is it idleness we wish to put an end to, or hunger? We have to take up both questions in succession, only not both at the same time. No doubt that work is a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that, as will be seen in the sequel, one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons is, to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labor as to surfeit of meat; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner and more work, for others it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work and more dinner.

clusion may be, I think it necessary to answer for myself only this: that if there be any one point insisted on throughout my works more frequently than another, that one point is the impossibility of Equality. My continual aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all others; and to show also the advisability of appointing such persons or person to guide, to lead, or on occasion even to compel and subdue, their inferiors, according to their own better knowledge and wiser will. My principles of Political Economy were all involved in a single phrase spoken three years ago at Manchester—"Soldiers of the Plowshare as well as Soldiers of the Sword;" and they were all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of "Modern Painters"—"Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and competition the Laws of Death."

And with respect to the mode in which these general principles affect the secure possession of property, so far am I from invalidating such security, that the whole gist of these papers will be found ultimately to aim at an extension in its range; and whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.

But that the working of the system which I have undertaken to develop would in many ways shorten the apparent and direct, though not the unseen and collateral power, both of wealth as the Lady of Pleasure, and of capital as the Lord of Toil, I do not deny; on the contrary, I affirm it in all joyfulness—knowing that the attraction of riches is already too strong, as their authority is already too weighty, for the reason of mankind. I said in my last paper that nothing in history had ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. I have many grounds for saying this, but one of the chief may be given in few words. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcilable opposite of God's service; and, wherever they speak of riches absolute, and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich, and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich, as the shortest road to national prosperity.

"Tal Cristian dannerà l'Etiòpe,
Quando si partiranno i due collegi.
L'UNO IN ETERNO RIICO, E L'ALTRO INÒPE."

THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

IV.—GEORGE THE FOURTH.



IN Twiss's amusing *Life of Eldon*, we read how, on the death of the Duke of York, the old chancellor became possessed of a lock of the defunct prince's hair; and so careful was he respecting the authenticity of the relic, that Bessy Eldon his wife sate in the room with the young man from Hamlet's, who distributed the ringlet into separate lockets, which each of the Eldon family afterward wore. You know how, when George IV. came to Edinburgh, a better man than he went on board the royal yacht to welcome the king to his kingdom of Scotland, seized a goblet from which his majesty had just drunk, vowed it should remain forever as an heir-loom in his family, clapped the precious glass in his pocket, and sate down on it and broke it when he got home. Suppose the good sheriff's prize unbroken now at Abbotsford, should we not smile with something like pity as we beheld it? Suppose one of those lockets of the no-Popery prince's hair offered for sale at Christie's, *quot libras e duce summo invenies?* how many pounds would you find for the illustrious duke? Madame Tussaud has got King George's coronation robes; is there any man now alive who would kiss the hem of that trumpery? He sleeps since thirty years: do not any of you, who remember him, wonder that you once respected and huzza'd and admired him?

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under

it: with a slate and a piece of chalk, I could at this very desk perform a recognizable likeness of him. And yet after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grand-sires were men. One knows what they were like: what they would do in given circumstances: that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions, and actions, and individualities of their own. The sailor king who came after George was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelled them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper: some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling; cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slipslop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality: the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We can not get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.

On the 12th August, 1762, the forty-seventh anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the English throne, all the bells in London pealed in gratulation, and announced that an heir to George III. was born. Five

days afterward the king was pleased to pass letters patent under the great seal, creating H.R.H. the Prince of Great Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick Lüneburg, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

All the people at his birth thronged to see this lovely child; and behind a gilt china-screen railing in St. James's Palace, in a cradle surmounted by the three princely ostrich feathers, the royal infant was laid to delight the eyes of the lieges. Among the earliest instances of homage paid to him, I read that "a curious Indian bow and arrows were sent to the prince from his father's faithful subjects in New York." He was fond of playing with these toys: an old statesman, orator, and wit of his grandfather's and great-grandfather's time, never tired of his business, still eager in his old age to be well at court, used to play with the little prince, and pretend to fall down dead when the prince shot at him with his toy bow and arrows—and get up and fall down dead over and over again—to the increased delight of the child. So that he was flattered from his cradle upward; and before his little feet could walk statesmen and courtiers were busy kissing them.

There is a pretty picture of the royal infant—a beautiful buxom child—asleep in his mother's lap; who turns round and holds a finger to her lip, as if she would bid the courtiers around respect the baby's slumbers. From that day until his decease, sixty-eight years after, I suppose there were more pictures taken of that personage than of any other human being who ever was born and died—in every kind of uniform and every possible court-dress—in long fair hair, with powder, with and without a pig-tail—in every conceivable cocked-hat—in dragoon uniform—in Windsor uniform—in a field-marshal's clothes—in a Scotch kilt and tartans, with dirk and claymore (a stupendous figure)—in a frogged frock-coat with a fur collar and tight breeches and silk stockings—in wigs of every color, fair, brown, and black—in his famous coronation robes finally, with which performance he was so much in love that he distributed copies of the picture to all the courts and British embassies in Europe, and to numberless clubs, town-halls, and private friends. I remember as a young man how almost every dining-room had his portrait.

There is plenty of biographical tattle about the prince's boyhood. It is told with what astonishing rapidity he learned all languages, ancient and modern; how he rode beautifully, sang charmingly, and played elegantly on the violoncello. That he was beautiful was patent to all eyes. He had a high spirit: and once, when he had had a difference with his father, burst into the royal closet and called out, "Wilkes and liberty for ever!" He was so clever that he confounded his very governors in learning; and one of them, Lord Bruce, having made a false quantity in quoting Greek, the admirable young prince instantly corrected him. Lord Bruce

could not remain a governor after this humiliation; resigned his office, and, to sooth his feelings, was actually promoted to be an earl! It is the most wonderful reason for promoting a man that ever I heard. Lord Bruce was made an earl for a blunder in prosody; and Nelson was made a baron for the victory of the Nile.

Lovers of long sums have added up the millions and millions which, in the course of his brilliant existence, this single prince consumed. Besides his income of £50,000, £70,000, £100,000, £120,000 a year, we read of three applications to Parliament: debts to the amount of £160,000, of £650,000; besides mysterious foreign loans, whereof he pocketed the proceeds. What did he do for all this money? Why was he to have it? If he had been a manufacturing town, or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men, he would not have cost more. He, one solitary stout man, who did not toil, nor spin, nor fight—what had any mortal done that he should be pampered so?

In 1784, when he was twenty-one years of age, Carlton Palace was given to him, and furnished by the nation with as much luxury as could be devised. His pockets were filled with money: he said it was not enough; he flung it out of window: he spent £10,000 a year for the coats on his back. The nation gave him more money, and more, and more. The sum is past counting. He was a prince, most lovely to look on, and christened Prince Florizel on his first appearance in the world. That he was the handsomest prince in the whole world was agreed by men, and alas! by many women.

I suppose he must have been very graceful. There are so many testimonies to the charm of his manner that we must allow him great elegance and powers of fascination. He, and the King of France's brother, the Count d'Artois, a charming young prince who danced deliciously on the tight-rope—a poor old tottering exiled king, who asked hospitality of King George's successor, and lived a while in the palace of Mary Stuart—divided in their youth the title of first gentleman of Europe. We in England of course gave the prize to *our* gentleman. Until George's death the propriety of that award was scarce questioned or the doubters voted rebels and traitors. Only the other day I was reading in the reprint of the delightful *Noctes* of Christopher North. The health of THE KING is drunk in large capitals by the loyal Scotsman. You would fancy him a hero, a sage, a statesman, a pattern for kings and men. It was Walter Scott who had that accident with the broken glass I spoke of anon. He was the king's Scottish champion, rallied all Scotland to him, made loyalty the fashion, and laid about him fiercely with his claymore upon all the prince's enemies. The Brunswicks had no such defenders as those two Jacobite commoners, old Sam Johnson the Lichfield chapman's son, and Walter Scott, the Edinburgh lawyer's.

Nature and circumstance had done their utmost to prepare the prince for being spoiled:

the dreadful dullness of papa's court, its stupid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling sobriety of its routine, would have made a scape-grace of a much less lively prince. All the big princes bolted from that castle of *ennui* where old King George sat, posting up his books and droning over his Handel; and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and her tambour-frame. Most of the sturdy, gallant sons settled down after sowing their wild oats, and became sober subjects of their father and brother—not ill-liked by the nation, which pardons youthful irregularities readily enough, for the sake of pluck, and unaffectedness, and good-humor.

The boy is father of the man. Our prince signalized his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoe-buckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad. "It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot." A sweet invention! lovely and useful as the prince on whose foot it sparkled. At his first appearance at a court-ball, we read that "his coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various-colored foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste. And his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." What a Florizel! Do these details seem trivial? They are the grave incidents of his life. His biographers say that when he commenced housekeeping in that splendid new palace of his, the Prince of Wales had some windy projects of encouraging literature, science, and the arts; of having assemblies of literary characters; and societies for the encouragement of geography, astronomy, and botany. Astronomy, geography, and botany! Fiddle-sticks! French ballet-dancers, French cooks, horse-jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing-masters, china, jewel, and gimcrack merchants—these were his real companions. At first he made a pretense of having Burke and Pitt and Sheridan for his friends. But how could such men be serious before such an empty scape-grace as this lad? Fox might talk dice with him, and Sheridan wine; but what else had these men of genius in common with their tawdry young host of Carlton House? That fribble the leader of such men as Fox and Burke! That man's opinions about the constitution, the India Bill, justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth any thing! The friendship between the prince and the Whig chiefs was impossible. They were hypocrites in pretending to respect him, and if he broke the hollow compact between them who shall blame him? His natural companions were dandies and parasites. He could talk to a tailor or a cook; but, as the equal of great statesmen, to set up a creature, lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable—it is absurd. They

thought to use him, and did for a while: but they must have known how timid he was; how entirely heartless and treacherous, and have expected his desertion. His next set of friends were mere table companions, of whom he grew tired too; then we hear of him with a very few select toadies, mere boys from school or the Guards, whose sprightliness tickled the fancy of the worn-out voluptuary. What matters what friends he had? He dropped all his friends; he never could have real friends. An heir to the throne has flatterers, adventurers who hang about him, ambitious men who use him; but friendship is denied him.

And women, I suppose, are as false and selfish in their dealings with such a character as men. Shall we take the Leporello part, flourish a catalogue of the conquests of this royal Don Juan, and tell the names of the favorites to whom, one after the other, George Prince flung his pocket-handkerchief? What purpose would it answer to say how Perdita was pursued, won, deserted, and by whom succeeded? What good in knowing that he did actually marry Mrs. FitzHerbert according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church; that her marriage settlements have been seen in London; that the names of the witnesses to her marriage are known. This sort of vice that we are now come to presents no new or fleeting trait of manners. Debauchees, dissolute, heartless, fickle, cowardly, have been ever since the world began. This one had more temptations than most, and so much may be said in extenuation for him.

It was an unlucky thing for this doomed one, and tending to lead him yet farther on the road to the deuce, that, besides being lovely, so that women were fascinated by him; and heir-apparent, so that all the world flattered him; he should have a beautiful voice, which led him directly in the way of drink; and thus all the pleasant devils were coaxing on poor Florizel; desire, and idleness, and vanity, and drunkenness, all clashing their merry cymbals and bidding him come on.

We first hear of his warbling sentimental ditties under the walls of Kew Palace by the moonlight banks of Thames, with Lord Viscount Leporello keeping watch lest the music should be disturbed.

Singing after dinner and supper was the universal fashion of the day. You may fancy all England sounding with choruses, some ribald, some harmless, but all occasioning the consumption of a prodigious deal of fermented liquor.

"The jolly muse her wings to try no frolic flights need take,

But round the bowl would dip and fly, like swallows round a lake,"

sang Morris in one of his gallant Anacreontics, to which the prince many a time joined in chorus, and of which the burden is,

"And that I think's a reason fair to drink and fill again."

This delightful boon companion of the prince's found "a reason fair" to forego filling and drink-

ing, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and chorus, and died retired and religious. The prince's table, no doubt, was a very tempting one. The wits came and did their utmost to amuse him. It is wonderful how the spirits rise, the wit brightens, the wine has an aroma, when a great man is at the head of the table. Scott, the loyal cavalier, the king's true liegeman, the very best *raconteur* of his time, poured out with an endless generosity his store of old-world learning, kindness, and humor. Grattan contributed to it his wondrous eloquence, fancy, feeling. Tom Moore perched upon it for a while, and piped his most exquisite little love-tunes on it, flying away in a twitter of indignation afterward, and attacking the prince with bill and claw. In such society no wonder the sitting was long, and the butler tired of drawing corks. Remember what the usages of the time were, and that William Pitt, coming to the House of Commons after having drunk a bottle of port-wine at his own house, would go into Bellamy's with Dundas, and help finish a couple more.

You peruse volumes after volumes about our prince, and find some half-dozen stock stories—indeed not many more—common to all the histories. He was good-natured; an indolent, voluptuous prince, not unkindly. One story, the most favorable to him of all perhaps, is that as Prince Regent, he was eager to hear all that could be said in behalf of prisoners condemned to death, and anxious, if possible, to remit the capital sentence. He was kind to his servants. There is a story common to all the biographies, of Molly the housemaid, who, when his household was to be broken up, owing to some reforms which he tried absurdly to practice, was discovered crying, as she dusted the chairs, because she was to leave a master who had a kind word for all his servants. Another tale is that of a groom of the prince's being discovered in corn and oat speculations, and dismissed by the personage at the head of the stables; the prince had word of John's disgrace, remonstrated with him very kindly, generously reinstated him, and bade him promise to sin no more—a promise which John kept. Another story is very fondly told of the prince as a young man hearing of an officer's family in distress, and how he straightway borrowed six or eight hundred pounds, put his long, fair hair under his hat, and so disguised carried the money to the starving family. He sent money, too, to Sheridan on his death-bed, and would have sent more had not death ended the career of that man of genius. Besides these, there are a few pretty speeches, kind and graceful, to persons with whom he was brought in contact. But he turned upon twenty friends. He was fond and familiar with them one day, and he passed them on the next without recognition. He used them, liked them, loved them perhaps in his way, and then separated from them. On Monday he kissed and fondled poor Perdita, and on Tuesday he met her and did not know her. On Wednesday he was very affectionate with that wretched Brum-

mell, and on Thursday forgot him; cheated him even out of a snuff-box which he owed the poor dandy; saw him, years afterward, in his downfall and poverty, when the bankrupt Beau sent him another snuff-box, with some of the snuff he used to love, as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the king took the snuff, and ordered his horses and drove on, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favorite, rival, enemy, superior. In Wraxall there is some gossip about him. When the charming, beautiful, generous Duchess of Devonshire died—the lovely lady whom he used to call his dearest duchess once, and pretend to admire as all English society admired her—he said, "Then we have lost the best bred woman in England." "Then we have lost the kindest heart in England," said noble Charles Fox. On another occasion, when three noblemen were to receive the Garter, says Wraxall, "a great personage observed that never did three men receive the order in so characteristic a manner. The Duke of A. advanced to the sovereign with a phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown; Lord B. came forward fawning and smiling like a courtier; Lord C. presented himself easy, unembarrassed, like a gentleman." These are the stories one has to recall about the prince and king—kindness to a housemaid, generosity to a groom, criticism on a bow. There are no better stories about him: they are mean and trivial, and they characterize him. The great war of empires and giants goes on. Day by day victories are won and lost by the brave. Torn, smoky flags and battered eagles are wrenched from the heroic enemy and laid at his feet; and he sits there on his throne and smiles, and gives the guerdon of valor to the conqueror. He! Elliston the actor, when the *Coronation* was performed, in which he took the principal part, used to fancy himself the king, burst into tears, and hiccup a blessing on the people. I believe it is certain about George IV. that he had heard so much of the war, knighted so many people, and worn such a prodigious quantity of marshal's uniforms, cocked hats, cock's feathers, scarlet and bullion in general, that he actually fancied he had been present in some campaigns, and, under the name of General Brock, led a tremendous charge of the German legion at Waterloo.

He is dead but thirty years, and one asks how a great society could have tolerated him? Would we bear him now? In this quarter of a century what a silent revolution has been working! How it has separated us from old times and manners! How it has changed men themselves! I can see old gentlemen now among us, of perfect good breeding, of quiet lives, with venerable gray heads, fondling their grandchildren; and look at them, and wonder at what they were once. That gentleman of the grand old school, when he was in the 10th Hussars, and dined at the prince's table, would fall under it night after night. Night after night that gentleman sate at Brookes's or Raggett's

over the dice. If, in the petulance of play or drink, that gentleman spoke a sharp word to his neighbor, he and the other would infallibly go out and try to shoot each other the next morning. That gentleman would drive his friend Richmond, the black boxer, down to Moulsey, and hold his coat, and shout, and swear, and hurrah with delight, while the black man was beating Dutch Sam the Jew. That gentleman would take a manly pleasure in pulling his own coat off, and thrashing a bargeman in a street row. That gentleman has been in a watch-house. That gentleman, so exquisitely polite with ladies in a drawing-room, so loftily courteous, if he talked now as he used among men in his youth, would swear so as to make your hair stand on end. I met lately a very old German gentleman, who had served in our army at the beginning of the century. Since then he has lived on his own estate, but rarely meeting with an Englishman, whose language—the language of fifty years ago that is—he possesses perfectly. When this highly bred old man began to speak English to me, almost every other word he uttered was an oath: as they used it (they swore dreadfully in Flanders) with the Duke of York before Valenciennes, or at Carlton House over the supper and cards. Read Byron's letters. So accustomed is the young man to oaths that he employs them even in writing to his friends, and swears by the post. Read his account of the doings of young men at Cambridge; of the ribald professors, one of whom "could pour out Greek like a drunken Helot," and whose excesses surpassed even those of the young men. Read Matthews's description of the boyish lordling's housekeeping at Newstead; the skull-cap passed round, the monk's dresses from the masquerade warehouse, in which the young scapegraces used to sit until daylight, chanting appropriate songs round their wine. "We come to breakfast at two or three o'clock," Matthews says. "There are gloves and foils for those who like to amuse themselves, or we fire pistols at a mark in the hall, or we worry the wolf." A jolly life truly! The noble young owner of the mansion writes about such affairs himself in letters to his friend Mr. John Jackson, pugilist, in London.

All the prince's time tells a similar strange story of manners and pleasure. In Wraxall we find the prime minister himself, the redoubted William Pitt, engaged in high jinks with personages of no less importance than Lord Thurlow, the lord chancellor, and Mr. Dundas, the treasurer of the navy. Wraxall relates how these three statesmen, returning after dinner from Addiscombe, found a turnpike open, and galloped through it without paying the toll. The turnpike man, fancying they were highwaymen, fired a blunderbuss after them, but missed them; and the poet sang—

"How as Pitt wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's Champagne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

Here we have the treasurer of the navy, the lord high chancellor, and the prime minister, all engaged in a most undoubted lark. In Eldon's *Memoirs*, about the very same time, I read that the bar loved wine, as well as the woollack. Not John Scott himself; he was a good boy always; and though he loved port-wine, loved his business and his duty and his fees a great deal better.

He has a Northern Circuit story of those days, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel.

"On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I can not leave Fawcett's wine. Mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow.'"

"'Not I,' said Davenport. 'Leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee; that won't do.'"

"'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? who else is employed?'"

"DAVENPORT. 'Oh! young Scott.'"

"LEE. 'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause, before our consultation this evening.'"

"This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be.

"'I can not consult to-night; I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport.

"'We can not have a consultation to-night. Mr. Wordsworth' (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport. 'Don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult.' Poor me! who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine—I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial; and I must say, for the honor of the bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said:

"'Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for, if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year.'"

"There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

On another occasion, at Lancaster, where poor Bozzy must needs be going the Northern Circuit, "we found him," says Mr. Scott, "lying upon the pavement inebriated. We subscribed a guinea at supper for him, and a half crown for his clerk"—(no doubt there was a large bar, and that Scott's joke did not cost him much), "and

sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of *quare adhesit pavimento?* with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it, to the judge before whom he was to move." Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres *pavimento?* Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?"

The bar laughed. At last one of them said: "My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhesit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

The canny old gentleman relishes these jokes. When the Bishop of Lincoln was moving from the deanery of St. Paul's, he says he asked a learned friend of his, by name Will Hay, how he should move some especially fine claret, about which he was anxious.

"Pray, my lord bishop," says Hay, "how much of the wine have you?"

The bishop said six dozen.

"If that is all," Hay answered, "you have but to ask me six times to dinner, and I will carry it all away myself."

There were giants in those days; but this joke about wine is not so fearful as one perpetrated by Orator Thelwall, in the heat of the French Revolution, ten years later, over a frothing pot of porter. He blew the head off, and said, "This is the way I would serve all kings."

Now we come to yet higher personages, and find their doings recorded in the blushing pages of timid little Miss Burney's *Memoirs*. She represents a prince of the blood in quite a royal condition. The loudness, the bigness, boisterousness, creaking boots, and rattling oaths, of the young princes, appeared to have frightened the prim household of Windsor, and set all the teacups twittering on the tray. On the night of a ball and birthday, when one of the pretty, kind princesses was to come out, it was agreed that her brother, Prince William Henry, should dance the opening minuet with her, and he came to visit the household at their dinner.

"At dinner, Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently; Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stanforth, Messrs. Du Luc and Stanhope, dined with us; and while we were still eating fruit the Duke of Clarence entered.

"He was just risen from the king's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his royal highness's language, I ought to set apart an objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you in genuine colors a royal sailor.

"We all rose, of course, upon his entrance,

and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room. But he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits, and in the utmost good humor. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief; yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the king at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his Majesty's health?"

"No, your royal highness; your royal highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"Oh, by —, I will! Here, you (to the footman), bring Champagne; I'll drink the king's health again, if I die for it. Yes, I have done it pretty well already; so has the king, I promise you! I believe his Majesty was never taken such good care of before; we have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary. I must keep sober for Mary."

Indefatigable Miss Burney continues for a dozen pages reporting H.R.H.'s conversation, and indicating, with a humor not unworthy of the clever little author of *Evelina*, the increasing state of excitement of the young sailor prince who drank more and more Champagne, stopped old Mrs. Schwellenberg's remonstrances by giving the old lady a kiss, and telling her to hold her potato-trap, and who did not "keep sober for Mary." Mary had to find another partner that night, for the royal William Henry could not keep his legs.

Will you have a picture of the amusements of another royal prince? It is the Duke of York, the blundering general, the beloved commander-in-chief of the army, the brother with whom George IV. had had many a midnight carouse, and who continued his habits of pleasure almost till death seized his stout body.

In Pückler Muskau's *Letters*, that German prince describes a bout with H.R.H., who in his best time was such a powerful toper that "six bottles of claret after dinner scarce made a perceptible change in his countenance."

"I remember," says Pückler, "that one evening—indeed, it was past midnight—he took some of his guests, among whom were the Austrian ambassador, Count Meervelt, Count Beroldingen, and myself, into his beautiful armory. We tried to swing several Turkish sabres, but none of us had a very firm grasp; whence it happened that the duke and Meervelt both scratched themselves with a sort of straight Indian sword so as to draw blood. Meervelt then wished to try if the sword cut as well as a Damascus, and attempted to cut through one of the wax candles that stood on the table. The experiment answered so ill, that both the candles, candlesticks and all, fell to the ground and were extinguished. While we were

groping in the dark and trying to find the door, the duke's aid-de-camp stammered out in great agitation, 'By G—, Sir, I remember the sword is poisoned!'

"You may conceive the agreeable feelings of the wounded at this intelligence! Happily, on further examination, it appeared that claret, and not poison, was at the bottom of the colonel's exclamation."

And now I have one more story of the bacchanalian sort, in which Clarence and York, and the very highest personage of the realm, the great Prince Regent, all play parts. The feast took place at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was described to me by a gentleman who was present at the scene. In Gilray's caricatures, and among Fox's jolly associates, there figures a great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, called Jockey of Norfolk in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarreled with the prince, like the rest of the Whigs; but a sort of reconciliation had taken place; and now, being a very old man, the prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the old duke drove over from his Castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of gray horses, still remembered in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales had concocted with his royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the duke—a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the First Gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. "Now," says he, "I will have my carriage, and go home." The prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under the roof where he had been so generously entertained. "No," he said, he had had enough of such hospitality. A trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once and never enter its doors more.

The carriage was called, and came; but in the half-hour's interval the liquor had proved too potent for the old man; his host's generous purpose was answered, and the duke's old gray head lay stupefied on the table. Nevertheless, when his post-chaise was announced, he staggered to it as well as he could, and stumbling in, bade the postillions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn; the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning he was in bed at the prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence: they have fiddlers there every day; and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding House and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the royal princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars, and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace;

but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman.

From drinking the pleased Muse now turns to gambling, of which in his youth our prince was a great practitioner. He was a famous pigeon for the playmen; they lived upon him. *Egalité* Orleans, it was believed, punished him severely. A noble lord, whom we shall call the Marquis of Steyne, is said to have mulcted him in immense sums. He frequented the clubs where play was then almost universal; and as it was known his debts of honor were sacred, while he was gambling Jews waited outside to purchase his notes of hand. His transactions on the turf were unlucky as well as discreditable: though I believe he, and his jockey, and his horse *Escape*, were all innocent in that affair which created so much scandal.

Arthur's, Almack's, Bootle's, and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken-down senators fleeced the unwary there. In Selwyn's *Letters* we find Carlisle, Devonshire, Coventry, Queensberry, all undergoing the probation. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, was cheated in very late times—lost £200,000 at play. Gibbon tells of his playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting and losing £500 an hour. That indomitable punter said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books! I was going to say what peace of mind; but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play, and the enjoyment of the greatest pleasure but *one* in life, he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an *Eclogue* of Virgil.

Play survived long after the wild prince and Fox had given up the dice-box. The dandies continued it. Byron, Brummell—how many names could I mention of men of the world who have suffered by it! In 1837 occurred a famous trial which pretty nigh put an end to gambling in England. A peer of the realm was found cheating at whist, and repeatedly seen to practice the trick called *sauter la coupe*. His friends at the clubs saw him cheat, and went on playing with him. One greenhorn, who had discovered his foul play, asked an old hand what he should do. "Do," said the Mammon of Unrighteousness, "*Back him, you fool.*" The best efforts were made to screen him. People wrote him anonymous letters and warned him; but he would cheat, and they were obliged to find him out. Since that day, when my lord's shame was made public, the gaming-table has lost all its splendor. Shabby Jews and black-legs prow about race-courses and tavern parlors, and now and then inveigle silly yokels with greasy packs of cards in railroad cars; but Play is a deposed goddess, her worshipers bankrupt and her table in rags.

So is another famous British institution gone to decay—the Ring: the noble practice of British boxing, which in my youth was still almost flourishing.

The prince, in his early days, was a great patron of this national sport, as his grand-uncle Culloden Cumberland had been before him; but being present at a fight at Brighton, where one of the combatants was killed, the prince pensioned the boxer's widow, and declared he never would attend another battle. "But, nevertheless"—I read in the noble language of Pierce Egan (whose smaller work on Pugilism I have the honor to possess)—"he thought it a manly and decided English feature which ought not to be destroyed. His majesty had a drawing of the sporting characters in the Fives' Court placed in his boudoir, to remind him of his former attachment and support of true courage; and when any fight of note occurred after he was king, accounts of it were read to him by his desire." That gives one a fine image of a king taking his recreation—at ease in a royal dressing-gown—too majestic to read himself, ordering the prime minister to read him accounts of battles: how Cribb punched Molyneux's eye, or Jack Randall thrashed the Game Chicken.

Where my prince *did* actually distinguish himself was in driving. He drove once in four hours and a half from Brighton to Carlton House—fifty-six miles. All the young men of that day were fond of that sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England, and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no gambling now but among obscure ruffians—of no boxing but among the lowest rabble. One solitary four-in-hand still drove round the parks in London last year; but that charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of Styx ere long, where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revelers who boxed and gambled and drank and drove with King George.

The bravery of the Brunswicks, that all the family must have it, that George possessed it, are points which all English writers have agreed to admit; and yet I can not see how George IV. should have been endowed with this quality. Swaddled in feather-beds all his life, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking, his education was quite unlike that of his tough old progenitors. His grandsires had confronted hardship and war, and ridden up and fired their pistols undaunted into the face of death. His father had conquered luxury, and overcome indolence. Here was one who never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furniture-mongers, and opera dancers. What muscle would not grow flaccid in such a life—a life that was never strung up to any action—an endless Capua without any campaign—all fiddling, and flowers, and feasting, and flattery, and folly? When George III. was pressed by the Catholic question and the India Bill, he said he would retire to Hanover rather than yield upon either point; and he would have done what he said.

But, before yielding, he was determined to fight his ministers and parliament; and he did, and he beat them. The time came when George IV. was pressed too upon the Catholic claims: the cautious Peel had slipped over to that side; the grim old Wellington had joined it; and Peel tells us, in his *Memoirs*, what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the honor, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it!) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and allowing them to have their way. Then his majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's *Memoirs*. He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor; cried, whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together? I can't fancy a behavior more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a defender of the faith! This a chief in the crisis of a great nation! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges!

Many of my hearers no doubt have journeyed to the pretty old town of Brunswick, in company with that most worthy, prudent, and polite gentleman, the Earl of Malmesbury, and fetched away Princess Caroline for her longing husband, the Prince of Wales. Old Queen Charlotte would have had her eldest son marry a niece of her own, that famous Louisa of Strelitz, afterward Queen of Prussia, and who shares with Marie Antoinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune. But George III. had a niece at Brunswick: she was a richer princess than her Serene Highness of Strelitz: in fine, the Princess Caroline was selected to marry the heir to the English throne. We follow my Lord Malmesbury in quest of her; we are introduced to her illustrious father and royal mother; we witness the balls and fêtes of the old court; we are presented to the princess herself, with her fair hair, her blue eyes, and her impertinent shoulders—a lively, bouncing, romping princess, who takes the advice of her courtly English mentor most generously and kindly. We can be present at her very toilet, if we like, regarding which, and for very good reasons, the British courtier implores her to be particular. What a strange court! What a queer privacy of morals and manners do we look into! Shall we regard it as preachers and moralists, and cry, Woe, against the open vice and selfishness and corruption; or look at it as we do at the king in the pantomime, with his pantomime wife, and pantomime courtiers, whose big heads he knocks together, whom he pokes with his pantomime sceptre, whom he orders to prison under the guard of his pantomime beef-eaters, as he sits

down to dine on his pantomime pudding? It is grave, it is sad, it is theme most curious for moral and political speculation; it is monstrous, grotesque, laughable, with its prodigious littlenesses, etiquettes, ceremonials, sham moralities; it is as serious as a sermon, and as absurd and outrageous as Punch's puppet-show.

Malmesbury tells us of the private life of the duke, Princess Caroline's father, who was to die, like his warlike son, in arms against the French; presents us to his courtiers, his favorite; his duchess, George III.'s sister, a grim old princess, who took the British envoy aside and told him wicked old stories of wicked old dead people and times; who came to England afterward when her nephew was regent, and lived in a shabby furnished lodging, old, and dingy, and deserted, and grotesque, but somehow royal. And we go with him to the duke to demand the princess's hand in form, and we hear the Brunswick guns fire their adieux of salute, as H.R.H. the Princess of Wales departs in the frost and snow; and we visit the domains of the Prince Bishop of Osnaburg—the Duke of York of our early time; and we dodge about from the French revolutionists, whose ragged legions are pouring over Holland and Germany, and gayly trampling down the old world to the tune of *ca ira*; and we take shipping at Slade, and we land at Greenwich, where the princess's ladies and the prince's ladies are in waiting to receive her royal highness.

What a history follows! Arrived in London, the bridegroom hastened eagerly to receive his bride. When she was first presented to him, Lord Malmesbury says she very properly attempted to kneel. He raised her gracefully enough, embraced her, and turning round to me, said,

"Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy."

I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?"

Upon which, much out of humor, he said, with an oath, "No; I will go to the queen."

What could be expected from a wedding which had such a beginning—from such a bridegroom and such a bride? I am not going to carry you through the scandal of that story, or follow the poor princess through all her vagaries; her balls and her dances, her travels to Jerusalem and Naples, her jigs and her junketings and her tears. As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, and protected, and pitied her. "God bless you! we will bring your husband back to you," said a mechanic one day, as she told Lady Charlotte Bury with tears streaming down her cheeks. They could not bring that husband back; they could not cleanse that selfish heart. Was hers the only one he had wounded? Steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment and man-

ly enduring love—had it not survived remorse, was it not accustomed to desertion?

Malmesbury gives us the beginning of the marriage story;—how the prince reeled into chapel to be married; how he hiccupped out his vows of fidelity—you know how he kept them; how he pursued the woman whom he had married; to what a state he brought her; with what blows he struck her; with what malignity he pursued her; what his treatment of his daughter was; and what his own life. *He* the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day than that they admired George.

No, thank God, we can tell of better gentlemen; and while our eyes turn away, shocked, from this monstrous image of pride, vanity, weakness, they may see in that England over which the last George pretended to reign some who merit indeed the title of gentlemen, some who make our hearts beat when we hear their names, and whose memory we fondly salute when that of yonder imperial manikin is tumbled into oblivion. I will take men of my own profession of letters. I will take Walter Scott, who loved the king, and who was his sword and buckler, and championed him like that brave Highlander in his own story, who fights round his craven chief. What a good gentleman! What a friendly soul, what a generous hand, what an amiable life was that of the noble Sir Walter! I will take another man of letters, whose life I admire even more—an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or princes' favor—I mean *Robert Southey*. We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism; nay, we begin to forget it and his politics: but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection. In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life. "If your feelings are like mine," he writes to his wife, "I will not go to Lisbon without you, or I will stay at home, and not part from you. For though not unhappy when away, still without you I am not happy. For your sake, as well as my own and little Edith's, I will not consent to any separation; the growth of a year's love between her and me, if it please God she should live, is a thing too delightful in itself, and too valuable in its consequences, to be given up for any light inconvenience on your part or mine. . . . On these things we will talk at leisure; only, dear, dear Edith, *we must not part!*"

This was a poor literary gentleman. The

First Gentleman in Europe had a wife and daughter too. Did he love them so? Was he faithful to them? Did he sacrifice ease for them, or show them the sacred examples of religion and honor? Heaven gave the Great English Prodigal no such good fortune. Peel proposed to make a baronet of Southey; and to this advancement the king agreed. The poet nobly rejected the offered promotion.

"I have," he wrote, "a pension of £200 a year, conferred upon me by the good offices of my old friend C. Wynn, and I have the laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life-insurance for £3000, which, with an earlier insurance, is the sole provision I have made for my family. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for, having also something better in view, and never, therefore, having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by any thing. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition may show how unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank which, so greatly to my honor, you have solicited for me."

How noble his poverty is compared to the wealth of his master! His acceptance even of a pension was made the object of his opponents' satire: but think of the merit and modesty of this State pensioner; and that other enormous drawer of public money, who receives £100,000 a year, and comes to Parliament with a request for £650,000 more!

Another true knight of those days was Cuthbert Collingwood; and I think, since Heaven made gentlemen, there is no record of a better one than that. Of brighter deeds, I grant you, we may read performed by others; but where of a nobler, kinder, more beautiful life of duty, of a gentler, truer heart? Beyond dazzle of success and blaze of genius, I fancy shining a hundred and a hundred times higher the sublime purity of Collingwood's gentle glory. His heroism stirs British hearts when we recall it. His love, and goodness, and piety make one thrill with happy emotion. As one reads of him and his great comrade going into the victory with which their names are immortally connected, how the old English word comes up, and that old English feeling of what I should like to call Christian honor! What gentlemen they were, what great hearts they had! "We can, my dear Coll," writes Nelson to him, "have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view—that of meeting the enemy, and getting a glorious peace for our country." At Trafalgar, when the *Royal Sovereign* was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" The very same throb and impulse of heroic generosity was beating in Collingwood's honest bosom. As he led

into the fight, he said, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

After the action of the 1st of June, he writes: "We cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what they could not find, *until the morning of little Sarah's birthday*, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet, of twenty-five sail of the line, was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. The night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more. At dawn we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action; and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart, and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two ahead of the French admiral, so we had to go through his fire and that of two ships next to him, and received all their broadsides, two or three times, before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the admiral, that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchman's ears would outdo their parish bells."

There are no words to tell what the heart feels in reading the simple phrases of such a hero. Here is victory and courage, but love sublimer and superior. Here is a Christian soldier spending the night before battle in watching and preparing for the succeeding day, thinking of his dearest home, and sending many blessings forth to his Sarah, "lest he should never bless her more." Who would not say Amen to his supplication? It was a benediction to his country—the prayer of that intrepid, loving heart.

We have spoken of a good soldier and good men of letters as specimens of English gentlemen of the age just past: may we not also—many of my elder hearers, I am sure, have read, and fondly remember his delightful story—speak of a good divine, and mention Reginald Heber as one of the best of English gentlemen? The charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence—he was the beloved parish priest in his own home of Hoderel, "counseling his people in their troubles, advising them in their difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at their sick beds at the hazard of his own life; exhorting, encouraging where there was need; where there was strife the peace-maker; where there was want the free giver."

When the Indian bishopric was offered to him he refused at first; but after communing with himself (and committing his case to the quarter whither such pious men are wont to carry their doubts), he withdrew his refusal, and prepared himself for his mission, and to leave his beloved parish. "Little children, love one another, and forgive one another," were the last sacred words

he said to his weeping people. He parted with them, knowing, perhaps, he should see them no more. Like those other good men of whom we have just spoken, love and duty were his life's aim. Happy he, happy they who were so gloriously faithful to both! He writes to his wife those charming lines on his journey:

"If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gladly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

"I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

"I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee by my side.

"I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer;
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

"But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

"Then on, then on, where duty leads
My course be onward still—
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

"That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

"Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea:
But ne'er were hearts so blithe and gay
As there shall meet in thee!"

Is it not Collingwood and Sarah, and Southey and Edith? His affection is part of his life. What were life without it? Without love, I can fancy no gentleman.

How touching is a remark Heber makes in his *Travels through India*, that on inquiring of the natives at a town which of the governors of India stood highest in the opinion of the people, he found that though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honored as the two greatest men who ever ruled this part of the world, the people spoke with chief affection of Judge Cleaveland, who had died, aged twenty-nine, in 1784. The people have built a monument over him, and still hold a religious feast in his memory. So does his own country still tend with a heart's regard the memory of the gentle Heber.

And Cleaveland died in 1784, and is still loved by the heathen, is he? Why, that year 1784 was remarkable in the life of our friend the First Gentleman of Europe. Do you not know that he was twenty-one in that year, and opened Carlton House with a grand ball to the nobility and gentry, and doubtless wore that lovely pink coat which we have described. I was eager to read about the ball, and looked to the old magazines for information. The entertainment took place on the 10th February. In

the *European Magazine* of March, 1784, I came straightway upon it:

"The alterations at Carlton House being finished, we lay before our readers a description of the state apartments as they appeared on the 10th instant, when H.R.H. gave a grand ball to the principal nobility and gentry. . . . The entrance to the state room fills the mind with an inexpressible idea of greatness and splendor.

"The state chair is of a gold frame, covered with crimson damask; on each corner of the feet is a lion's head, expressive of fortitude and strength; the feet of the chair have serpents twining round them, to denote wisdom. Facing the throne appears the helmet of Minerva; and over the windows glory is represented by a Saint George with a superb gloria.

"But the saloon may be styled the *chef-d'œuvre*, and in every ornament discovers great invention. It is hung with a figured lemon satin. The window curtains, sofas, and chairs are of the same color. The ceiling is ornamented with emblematical paintings, representing the Graces and Muses, together with Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, and Paris. Two *ormolu* chandeliers are placed here. It is impossible by expression to do justice to the extraordinary workmanship, as well as design, of the ornaments. They each consist of a palm, branching out in five directions for the reception of lights. A beautiful figure of a rural nymph is represented entwining the stems of the tree with wreaths of flowers. In the centre of the room is a rich chandelier. To see this apartment *dans son plus beau jour*, it should be viewed in the glass over the chimney-piece. The range of apartments from the saloon to the ball-room, when the doors are open, formed one of the grandest spectacles that ever was beheld."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the very same month and year—March, 1784—is an account of another festival, in which another great gentleman of English extraction is represented as taking a principal share:

"According to order, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief was admitted to a public audience of Congress; and, being seated, the president, after a pause, informed him that the United States assembled were ready to receive his communications. Whereupon he arose, and spoke as follows:

"'Mr. President,—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I present myself before Congress to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"'Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of Heaven. I close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keep-

ing. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of the employments of my public life.' To which the president replied:

"'Sir, having defended the standard of liberty in the New World, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages.'"

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after-ages to admire—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unapproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty. The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshiped Heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritor of his sceptre a wiser rule and a life as honorable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue.

A FALLEN STAR.

I.

I SAUNTERED home across the Park,
And slowly smoked my last cigar;
The summer night was still and dark,
With not a single star.

And conjured by I know not what
A memory floated through my brain,
The vision of a friend forgot
And thought of now with pain.

A brilliant boy that once I knew,
In former happier days of old,
With sweet frank face, and eyes of blue,
And hair that shone like gold.

Fresh crowned with college victory,
The boast and idol of his class,
With heart as pure and warm and free
As sunshine on the grass.

A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong—
A laugh infectious in its glee—
A voice as beautiful as song,
When heard along the sea.

On me, the man of sombre thought,
The radiance of his friendship won,
As round an autumn tree is wrought
The enchantment of the sun.

He loved me with a tender truth,
He clung to me as clings the vine,
And, like a brimming fount of youth,
His nature freshened mine.

Together hand in hand we walked—
We threaded pleasant country ways—
Or, couched beneath the limes, we talked
On sultry summer days.

For me he drew aside the veil
Before his bashful heart that hung,
And told a sweet ingenuous tale
That trembled on his tongue.

He read me songs and amorous lays,
Where through each slender line a fire
Of love flashed lambently, as plays
The lightning through the wire.

A nobler maid he never knew
Than she he yearned to call his wife,
A fresher nature never grew
Along the shores of life.

Thus rearing diamond arches up
Whereon his future life to build,
He quaffed all day the golden cup
That youthful fancy filled.

Like fruit upon a southern slope,
He ripened on all natural food,
The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
The sunlight's golden blood.

And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard;
The fragments of a song scarce learned,
The essays of a bird—

The first faint notes the poet's breast,
Ere yet his pinions warrant flight,
Will on the margin of the nest
Utter with strange delight.

Thus rich with promise was the boy,
When, swept abroad by circumstance,
We parted—he to live, enjoy,
And I to war with Chance.

II.

The air was rich with fumes of wine
When next we met. 'Twas at a feast,
And he, the boy I thought divine,
Was the unhallowed Priest.

There was the once familiar grace,
The old enchanting smile was there;
Still shone around his handsome face
The glory of his hair.

But the pure beauty that I knew
Had lowered through some ignoble task;
Apollo's head was peering through
A drunken bacchant's mask.

The smile, once honest as the day,
Now waked to words of grossest wit;
The eyes, so simply frank and gay,
With lawless fires were lit.

He was the idol of the board—
He led the careless, wanton throng—
The soul that once to heaven had soared
Now groveled in a song.

He wildly flung his wit away
In small retort, in verbal brawls,
And played with words as jugglers play
With hollow brazen balls.

But often when the laugh was loud,
And highest gleamed the circling bowl,
I saw what unseen passed the crowd—
The shadow on his soul.

And soon the enigma was unlocked;
The harrowing history I heard—
The sacred duties that he mocked,
The forfeiture of word.

And how he did his love a wrong—
His wild remorse—his mad career—
And now—Ah! hearken to that song,
And hark the answering cheer!

III

Thus musing sadly on the law
That lets such brilliant meteors quench,
Down the dark path a form I saw
Uprising from a bench.

Ragged and pale, in strident tones
It asked for alms—I knew for what;
The tremor shivering through its bones
Was eloquent of the sot.

It begged, it prayed, it whined, it cried,
It followed with a shuffling tramp—
It would not, could not be denied,
I turned beneath a lamp.

It clutched the coins I gave, and fled
With muttered words of horrid glee,
When, like the white returning dead,
A vision rose to me.

A nameless something in its air,
A sudden gesture as it moved—
'Twas he, the gay, the debonnaire!
'Twas he, the boy I loved!

And while along the lonesome Park
The eager drunkard sped afar,
I looked to heaven, and through the dark
I saw a falling star!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE most notable feature in the Presidential canvass, now drawing to a close, is the attempt in New York to unite upon one common electoral ticket all the opponents of the Republicans. As noticed in our last Record, the supporters of Messrs. Douglas and Bell had formed a common ticket, while those of Mr. Breckinridge made independent nominations. Negotiations for a fusion of these two tickets were entered upon between the two Democratic State Committees; but they were unsuccessful. A committee composed of leading citizens was then organized, by whom an electoral ticket was formed, embracing the names of the ten Bell electors, and substituting those of seven Breckinridge men in the place of an equal number of Douglas men, who resigned the nomination. The "Fusion ticket" in New York now consists of eighteen supporters of Mr. Douglas, ten of Mr. Bell, and seven of Mr. Breckinridge. In the other Northern States, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, there is little prospect of any fusion between the two sections of the Democratic party.—Mr. Douglas, after speaking in Virginia and North Carolina, and again in Pennsylvania and New York, proceeded to canvass the West. Apart from his continued advocacy of his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty," the main point in his recent speeches is his reply to the question originally proposed at Norfolk, Virginia, Whether

the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency would afford a just cause for the secession of the South? At a great mass meeting held in "Jones's Woods" near New York, September 12, which was addressed by himself, Mr. Johnson, a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and Hon. Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, he answered this question thus: "I was asked at Norfolk, Virginia, and in other places, whether, in the event any Southern State should secede from this Union when Lincoln was elected, I would go for the enforcement of the laws of the Union. I tell you, as I told them, that whoever is President, is bound by his oath to carry the laws into faithful execution. I also tell you that it is the duty of every law-abiding man, I care not what may be his politics, to aid in the execution of the laws. Hence, if Lincoln should be elected—which God in his mercy forbid—he must be inaugurated according to the Constitution and laws of his country. And I, as his firmest, and strongest, irreconcilable opponent, will sustain him in the exercise of every Constitutional function." Upon the question of "fusion" he said: "I do not charge all the Breckinridge men in the United States with being disunionists. I do not charge Mr. Breckinridge himself with being a disunionist. But I do express my firm conviction that there is not a disunionist in America who is not a Breckinridge man. . . . I am in favor of a

cordial union of every Union man, every Constitutional man, every man who desires the preservation of the laws in every and all contingencies. If Mr. Breckinridge is in favor of enforcing the laws against disunionists, seceders, abolitionists, and all other classes of men, in the event that the election does not result to suit him, then I am willing; but I am utterly opposed to any union or any fusion with any man or any party who will not enforce the laws, maintain the Constitution, and preserve the Union in all contingencies. . . . Believing that this Union is in danger, I will make any personal sacrifice to preserve it. If the withdrawal of my name would tend to defeat Mr. Lincoln, I would this moment withdraw it; more especially if such an act of mine would insure the election of a man pledged to the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."—Mr. Seward has been vigorously canvassing the Northwestern States, making elaborate speeches in favor of Republican principles, and predicting their speedy triumph.

The State elections in *Vermont* and *Maine* have resulted in favor of the Republicans. In Vermont their candidate for Governor has about 22,000 majority; in Maine about 16,000. In both States they elect their entire Congressional ticket, and have a large majority in both branches of the State Legislatures.—The Prince of Wales, after completing his tour through the British Provinces, arrived at Detroit on the 21st of September, and thence proceeded, by the way of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, to Washington, where he arrived on the 3d. He remained the guest of the President until the 7th, visiting Mount Vernon in the interval. He then visited Richmond, and proceeded to Philadelphia on his way to New York. Every where in the United States he has been most cordially received.—On the night of the 7th of September the steamer *Lady Elgin*, plying on Lakes Michigan and Superior, was run into by the schooner *Augusta*. The steamer sunk in a few minutes. Of about 400 persons on board less than 100 were saved. Among the lost were Mr. Lumsden, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and Herbert Ingram, member of the British Parliament, and the proprietor of the London *Illustrated News*.—The ship *Erie*, belonging to New York, was captured near the African coast by the United States steamer *Mohican*. The *Erie* had on board 897 slaves. Of these 860 were landed at Monrovia, in Liberia, the remainder having died on the upward passage.

The career of William Walker has reached its close. Making a descent upon Honduras, he took possession of Truxillo, as noted last month. Captain Salmon of the British war steamer *Icarus* demanded that he should give up the town, on the ground that the British Government had claims upon the receipts of the custom-house. Walker, on the night of the 21st of August, abandoned Truxillo, leaving his sick behind, and with 80 men retired down the coast, followed by a body of Hondurans, whose attacks were repulsed. On the 30th of September he was overtaken by General Alvarez, who was accompanied by the Captain of the *Icarus*, at the head of a considerable body of troops. Walker and his men surrendered without resistance. Walker and his second in command, Colonel Rudler, were delivered to the authorities of Honduras, but the remainder of the party were sent back to the United States. Walker was brought to trial on the 11th, condemned, and shot on the following day. Rudler was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

ITALY.

Thus far the career of Garibaldi in Italy has been one of almost uninterrupted success. After completing the expulsion of the Neapolitan troops from Sicily, about the middle of August he commenced sending troops in several small detachments across the straits, who effected their landing, with little opposition, in Calabria. He himself, with 4000 men, landed at Reggio, on the 19th. Some skirmishes of no importance occurred; but there was no decided opposition made to his advance upon Naples. As he approached the city, the King withdrew with his army, assigning as a reason his wish to spare his "beloved capital" the horrors of a siege. Garibaldi entered Naples on the 7th of September. A Provisional Government was organized at once, the members of which took the oath of allegiance to Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, and the Neapolitan fleet was added to his squadron, commanded by Admiral Persano. Meanwhile, the King of Naples, who had retired with his army of 30,000 men to Capua, announces his determination not to surrender his crown without a vigorous struggle, and calls upon his troops to support him. The brilliant successes of Garibaldi seem now in danger of being neutralized by a want of concord between him and the Sardinian Government. Though nominally acting in behalf of Victor Emanuel, he seems inclined to act mainly upon his own responsibility, disregarding the more cautious plans of Count Cavour, the able Sardinian minister, against whom he has assumed an attitude of decided hostility. As far as can be judged from his proclamations, he seems resolved to overthrow the papal power in the States of the Church, and to drive the Austrians from Venetia—an enterprise which Louis Napoleon, wielding the whole power of the Empire of France, thought too hazardous to attempt: and only when these objects have been accomplished, to establish a kingdom of Italy. It is, in fact, asserted that he is gradually coming under the influence of the "Red Republican" party of Mazzini.—In the meanwhile the relations of the Papal dominions to the other parts of Italy are becoming more complicated. The Sardinian Government forwarded a dispatch to that of the Pope, protesting against the maintenance of foreign legions, demanding their dismissal, and threatening armed interference in case these troops interfered to prevent the free expression of opinion in the States of the Church. The Papal Government refused compliance with these demands, and a Sardinian army was sent into Umbria and the Marches. These were attacked at Castelfidardo by the Papal troops, commanded by General Lamoricière. The Papal troops were defeated, with considerable loss, by the Sardinians under General Cialdini, and Ancona, whither Lamoricière had retreated, was besieged. Victor Emanuel, while making war upon the Papal army, professes a profound respect for the rights of the Pope. In his proclamation to his army he says: "You enter the Marches and Umbria to restore civil order in desolated towns, to give the people liberty to express their own wishes. You have not to fight powerful armies; but only to deliver unhappy Italian provinces from the presence of foreign invaders. . . . I intend to respect the throne of the Chief of the Church, to whom I am always ready to give, in concert with the allied and friendly powers, all those guarantees of independence and security which his blind advisers have in vain hoped from the fanaticism of the perverse sect which conspires against my authority and the liberty of the nation."

THE EAST.

The Turkish Government seems disposed to inflict exemplary punishment upon the actors in the late massacres in Syria. At Damascus some hundreds have been executed, including the Pacha, whose neglect or complicity, gave occasion to the outbreak. The destitution among the Christian population, who have taken refuge at Beirût is extreme. The

Relief Committee in that city say, "We distribute bread daily to more than 7000 poor; we have procured houses and tents, as far as possible, for shelter; we have commenced a hospital for the sick, and opened a soup kitchen chiefly, though not exclusively, for their benefit, and for mothers who nurse, hoping to save some of the children by giving to the mothers more nourishing food than dry bread."

Literary Notices.

The Cottages of the Alps; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland, by the Author of "Peasant Life in Germany." (Published by Charles Scribner.) Seldom have the social and domestic customs of any people been pictured with more minute fidelity than in the unpretending pages which an intelligent countrywoman of our own has here devoted to the delineation of life and manners, as observed by herself during a temporary residence in the cantons of Switzerland. She evidently writes without prejudice, without attachment to foregone conclusions, without bias toward party or sect, and sincerely intent on giving an accurate record of impressions received from varied intercourse with the inhabitants in their homes. Her powers of observation are naturally of a superior order, and they have been greatly quickened by her interest in the subject, to which her European tour has been principally devoted.

Among the pastoral people of Switzerland the Unterwalders seem to have been favorites with the author, and one of her most interesting chapters is occupied with an account of their simple and primitive mode of life. They are eminently a religious people, and nowhere else in Switzerland are the emblems of the prevailing faith so thickly strewn on mountain and in valley. The cross meets you at almost every step; the valleys are filled with little niches cut in the trunks of trees, with some image of saint or virgin; and high up on the Alps are seen modest chapels for the use of the shepherds. The laws concerning the Alpine pastures date as far back as the year 1308. Strange as it may seem, the precipitous heights and frightful gorges where the flocks and herds are pastured are measured and allotted with the exactness of a garden. Every cow has her appointed hill-top, and every goat must browse within his own limits. The herds are in charge of an organized pastoral hierarchy. The chief person, who is called the *Senn*, remains always by the hut, and takes the whole care of the milk. The next in rank and honor attends to transporting the products of the dairy, supplies the establishment with fuel, and sees that nothing is wanting in the way of food. The third in office attends to the cleaning out-doors and within the hut, and is at the beck and call of his superiors for any menial service that may be demanded. The last in order is the cow-boy, who runs for the cows and drives them to pasture; and if there are sheep, a shepherd is added to the company. The huts on the mountain heights are of logs, notched at the ends to fit together, with a roof of the same, kept in place by stones. They are open to both wind and rain, and, having no chimney, are black with smoke. The milk room is partly under-ground, and very dark, and is usually kept cool by rills of running water. A fire-place is made in the principal room by digging a cavity in the earth and paving it with

stones, while the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Over the fire is an immense copper caldron, in which the milk is warmed before it is converted into Swiss cheese. The rennet is put in, and the milk stirred continually for half an hour till it is curdled. The curds are immediately placed in the press, by which hurried process the cheese is made hard, and acquires the taste which, however agreeable to epicures, is apt to prove repugnant to uncultivated palates. In the same smoky room with the great kettle stands a tub for whey and a butter-tub; on two poles hang the milk pails, and on a bench stands a pail for the whey, which they drink instead of water. They wash the milk apparatus in whey, and often even their own clothes. In the whole canton of Unterwald are made more than twenty thousand hundred-weight of cheese every year, each cheese weighing from twenty-two to thirty-two pounds, and the average price bring from seven to nine dollars a hundred-weight.

In all the Alps of Unterwald you hear at early morning and evening the call of the shepherd to prayers. By means of his Alpine horn—a sort of tunnel-shaped tube of wood—he rings a peculiar series of changes, which echo far and wide, and with a shrillness which is imparted only by the mountain air. The moment it is heard they all commence their orisons; if near a chapel they enter; if not, they kneel upon the rocks. The famous *Ranz des Vaches* echo from every Alpine height. These are not regular tunes or melodies, yet they are governed by rules of their own, and in the atmosphere of the mountains are thrilling beyond description. There is very little motion of the lips or mouth, and the breathing is scarcely perceptible. Sometimes two or three sing together, and keep time and tune; but this is not usual. It is the song of the solitary shepherd on the hills, and invented, not for communication with men, but with the animals who are his life-companions. The literal translation of the terms is *cow-rows*, referring to the manner in which the cows arrange themselves when coming at its call. Those which are in the habit of wandering to the greatest distance have bells, and the moment they hear the "cow-song" they turn their steps homeward, and are followed by all the rest in a row.

The first driving of the cows to their Alpine pasture in the spring, and their return in the autumn, are made the occasion of a grand festival. A large bell is selected for the largest and handsomest cow, with peculiar reference to its tone, while the two cows next to her in beauty are honored with those a little smaller in size, but the tones of which chime in with the larger one. These bells are hung upon an embroidered leathern band, and the cow whose neck receives the largest at once shows the consciousness of her rank, and though it is removed while she roams in the pastures, she never forgets

the honor it has conferred on her of leading the row at morning and evening call.

In the pastoral cantons it is not usual to find fresh meat on the table, except on Sundays and festivals; but ham, with potatoes and other vegetables, is used almost every day for dinner. The peasants generally eat four meals a day, and at two of them wine is never wanting. The lowest class of laborers are not content without at least a quart daily, besides a glass of brandy before going to work in the morning. Pancakes and waffles, with wine, form the common evening repast, and cheese is eaten on all occasions.—In addition to the lively details concerning the rural life of Switzerland, which form the basis of the volume, it contains many historical and antiquarian notices, which serve to impart unity to the descriptions, and enable the curious reader to connect the past with the present.

The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, by A. C. KENDRICK. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) The subject of this biography was no less remarkable for her romantic history than for her brilliant gifts as a writer, and the earnestness and elevation of her character. With a singularly enthusiastic temperament she combined a large store of practical sense and energy; with all the elements of a heroic nature, she exhibited a childlike docility in the discharge of the humblest duties; her deep religious principle was never disturbed by the innate gayety of her humor; and with the power of lofty self-sacrifice, she always retained the playful and gentle affectionateness which made her the idol of a devoted circle of friends. Her early life was passed in poverty and all sorts of privations. Compelled to labor with her hands at a tender age, the days which are usually given to the pursuit of knowledge were employed in the difficult quest of a livelihood. Her indigent parents were in a great measure dependent on her for support at an age when most young people are provided for with the most careful appliances of home. But nothing could retard the flight of her youthful genius. Her ardent mind soon found vent in poetry, and literary composition became a necessity of her nature. The delicate and graceful effusions of her pen, quickened by an intense glow of feeling, won admiration from the most scrupulous judges, and it was not long before she found herself encircled with the full blaze of popular enthusiasm. In the very heyday of public favor she formed the acquaintance of the missionary hero whose toils and sufferings in pagan barbarism, so nobly met and so bravely endured, were the theme of applauding wonder from his Christian countrymen. From that hour her fate was linked with his. With what courage, what wisdom, what sweet and tender devotedness, did she enter upon her new career in the land of the Orient! Never was drawn a more touching picture of the soft, clinging affection of the woman, with the stern, resolute bravery of the martyr, than is presented in the pathetic pages which record her experience in Burmah, and the closing scenes of her life. The tragic element mingles deeply with the current of her fate. Her story is one that commands equal pity and admiration, drawing tears from the most rigid eye, and affectionate reverence from the coldest heart.—The editor of this volume is entitled to the warmest gratitude for the manner in which he has performed his delicate and unaccustomed task. To a great degree, he has permitted the subject of the biography to be described from her correspondence, in which she pours forth the spontaneous effusions of an impulsive and confiding

nature. His own comments are always appropriate and forcible, his delineations of character just and expressive, and his narrative of events is marked by acute appreciation and profound feeling.

Poems, by GEORGE P. MORRIS. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The position of General Morris, as the favorite American song writer, has been established by the consenting voice of his countrymen. The artless simplicity of his style, the mellow flow of his versification, his innumerable touches of natural pathos, and his eloquent appeals to the pure and gentle affections, have made his name a household word in every family of the land. Nor does he find a welcome place alone in the hearts of the people. He has won the suffrages of acute and fastidious critics, and gained admiring readers in a distant hemisphere. In the memoir prefixed to this complete and beautiful edition of his poems we find a record of the opinions of several intelligent judges, whose decisions may challenge the force of law in literature. Thus Mr. Willis, writing from the ardor of friendship as well as from admiration of genius, remarks: "Morris has hung the most beautiful thoughts in the world upon hinges of honey; and his songs are destined to roll over bright lips enough to form a sunset. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical; and he is prodigally full of the poetry of everyday feeling." So, too, the late Horace Binney Wallace, one of the richest and most accomplished minds whose early loss the country has been called to deplore, says: "There is no professed writer of songs in this day who has conceived the true character of this delicate and peculiar creation of art with greater precision and justice than Mr. Morris, or been more felicitous than he in dealing with the subtle and multiform difficulties that beset its execution. The kind of excellence which we ascribe to Mr. Morris is excellence of a lofty order—genuine, sincere, and incapable of question; more valuable in this class of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult. His compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, may challenge for their author the title of the Laureate of America." To the same effect a writer in a prominent literary journal of London: "We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than George P. Morris. Would to Apollo that our rhymsters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions! But they contain no straining after effects, no extravagant metaphors, no driveling conceits; and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader mark the surprising excellence of the love songs—their perfect naturalness, the quiet beauty of the similes, the fine blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterize them. Morris is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearth-stone." The edition now issued contains the only complete collection of General Morris's poems, and is presented in a style of chaste and elegant typography which will recommend it to amateurs.

The Household of Bourerie, by A SOUTHERN LADY. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The unquestionable imaginative power evinced in this high-wrought romance can scarcely be regarded as a con-

pensation for the incredible horrors which interweave a tissue of poisoned and bloody threads through the whole texture of the narrative. An attempt is made to embody a Mephistopheles of the most malignant stamp—a demon whose soul is lurid with the reflection of infernal fires—in the person of a gifted man of the world, of all elegant accomplishments, of an attractive exterior, polished and enticing in manner, eloquent and fascinating in speech, and winning a strange influence over those who came within the blight of his presence by the power of a bold and subtle intellect; but himself mastered by a murderous love of destruction, devoted to the foulest magical incantations, casting the spell of his evil eye over every manifestation of beauty and innocence, ecstatically bathing his hands in human blood, and obtruding his fiendlike universality of mischief wherever a sunny prospect opens upon the remaining personages of the story. The plot is fragmentary and complicated in its construction; forming a confused Mosaic from scattered pieces, requiring not a little diligence for its comprehension, but every where betraying a daring boldness of conception, singular fertility of illustration, and a combined beauty and vigor of expression, which it would be difficult to match in any recent works of fiction. The scene is chiefly laid in this country, though taking for granted a possibility of social relations which have no prototype either here or, in modern days, elsewhere. Only in the darkest medieval times, or, rather, only in the ghastly fancies of writers like Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis, can such horrors be made to assume any approach to verisimilitude. In these pages the contrast between scenes of perpetual occurrence, and all that can be conceived of American or English life, is too violent to be available even for purposes of the wildest fiction. Still, in these days, when the most milk-and-watery platitudes are so often welcomed as Sibylline inspirations, it is somewhat refreshing to meet with a female novel-writer who displays the unmistakable fire of genius, however terrific its brightness.

The Glaciers of the Alps, by JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The poetical love of nature and power of graphic description displayed by the author of this volume make it no less attractive to the general reader than the fruits of his intelligent scientific enthusiasm are valuable as a contribution to a most interesting branch of physical geography. Within a few years past the phenomena of the Alpine glaciers have been made the subject of zealous research by several distinguished explorers, as Agassiz, Desor, Guyot, Professor Forbes, Huxley, and others; but none have evinced a more resolute spirit amidst the perils of the enterprise, or given a more admirable record of their observations than the writer of the present work. His first journey to the region of the Alps for scientific purposes was in 1856, in company with Mr. Huxley, the results of which were embodied in a paper presented to the Royal Society. In the following year he made a second expedition, during which he accomplished the ascent of Mont Blanc together with Mr. Huxley, thus enjoying the opportunity for important observations, and obtaining new light on the object of his researches.

A second ascent of Mont Blanc in 1858 is described in a singularly interesting narrative, as well as various other excursions among the glaciers, which are now fairly brought within the scope of scientific investigation. The conclusions at which Professor Tyndall arrives embrace the following points among

others: Glaciers are derived from mountain snow consolidated to ice by pressure, which has been proved by experiment sufficient to convert snow into ice. The power of yielding to pressure diminishes as the mass becomes more compact, but does not cease even after it has taken the form of ice. When a sufficient depth of such a substance is collected on the earth's surface, the lower portions are squeezed out by the upward pressure, and, if resting upon a slope, will yield in the direction of the slope and move downward. In this way the deposit of snow which covers the higher portions of lofty mountains moves slowly down into an adjacent valley, through which it descends as a true glacier, partly by sliding, and partly by the yielding of the mass itself. Several valleys thus filled may unite in a single valley, the tributary glaciers welding together to form a trunk glacier. The quality of viscosity is practically absent in glacier ice. When subjected to strain the glacier does not yield by stretching, but by breaking, which is the origin of the crevasses. The ice of many glaciers is laminated, and when weathered may be cloven into thin plates. In the sound ice the lamination appears in blue stripes drawn through the general whitish mass of such glaciers. These blue veins represent portions of ice from which the air bubbles have been more completely expelled. This is the veined structure of the ice. It is divided into marginal, transverse, and longitudinal structure, which may be regarded as complementary to marginal, longitudinal, and transverse crevasses.

Old Mackinaw, or, The Fortress of the Lakes and its Surroundings, by W. P. STRICKLAND. (Published by James Challen and Son.) The historical recollections connected with the northern portion of Michigan, as well as its grand and picturesque scenery, have inspired the author of this volume with an enthusiastic admiration of the locality. He sets forth the natural advantages of this magnificent region, its unbounded material resources, and its adaptation to be the centre of an extensive commerce. His volume is also rich in antiquarian details. The progress of early discovery is dwelt upon at considerable length, and a just and eloquent tribute is paid to the labors of the Catholic missionaries, who were the pioneers of civilization in the wilderness of the Northwest. Several interesting statements are given in regard to the present agricultural, industrial, and social condition of the growing State of Michigan, exhibiting in a strong light the advancement of wealth and cultivation within a short period, and announcing the most sanguine auguries of her rapid development in the future.

Loss and Gain, by Mrs. ALICE R. HAVEN. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The high reputation of Mrs. Haven as a favorite writer for the domestic circle will receive no diminution by this fresh production of her pen. It presents the same natural and healthy views of life, the just insight into character, and the rare facility of expression which have crowned her previous writings with such a wide popularity.

Wheat and Tares. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The everyday experiences of English society have furnished the ample materials which are here wrought up into an animated and effective story. Its principal illustrations are derived from the lights and shade of current political and ecclesiastical movements, which are woven into a plot which, if producing no preternatural excitement, is alive with human passions and sympathies.

Editor's Table.

LEARNING: ITS USES AND ABUSES.—If we could reach across the intervening ages, and find out exactly who and where he was, we should like to shake hands with the first learned man. Other first things we can picture, and even ideally portray—such, for instance, as the first garden, lying serenely sunward, all alive to the first saluting breath of the morning, and responsive to the quickening touch of each hour of the day. And then, too, the first man and the first woman, in their first home, standing at their full Godward height, in large and glorious consciousness of what they were in their headship of a new race, and as inheritors of a life waiting to expand their capacity to know, and love, and enjoy; and holding for them a futurity of beatitudes well-nigh infinite. Then, too, we know something of the first boat ever built, and what a voyage it made on the greatest sea that ever rolled, and how Alps and Himalayas bowed beneath it as it passed, and an unseen Pilot stood by its mysterious helm, and strangely directed its floatings as He willed. And first cities, where their walls swept broad circles, and their towers lifted up heavenward heights, and their hanging gardens overlooked humble dwellings—these we know. But the first learned man—how he looked and how he lived; in what strains he made love, and the precise muscles relaxed to play with little children—we fear he is doomed to be a myth. Not yet has geology found his fossil, nor Layard exhumed his original footsteps, nor Rawlinson restored his voice to speak the truth of ancient Hebrew records. So we must be content to do without him.

But the loss is not irreparable. Varying Wordsworth's line, we can say that "Learned men have been among us," and we have been on terms of respectful fellowship with them. It was not so always. Learned men were once the aristocracy of aristocracies. The venerable Bode dwelt apart from the common herd, and Scaliger had his private haunts. In those days learning loved a hermitage, and the great world did obeisance to its lordly seclusion. But time changed its usages. Printing democratized its spirit. Distance ceased to lend enchantment to the view, and learning walked on the highway with humble pretensions. Johnson talked in coffee-houses; Parr's solemn wig could be measured in any company; and Porson's Greek bore Hyblæan honey and the fragrance of Tempe whithersoever he went. There is a time in the history of every thing when it comes forth from mystical associations, and is disenchanted of false attractions. Learning has gone through this trying stage in its history, and that, too, with an augmentation of its influence. True, it is not now feasted and flattered as it formerly was; nor do kings draw it to their courts, as Charlemagne and Alfred did. Still, it is a vast and noble power, while such instances as Goethe, Niebuhr, Humboldt, and Bunsen show that governments yet love to render it homage.

In our day, then, learning takes the common fare. It travels in the people's line, and submits to the people's ways. Prerogative and privilege have fled; factitious supports have fallen away; and just what it is in itself—no less, and no more—is now the measure of its appreciation. This is a vast gain all around. Had learning continued under the old system of protection it would have served its royal masters, and, like "purple and fine linen," been confined to courts and nobility. The people live by

free trade, and nations humanize by means of blessings that flow around the globe on free oceans and circulate in free air. Learning itself has been a great gainer because of the change. By being put on its own merits—by being set adrift from monasteries and palaces, and forced to win its way through the world—it has acquired the art of adaptation to the wants of men, and taken its place among the working forces of the age. If it see fit to indulge its abstractions—to spend a lifetime over a Greek article, or in solving the problem of perpetual motion—it can follow its bent or whim until complacency itself is surfeited. But it must be content to go through the toil and isolation uncheered and unblessed—"forlornly brave," as Mrs. Browning sings of Byron. The world, faithful to its instincts—and, in some things, a most indomitable disciple of Paley—will insist on holding the claims of learning to the standard of utility. And, to a certain extent, this is perfectly right; for learned men are men bound by manly ties to a manly world, and not to be encouraged in idle abstractions and moonshine reveries just because they are learned men. If learning is not a genuine element in civilization—if it is a private luxury for scholars, and a private treasure for libraries—then civilization does right to ignore its puffy pretensions, while scholars and libraries may see to its sustenance.

But, notwithstanding, there are two sides to this question of utility. We have, for instance, the utility of the exchange and market-place. Controlled by commercial considerations it aims to affix value by worth, to estimate all things by their availableness for given ends, to look at them simply as they are, to handle them as substantial realities—tough, sinewy, and hard realities, that can be hammered on steel anvils, compressed under the weight of hydraulic engines, transported across the continent on railroads, or shipped to distant ports. On this principle of utility the daily business of the world proceeds, nor, indeed, could it proceed on any other. A man of trade can not be a man of trade in any other way; so that, theoretically as well as practically, the true law of commercial activity is contained herein. Tangible and immediate ends must be kept in view in many of our actions, and hence our faculties, together with our knowledge, must be skillfully adapted to the objects by which we are surrounded. But then there is a broader view of utility, which is essential to the justness and consistency of the idea above presented; and thus, while it is true that sagacity and prudence have a direct connection with our present prosperity, it is equally true that they exist for something higher than those immediate offices. Utility, therefore, involves the use of all our better attributes. As these attributes are related to certain objects—in brief, as they are means to an end—utility demands their culture. Now it is evident that learning may be contemplated under both these aspects. It is a productive power, a guiding power, a ruling power in the market-place, in the factory, on the farm, in every practical sphere that can be named. Then, too, and in a far nobler sense, it has a sphere within, and serves the intellectual and moral nature.

The value of learning, according to the view just given, lies in its use. But it is use not as determinable, on the one hand, by dollars and cents; nor, on the other hand, by intellectual and moral considerations. Neither statement meets the fact. Each is

the counterpart of the other, and therefore they are to be united. If learning has its positive uses in all branches of art, in trade, in the professions, it has its uses likewise in cultivating our faculties, ennobling character, enlarging the sense of manhood, strengthening its conscious grasp on the dimmer and more remote objects of the universe. One form of this utility should never be arrayed against the other form; each is constantly aiding the other; nor, indeed, could they long exist in independent attitudes. Such are the tendencies of the mind to rest in partial views of truth, that it is difficult for most men to have a balanced judgment on this subject; and yet nothing is clearer than that knowledge sustains this two-fold relation, and is only worthy of the name when it duly performs both offices. A practical man, therefore, is not a man in this or that position, but a man who, in whatever situation placed, uses his knowledge for practical results. No matter where the results appear—whether in the open world or in men's thoughts, whether outwardly in trade, or inwardly in building up force of intellect and character—they are both alike practical.

A philosopher, then, may be a practical man. A metaphysician, too, may be a practical man. If it must be confessed that many of them are not practical men the fault is not in philosophy and metaphysics, but in their abuse. The reason of this abuse is found in the fact that they are mere thinkers, not thinking men; for whenever manhood goes into thought it communicates a genial impulse, creates a social voice instead of a soliloquizing tone, and never rests until it enjoy kindred fellowship. Such men, when true to natural instincts, are never dreamy, impracticable men. The heart is always claiming to be heard; its steady and earnest throb is the most audible thing within; and if men listen to its upward and outward beat no mere speculations or fine-spun reveries will be tolerated. We call these thinkers abstract, and such they are, but the real question is as to the quality of their abstractions. Supposing they are abstractions too misty and ethereal for character and life, they are worthless; but if they are nebulae only because of distance, let us wait for their brighter advent into our sky, assured that the telescope will reveal them, and practical astronomy use them in its calculations. Every age originates these abstractions; one generation lays them up in store for another, and as the fund accumulates it forms a reservoir on which shaping and adaptive intellects constantly draw. All great thoughts exist first as abstractions. If this were not so their practical power to serve the world would soon be exhausted.

Is not something analogous to this seen in the ordinary phenomenon of outward civilization? The multitude work—buy and sell, and get gain—under each other's eyes; while away in distant wildernesses, down in dark mines, or far off upon the sea, others are busy in collecting many of the materials out of which are created the comforts and appliances of civilized life. Each of these large classes subsists by the other. So with thinkers and actors. The energy of the world, as seen in trade, commerce, government, society, would be fitful and short-lived if abstract thinkers were not continually replenishing its stock of ideas and opening fresh fields to in-spirit activity. Such thinkers penetrate those vast solitudes that encircle the apparent, the tangible, the familiar; open highways through their ancient forests and over their long-hidden valleys, and lead forth the busy throng to secure their treasures.

And what we call the epochs of civilization are rarely any thing else than these discoveries of abstract thinkers passing down into the hands of the many. At every step of progress we have a new lesson in our indebtedness to these forward minds; nor is any fact more marked, in our day, than the complete facility with which we avail ourselves of their intelligence and research.

Our civilization, then, is a victory of thought. Scholarship builds up our estate, establishes its foundations, creates its wonders. If chance and accident are inconsistent with the rule of Providence, they are likewise inconsistent with the authority of man over his sphere of action. Incompatible with God's world, they are incompatible with our world; for though we are frail, imperfect, sinning creatures, yet so far as we have a world subject to our sway, and occupied so as to constitute a home, we represent God's attributes and glory. If, then, this world grow into order and beauty under our hands; if we multiply year by year new ties between its objects and our welfare; if we are constantly borrowing something from its immense resources, and adding it to the grand capital that makes civilization rich and mighty, it is not acquired as luck and fortune, but as the fruit of patient and profound study. Here, therefore, learning vindicates its claims on our warmest appreciation. It stands between us and want, wretchedness, ruin. It makes human weakness more than a match for adverse circumstances; puts nature's gigantic forces in our grasp; converts the blank sky into a sailing-chart for the mariner; domesticates rivers and lakes into the household economy of nations; enlarges the area of being by vast accessions from new realms of the universe; and, working within still more than without, lifts our humbled consciousness into the dignity of serene manhood, and aids us to fulfill our ministry as co-workers with God's infinite providence.

This is seen most clearly in the history of our recent civilization. One might almost affirm that it is a law of thought to reach from one extreme of society to the other, so certain is it that the least favored classes of the community—such as subsist by severe toil and have least leisure for improvement—are precisely those who receive the most signal benefits from the progress of knowledge. In this country, where the natural laws of society take effect more fully and with less artificial restriction than any where else, the advantages of knowledge constantly gravitate, as it were, toward the hands of those most needing their aid. Out of a large number of writers, speakers, teachers, preachers, whom we know, the most of them have sprung from families not distinguished for intelligence of mind or prominence of social influence. The walks of enterprise present the same fact. Men who were apprentices twenty-five years ago—men in many cases common laborers and field-hands—are now very often found in the front rank of society; and in various instances we have learned on inquiry that the banking capital and controlling power of neighborhoods and towns were mainly in possession of such persons. How has this come to pass? Much is doubtless due to energy and skill on the part of these individuals; but energy and skill are relative things, and depend mainly on the circumstances under which they are exercised. Had these persons been cut off from access to books, lectures, and living instructors; had the age afforded them no help by science and art, in the shape of inventions and other instruments of service; in brief, had not

knowledge created a demand for skilled labor and intelligent enterprise, one out of many might have attained his present attitude, but such a number, and with such comparative ease, could never have realized such success. The diffusion of knowledge has developed a new state of society. It has transformed the old public—narrow, stunted, fenced around with prescriptive rights and stiffened into imbecility by hereditary compliances—into a young, fresh, elastic public, that measures men and things by the native force burning within, and gathers them to its own heart just according to the heart they happen to have. No genius like Johnson would wait on a Chesterfield now, nor would Fulton and Whitney, if they had been of our day, have experienced half their difficulties in bringing their inventions before the people.

Such facts show that, of all monopolies, the monopoly of learning is the most foolish, the most impotent, the most suicidal. Bentham's principle—"the greatest good of the greatest number"—is true of knowledge. There is no distinction of class where the interests of knowledge are involved. For whatever may be the relations of one class of society to another, and their bearings on each other's well-being, it is certain that knowledge is one of those inward and permanent needs which belong to man by virtue of his intellectual and moral nature, and to gratify them is, therefore, the surest method to advance the welfare of society. Any learning then that can not be popularized convicts itself of unfitness as a social agency. If it can not be brought into the walks of life; if it is shy of the crowd, timid of faces, fond of cloister and shade, then it may be a private luxury, a badge of transcendental seclusiveness; but there is some fatal defect about it that in due time will banish it from the world. The great heart of humanity is really the best test of every thing. Ay, more, it is the hope of every thing; for down in its hidden recesses slumber the echoes that one day will respond to the utterance of sublimest truths. If our Universities were feudal castles of science the world of our day would not tolerate them, for we are all beginning to see that diffusion is the fixed law of progress. Any thing that is not better by diffusion is not a good thing. Hard is it to see, harder still to believe. We Americans resist the grand law just as much as aristocrats if it come in collision with our prejudices. Science still strives to keep up its reserve, its bristling technicalities, its dead formalities; but all in vain. Art has broken through the restraints, literature is still freer from conventional pride and pompous stiltedness. Step by step we are advancing to the point at which humanity will be the public; and then, when every glowing thought and every burning sensibility is answered from without, talent and genius, virtue and worth, will not retreat, as formerly, from the world, but will renew their confidence and perfect their strength in wide-spread forms of beauty and love.

A few nations practically make the world; fewer still show any marked signs of progressive ideas and increasing power. Among those nations that really seem to be fulfilling a purpose, and are accomplishing objects beyond the circle of their own selfish interests, it seems quite clear that the sentiment of humanity, as operative toward the race of mankind, is closely connected with a still deeper sense of humanity as uniting and consolidating their own subjects in the bonds of fraternal sympathy. A home-humanity is certainly the source of foreign

brotherhood; and hence the two nations, England and America, which are most widely multiplying their commercial relations and laying the broadest foundation for a Christianizing activity, are doing most to diffuse knowledge and create a cordial reciprocity of feeling in all classes of their population. These are the nations in which newspapers, magazines, lectures, and other agencies of intelligence abound. The effect of this diffusive intelligence is therefore two-fold; for while it increases the dependence of citizens of the same government on one another, and draws them nearer together, it is sure to originate a series of influences that transcend the boundaries of their birth and radiate into remote lands. Take, for example, our own country. The migratory nature of our intellect is one of the significant facts of the day; and while other nations are sending us their surplus population, ignorant and often degraded, we are furnishing them with ideas and inventions that are new phenomena in the world of mind. This, moreover, is a private movement. Led by its own instincts, enterprise is sending abroad its steam-presses, telegraphs, locomotives, and reaping-machines; furnishing apparatus for astronomical purposes, weapons of war, and ships for naval service; supplying invoices of maps, charts, and books at St. Petersburg, Malta, Cape Town, Sandwich Islands; while, at the same time, our citizens are quietly domesticating themselves in every part of the world, and thus establishing centres of moral and social power. Never was there such an instance of the silent popularizing of a country as our people are now effecting abroad in behalf of the United States. Taken in all its bearings, it is one of the wonders of an age prolific in startling events and romantic achievements. It is altogether a new phase of cosmopolitan life—a sentiment as well as an impulse, a fresh form of missionary energy. Talk as men may of the assimilative power of American thought—its capacity to absorb the ideas of other nations—it is not comparable with that far-reaching force which is now making itself felt despite of hereditary traditions and organic prejudices. The one is merely elective affinity; but the other is a galvanic battery, sending its electrical currents around the world.

If, now, our country is thus diffusing its influence by means of intelligence and the enterprise consequent thereupon, let us not lose sight of the connection which exists between that influence and the higher degrees of private culture. Individuals have their office; so have the masses of the people their vocation to fulfill: but the two should not be confounded. Masses never make discoveries; never originate great and startling inventions; never bring to light profound facts, or project sublime ideas on the world. These are allotted to individuals. The truths of science and art, the principles of mechanical and commercial progress, the laws of nature, are ascertained by private minds. But they must become the property of the people, or they are practically worthless. Here, then, a new problem arises. If the people are not competent, by general intelligence and active force, to accept the ideas of their chieftains, whether those chieftains belong to the ranks of accredited scholarship or spring helmeted and sceptred immediately from their own walks, these ideas are not incorporated into the agencies of the day. Bacon, Newton, Watt, Davy, Stephenson must incarnate themselves in the public or their genius expires. Learned men and an intelligent public are the counterparts of each other. The wise

brain and the skilled hand must go together, or civilization is a one-sided, unbalanced, incongruous thing. Agreeably to this law, every forward step of the people in education and enlightenment enhances the value of a learned class. The highest grade of thinkers, men of original thoughts, philosophers and poets worthy to wear their august titles, inventors, and discoverers, are not only more needed to give employment to the awakened intellect of the people, to feed their mental appetites, to direct their industry into new fields, but, what is essential to steady and large success, they are made more sure of appreciation and reward.

Bold minds, it is true, must always expect to pay some penalty for leaping far in advance of the age. Every new truth must be a battle-cry to rouse up old prejudices; but, as the people grow more cultivated, fresh facts are more readily accepted. The ridiculous spasms that communities have generally gone through, whenever a new movement was about to be inaugurated—the petty convulsions that have almost always followed a discovery or an invention, and have done so much harm to truth and progress, are thus constantly lessened, and men are thereby educated into that openness of intellect which is so desirable as a mental habit, apart from its relations to novel disclosures of nature's laws. Society has never been hospitable to these strangers. "Angels unawares" have they often proved themselves; and well was it they were "angels," or they would have died of sheer disgust.

The history of science is a sad commentary on the truth that the world never knows its best friends. Whenever an "early star, predicting dawn," has risen, weak men could not pluck it from the high orbit, but they have raised a cloud of prejudice to obscure its shining. Roger Bacon was supposed to be in the patronage of the devil, and was imprisoned for years. Copernicus sought the grave as a shelter from ridicule and obloquy. Galileo felt the vengeance of the Inquisition. Newton's own countrymen turned against him, and, as Playfair remarks, it was by means of "the stratagem of Dr. Clarke" that the Newtonian Philosophy first entered Cambridge. Hervey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and Jenner, to whom we are indebted for security against small-pox, were violently opposed. The weavers of Blackburn, infuriated against Hargreaves for inventing the spinning-jenny, broke into his house, destroyed the new machine, and compelled the inventor to fly from the town. Lyons treated its great benefactor, Jacquard, in the same spirit, and his loom, by which the most beautiful fabrics are cheaply produced, was publicly broken to pieces. The eldest Peel had his carding-machines destroyed by a mob—his works at Althain were thrown down, and he forced to abandon his neighborhood. The introduction of coal as a fuel, of gas for lighting cities, of Macadamized roads, of fast coaches, of railroads, met with bitter opposition; and as late as 1825, after Stephenson had offered to run a railway train from Woolwich to London at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly* said, "We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate." But a vast change in this respect is in progress. Reaping-machines, steam printing-presses, telegraphs, excite far less hostility than former inventions. Farmers are eager to try guano on their fields, and no woman needs an argument to buy a sewing-machine. Nav-

igators are prompt to avail themselves of Maury's charts, and Governments that diffuse scientific knowledge are heartily sustained by popular sympathy. The modern Prometheus is unbound and free: the rocks take the chain that once and long fettered his daring limbs; the hungry vulture feeds on the carcass of worn-out life, and not on the throbbing heart; and the divine fire, filling the world, flames back to the sun by day and to the stars by night.

Much, then, has been gained in behalf of the interests of knowledge. If the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were remarkable for invention and discovery, our century has been the great agent in applying scientific truth to useful purposes. Nor had knowledge ever such a hold on popular feeling; a strong and almost universal public sentiment sustains its claims and venerates its importance; and men begin to see what a providential agency is knowledge in securing the progress of the race. This state of things has started new problems, which are now agitating the minds of thinkers. On every hand thoughtful men are perplexed and sorely troubled. Unexpected phenomena have sprung up in our advancing pathway; nor is it too much to say that much of our science now occupies a most equivocal position—wavering, unsteady, and morally half-benighted—a position, moreover, out of keeping with the true spirit of civilization, and often antagonistic to the religion of Christ. Against ignorance and prejudice, against hostility and the still worse enemy of indifference, science has fairly won the day. But, strangely enough, its best interests are now threatened by its professed friends and foremost champions—men who seem intent on putting a superstition of known laws in the stead of the old superstition of unknown laws, who would fabricate a dead Deism out of discoveries and inventions, and reinstate an exploded fatalism over the affairs of the world. Transcendentalists cleave to the invisible, but not to the faith that is the only "evidence of things not seen." Rationalists can believe in no Bible that authoritatively dictates truth and law to intellect. Pantheists know of no Christ essentially different from Zoroaster and Mohammed. Inspiration denied, Jesus degraded, manhood must trundle to the dust, so lately shaken from its swift feet and wiped from its uplifted brow. A new Sensationalism, wide enough to include man and his brother-brutes, is seriously proposed; Paley is burlesqued in fantastic shapes; the poetry of Pope, its music excepted, is translated into the jarring discords of incongruous generalizations, and his stanzas set to statistics; and if Goethe could return to earth he would have the pleasure of seeing his Mephistophiles a recognized gentleman in the courtliest halls of the world. One of England's learned men (Mr. Buckle) writes history as though man, a thinking principle allowed for, gravitated like rocks, swelled out his dimensions like yeast, and took on his polish as leather takes Day and Martin's blacking.

All this is sad enough. Ignorance excites our pity, not contempt; but learned folly and scientific blasphemy are the final stages of intellectual debasement. Men are never so humiliated as when their tall Babels babble out their downfall; and if they will persist in building up toward heaven, while their foundations rest wholly on the earth, nothing can be expected but disaster and defeat. Science has its definite work; philosophy has its specific province; but science is not, never can be, the total activity of the mind; nor can philosophy expand itself over the entire field of human contemplation.

The very conditions on which we are capable of science and philosophy presuppose other conditions of still higher and more ennobling forms of thought, to which the more earthly interests of knowledge should be held strictly subordinate. On its own ground, kept rigidly and persistently to its proper and assimilative objects, we believe that intellect may be satisfied. Food is furnished—liberally and royally furnished—to nourish and enlarge its growth; and, besides this, luxuries for poetic rapture and ideal joys are freely superadded. But when men try to supply its cravings with false diet, then follows that long and dreadful train of symptoms which tell too clearly that these prodigals of the brain are away from the table to which they were born, and are spending their substance in riotous living. A great deal of our intellect is precisely in this state. Morbid, introverted, pining amidst plenty, it is vainly striving to transcend its own limits, to grasp other territories than its own; and, baffled in the mad endeavor, it falls back on its treasures, only to mope like a wretched miser over what it has not. There is but one remedy, which is for intellect to accept its place and be content. If we will seek the tree of false knowledge, and eat of the forbidden fruit, certain is it that every day will issue its new edict of banishment, and drive us forth as exiles to the desert.

Nor, indeed, are Christian people guiltless of wrong in this particular. In the creed of some of them science and theology are changing places. Instead of religious science they are constructing a science of religion, and henceforth Christianity is to be a cup-bearer to the monarch of philosophy. Others, falling short of this enormity, are nervously tremulous as respects the discoveries of science, and their anxiety is a brain-fever to keep science and Christianity on terms of intimate and confidential fellowship. Such men are now quite numerous. Busy above the busiest, they have entered on a vocation to which prophets and apostles were scarcely equal, or, if equal, were satisfied not to undertake it. Miracles and natural laws must be harmonized; the exact logical relations of faith and reason laid down; human elements eliminated from divine in the office of inspiration; and in the end, if our faith must not quite stand in the wisdom of men, it must stand on the basis of an equal partnership between the natural and the supernatural. But it seems to us that this is abandoning the true ground of Christianity. If our faith has a divine foundation, it is treachery to search for any other; or in any way, direct or indirect, to brace up that foundation by the researches of science or the deductions of philosophy. Science and philosophy are humanly competent to illustrate certain religious truths, to enforce special doctrines, to detect the Divine presence among their phenomena as found in the universe, and otherwise to promote a spirit of reverence and love. But they are not primary evidences of Christianity; and sincere, humble, truthful faith is in nowise concerned with them. The proofs of Christianity were brought by Christ from heaven; when he lay in the manger they lay there with him; when he spoke they spoke; and whenever his Infinite glory shone forth, flashing through the darkness of the times and startling men into a sudden consciousness of a fearful splendor about them, the glory of Christianity blended its radiance therewith, and the astonished crowd felt at one and the same instant the majesty of a Divine person and the grandeur of divine truth.

Good men, Christian men, men of noble parts and lofty purposes, have egregiously erred in weakly deferring to science and philosophy in matters of faith. The main evidences of Christianity are divine things, outside of the common phenomena of material nature and the ordinary operations of the mind; and hence, to put the inductions of reason, however clear and strong, beside them, is simply to destroy the distinction between God's work and man's work. Apart from its folly it is presumptuous, for it attempts—disguise the spirit as men may—to build up human buttresses around the Rock of Ages. Philosophy and science are invaluable to the world in political economy, in all the external forms of civilization; and, moreover, where religious opinions as distinguished from faith are concerned, their auxiliary service is most desirable; but they are utterly unable to create a Christian truth, to originate a new spiritual sentiment, or, indeed, in any way to inspire a pious heart, except by quickening and expanding feelings already awakened by the Holy Ghost through the Gospel. Go with the genius of Chalmers, in the "Astronomical Discourses," through the known wonders of the upper universe; never was science as eloquent as here, and never did astronomy descend with such ease and grace from its sublime heights. It was the advent of astronomy into the popular heart; nor can we ever cease to rejoice that through the pulpit of the Tron Church, Glasgow, the magnificent discoveries of Newton were embodied in the language of theology. But, strictly speaking, the Christian argument, as pending between faith and unbelief, gained nothing from the "Discourses." In fact, the very spirit that transfigures these merely material truths into truths of religious wonder and joy, is the spirit that Chalmers caught from the cross of Christ.

Take another instance. Hugh Miller did much to give a religious aspect to geology; but it was his Christian sentiments, as acquired altogether through another medium, that enabled him to do this great work. The old red sandstone would never have intimated God in Christ had not the stone-mason of Cromarty learned the precious lesson in another and higher school. Important, then, as these discoveries were, let us not seek to enhance their worth by fictitious logic. Real value needs no artificial exaggeration; and hence, to render the fullest credit to science, whether as expounded in the stately style of Chalmers, or in the simpler and more beautiful diction of Hugh Miller, does not require us to believe that in either case we have gained any positive advantage in behalf of Christian doctrine or Christian evidences. Had Bunyan known them all, he would not have written a better "Pilgrim's Progress." The genial mind of Wesley might have felt them, but his sermons would have had no more pungency for the slumbering conscience, no intenser fervor for the heart.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT should be the Indian Summer when your eye falls upon this page—the softest, sweetest season of our year. The first week of September is usually intensely warm. The summer fervently squeezes the hand at parting. But then follow days so bland and benignant, so moderate and tender, that it is hard to believe that the days do not ripen as the fruit does. The mellow, golden glow of the finest autumn weather differs from the passionate ardors

of mid-summer as the sugary sweetness of the Bartlett pear in September differs from the crude sharpness of the same fruit in July.

The days now have a pathetic tranquillity, a tender resignation that brings external nature very near to affectionate human sympathy. You stand upon the hill-top and catch the earthy, woodland odor which reminds you of the universal change that is proceeding around you. The misty sunshine streams among the yellow leaves which hang lightly upon the trees, and are lifted quietly off by the sighs of the south wind. The horizon, yonder fields and groves, that great meadow below, the blooming margin of the sea, are all slightly veiled in soft gray haze. The warm silence broods over all like a benediction. You stretch out your arms into the air in token of kinship with all that lovely life; your heart is mysteriously drawn to the visible world. God saw that it was good. Man sees it to-day.

I have mentioned before Coleridge's description of the differing sadness of spring and autumn. But the vague yearning of the season, and the shadowy sympathy with nature, are nowhere more simply expressed than in these lines of Arthur Clough's—an English scholar, and the latest translator of Plutarch:

"When soft September brings again
To yonder gorse its golden glow,
And Snowdon sends its autumn rain
To bid thy livelier current flow;
Amid that ashen foliage light
When scarlet beads are glistening bright;
While alder-boughs unchanged are seen
In summer livery of green;
When clouds before the cooler breeze
Are flying, white and large: with these
Returning, so may I return,
And find thee changeless, Pont-y-wern."

THE Rev. William Arthur is an English clergyman, who was in Italy during the spring of this present momentous year, and he has published a very readable and interesting work, reissued by the Harpers, called "Italy in Transition; or, Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860." The value of the book is enhanced by extracts from documents found in the archives of the revolted Legations, which illustrate the tender paternity of the Papal Government, and serve to show the world why those Legations thought they might better their condition, or rather could not make it worse, if they united themselves to an enlightened and Constitutional Government. The truth seems now to have been tolerably well demonstrated that the whim of a single man, even though he were Rodrigo Borgia or Giacomo Antonelli, is not a wise basis of government.

There is a peculiar interest in this work of Mr. Arthur's because of another book upon life in Italy four centuries ago, in what are amusingly called "the ages of faith," which has been recently published by Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, son of our old friend Mrs. Trollope, whom we did not like because she said we expectorated too much, and brother of Anthony Trollope, the lively novelist and traveler to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Adolphus Trollope calls his work, which is in two volumes, and has not been republished, "Italian Women." It consists of copious and profoundly interesting memoirs of Saint Catherine of Siena, Catherine Sforza, Vittoria Colonna, and others, of whom we catch only fragmentary and picturesque glances in the grave histories of the period. But the peculiar charm of Mr. Trollope's book, like Mr. Arthur's,

lies in its vivid glimpses of the actual daily life of those times. With a racy common sense which is never deluded by religious sentimentality, he comments upon events and criticises character; calling a lie a lie, and a Pope a villain, if a Pope is proved to be a villain.

In his sketches of life, however, there is no vague declamation. He is fortified by a familiar acquaintance with all the contemporary chroniclers and annalists; and there is, perhaps, no work of similar extent and kind which exposes the time so distinctly. Pope Sixtus Fourth, who vigorously began the papal system of nepotism, or enriching your sons, and Pope Alexander Sixth, who continued the system, and who, Trollope says, did not take the trouble to call his sons his nephews, are very graphically, but incidentally, portrayed in some of the memoirs. The absolute barbarism of the Court of Christendom at its most brilliant epoch, and the utter practical atheism and satanic carnival of "the ages of faith" which make medieval and early-modern Italian history so murky—and damp, as it were, with unseen blood—are revealed in this book as they are used with such power by Robert Browning in play and poem.

If you take Arthur in one hand, and Trollope in the other, bearing in mind all that the literature of travel, and observation, and reflection for two hundred years has said about Italy and its condition, you will hardly fail to feel that the utter prostration and comparative imbecility of the country and its people which we of late days have witnessed are due to the same genius of barbarism which wasted it upon its release from the throttling grasp of imperial Rome.

THE Prince seems to have pushed the President out of metropolitan regard. We have all been looking for his coming, and asking about him, and wondering, and reading the works of Mr. Jenkins. But above all, we have been getting ready for the ball. And, dear distant rural friends, you may imagine the delightful excitement we have been enjoying when you remember that we (the city and cities of and about New York) are more than a million of people, and that only three thousand are to be admitted to the ball.

The history of this festival may one day be interesting to somebody for some reason now inconceivable. It will then appear to be this: that a ball was proposed by the British residents in the city and a dinner by the chief merchants—the Chamber of Commerce, as it were, and its dependencies. A committee of invitation, composed of well-known New Yorkers, waited upon the Prince in Canada. But as it had been made manifest that the Prince was an ardent worshiper of Terpsichore, it was thought best to have the great festival in honor of that goddess, and the Prince was bidden to a ball.

During these arrangements the English residents and their proposition somehow disappeared. It was understood that New York was to have a ball of continental proportions, and that the salutory splendors of Montreal, which had dared to be magnificent although situated upon the same continent with New York, were to be extinguished utterly.

The Chamber of Commerce and its allies now underwent a wondrous change from a dinner committee to a ball committee. A hundred new names were added, chiefly of younger men, and the ground swell of universal excitement began to set in. The Misses Gunnybags, whose respected father was prom-

inent upon the list of responsible people, began immediately to invent a toilet of adequate splendor for the event. Ah! Selina, it was natural, but was it worth while? Was it true what Clara Cobra said, "Selina might spare herself; the Prince will not know whether she has on a brocade or a tuppenny gingham." Clara Cobra of the venomous tongue! who, I doubt not, secretly believes, as these lines are written, that his Highness of Wales will select her from all the myriad fair, and, taking the Duke aside, will say to him, "Newcastle, I *must* dance with that glorious creature!" And what if—being a mortal like other youth—he should feel the soft magic of those eyes, the music of that voice, what a frightful responsibility might not the Duke's become! Do you know the consolation? The Prince is not twenty, Clara Cobra is twenty-two, and a New York belle. Now a New York belle would not marry a man younger than she—not even if he were prospective King of England. Ask her if she would. Nay; consult your own experience. Do you know any of them who care for such baubles as coronets? Titles? They despise them. Noblemen! They cry *avant*! Did you never hear them wonder how Ethel Newcome could consent to marry that fool the Marquis of Farintosh? It is because there are no Marquises of Farintosh in our society. They wouldn't marry a fool because he had rank and wealth. Gracious, how could you think of such a thing? There is the dear, discreet Selina Gunnybags, who expressly says that she doesn't mean to marry for money. A house on the Avenue; a carriage and a saddle horse; unlimited pin-money and as much Stewart's as she wants, with an occasional year in Europe and summers at a Newport cottage—that is the sum of her humble desires in matrimony, and she leaves interested marriages to those who have not principle enough to spurn them.

But how Selina and Clara have led us away from the ball!

The committee was now composed of four hundred members, each of which was to be entitled to seven tickets. No more, no less. Not Solomon Gunnybags himself could get the eighth ticket, except by lawful purchase from the lawful holder. It was computed that the white and gold Academy could comfortably contain, comfortably seated upon available sofas, comfortably promenading and polking, not more than three thousand people. Now, then—seven times four hundred people are twenty-eight hundred people; and two hundred invited Presidents, Secretaries, Governors, gorgeous warriors, et cetera, are two hundred more people, making a grand total of three thousand. That was fair enough, wasn't it? If you have a million or more people, and a committee which, under such circumstances, ought to be self-appointed, proposes to give a ball, how can you manage matters better than by having the committee large and dividing equally your tickets? It is true that the committee ought not to run in families or firms. It isn't fair to have Solomon Gunnybags, and his sons Eliphalet, and Zedekiah, and Welcome, and Onesimus; and his nephews three; and his brothers-in-law and cousins all on the list—because it is not meant to be a Gunnybags' ball, delightful and beautiful as that would doubtless be. If the committee was so constituted, it was an unfair arrangement. As for other distinctions they don't exist, do they? Mr. Millionaire Gunnybags and Mr. Shoemaker Sole both belong to the American *haute noblesse*, do they not? Well, then.

But there was one point. It was resolved that the cards of invitation should be issued in the ratio of four ladies to three gentlemen. Was that exactly wise? Of course, abstractly, the more lady you can have the lovelier and livelier is your society. But this is a miserable matter of fact. Question in social statistics, as Count Fosco would say: Are parties with a redundancy of the divine womanly element more agreeable to every body than where the lower and inferior sex predominates? Answer by universal experience, No. For evidently the most charming and exciting balls in the world are those where men are in excess and despair, and there is an incessant sweet struggle for partners. "Give me the ball," cries that enthusiast of society, Willowlegs, "where every young woman is dancing and every matron eating terrapin, and a black cloud of disappointed men hovers upon the edges of the whirling ring, giving a keener zest to enjoyment by a spectacle of discomfiture." Willowlegs used this argument in the committee meeting. It was irresistible, and they wisely resolved to leave the sex of the odd ticket to the discretion of the committeeman.

But the Chamber of Commerce had duly considered this grave question, and had decided as has been recorded for good reasons. The Chamber virtually said, "Of the twenty-eight hundred guests many hundred will be dowagers and non-dancing ladies, who will occupy seats, and restore an equilibrium of lace and broadcloth upon the floor; while almost every invited guest is a black coat." This again seemed fair enough. Yet they were amenable to Willowlegs and reason. But the most perplexing point remained, and, at the moment in which the Easy Chair writes, still remains: *who shall be the first partner of the Prince?* There has been talk of the accomplished niece of the President; but she will have already received the Prince at the White House, and New York is rich in worthy partners of the dance. It is a question without precedent, and must be answered in the simplest manner. Willowlegs says it is evident what should be done. Willowlegs is of opinion that during the first hour of the ball the Prince should be presented to various ladies, and he will make his choice of partners fast enough. Fast enough, says Willowlegs, with a smile. For he knows very well, if he were the Prince of Wales, who the Princess should be.

Apparently Willowlegs is right. The Prince should be treated at this ball precisely as Mr. Gunnybags would treat him at his own house. And who, think you, would dare to undertake to name a partner for the Prince? If Mr. Archibald, the Britannic Consul, declined to select invidiously twenty-five English residents to serve upon the committee, who do you suppose would select one woman of all New York women at the ball to share the first dance of Albert Edward? Let such a man not try to confuse or bury his individual presumption in the vagueness of a committee. If our dear friend Solomon Gunnybags were to do it, do you suppose he could hide his offense from Clara Cobra? No, no; not though he called upon the Chamber of Commerce to cover him.

It was very easy for General Jackson to take the responsibility of removing the deposits. But study the names of the four hundred, and see which of them you believe capable of choosing a partner for the Prince.

Reader, when you peruse these lines the great night will be over—it will have become historic.

I READ the preceding passages to Mr. Willowlegs, at his particular request; and by way of reprisal, Mr. Willowlegs read me the following original poem, which, he declares, if the Committee of four hundred are so crazy as to name a partner for the Prince by their Chairman, will certainly be found in an obscure corner of the Academy the next morning. If not, not. Let us hope that it will not be found:

Several weeks, several weeks,
Several weeks onward,
Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

Into a dreadful 'scrape
Rode the four hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered—
"Baron, the choice is made,
Take that girl," the Chairman said,
—Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

"Baron, the choice is made!"
Each man was then dismayed;
For the Committee knew
They had all blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to wink their eye:—
Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

Sighs to the right of them,
Sniffs to the left of them,
Sneers in the front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with scowl and yell,
They tried to brave it well—
Into a dreadful scrape
Rode the four hundred.

Flashed all the *bottes vernis*,
Flashed all the *gants perle-gris*,
Bent every broadclothed knee,
Dancing the polka, while
Mrs. Grundy wondered;
Prancing across the floor,
With many a puffing boor,
Sweet streams of girlhood pour;
Then they stand still—but not,
Not the four hundred.

Pokes to the right of them,
Dals to the left of them,
Shoves in the front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with sneer and yell,
Trying to brave it well,
Down all their faces fell,
Who can their misery tell?
All that was left of them—
Left of four hundred.

When can their blunder fade?
Oh the mistake they made!
All New York wondered.
Pity those erring men,
They won't do so again—
Wretched four hundred!

As the Easy Chair writes the Baron is yet to come, and we are all excitement. When you read this he will have gone home to his mother. His visit will be among the memorable events of our history; not because the amiable young Baron is so great a man, but because the revolted provinces, now grown into an empire, have received with such honest and festal welcome the heir-apparent of George Third's throne.

By the time the Baron has been our guest—in fact about the time of the great ball—and in this very number of the Magazine, in which we are now so wisely chatting about him, you may turn back a few pages and read about the last Prince of Wales in England. There is a difference between the two—and a most instructive difference. George Fourth was great-uncle of Albert Edward. But the education of Princes has changed. The sentiment concerning them has changed. How do you suppose England would feel if the placid and accomplished Baron Renfrew were another "first gentleman in Europe?"

And yet can manners and morals have really so greatly changed in so short a time? Is not the difference due rather to that of individual character? How large a part George Third and the Regent played in the politics of fifty years ago! But how silent Victoria has been! We can hardly conceive now of the Prince of Wales as having a party in the Commons, and a headstrong whimsy, which is called policy, of his own. We should as soon expect to hear the figure-head of a ship quarreling with the pilot, as a king of England resisting the Parliament or trying to coerce it. Fifty years and less have changed a great many things.

Forty-eight years ago, on the 22d of March, 1812, and in the two hundred and twenty-first number of the *Examiner*, appeared that famous article of Leigh Hunt's upon the then Prince of Wales and Prince Regent. It seems, as we read it, in the calm, cool light of these days, and with the pleasant impressions of a Prince of Wales so fresh and sparkling, as unreal as the old portraits of the same personage, centuries ago, in armor and slashed doublet.

Look upon the two pictures. Here is the sting of that famous article.

It quotes the conclusion of some adulatory lines to the Prince in the *Morning Post*, as follows:

"Thus gifted with each grace of mind,
Born to delight and bless mankind;
Wisdom with Pleasure in her train,
Great Prince, shall signalize thy reign,
To Honor, Virtue, Truth, allied:
The nation's safeguard and its pride,
With monarchs of immortal fame
Shall bright renown enroll the name."

And then it proceeds:

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this *Glory of the People* was the subject of millions of stings and reproaches! that this *Protector of the arts* had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement, or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this *Mecenas of the age* patronized not a single deserving writer! that this *Breather of eloquence* could not say a few decent extempore words—if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! that this *Conqueror of hearts* was the dissembler of hopes! that this *Exciter of desire* (bravo! *Monsieurs of the Post!*), this *Adonis in loveliness!* was a corpulent man of fifty! in short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal* prince, was a violator of his word; a libertine; over head and ears in disgrace; a despiser of domestic ties; the companion of gamblers and demireps; a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

Master Leigh Hunt had to smart for his smart-

ness. He went to jail for two years. The Regent went to *his* punishment a little later. Let us hope he was quits with two years of it.

From that portrait turn to the amiable youth who has been so gayly dancing through the Canadas and "the States." Think of the tone of Victoria's court. To be sure the orators say a little too much of the domestic virtues of the Queen; for she *is* a Queen, and to assume that her honesty is so marvelously praiseworthy is to compliment her at the expense of her kind. Remember that George Third was the bulwark of the domestic virtues, and he certainly left England in hot water.

The Prince's mother is a good woman, and he is a good fellow doubtless; but there is a change of the times. It was only during George Third's reign that the popular element in the British Government really secured the rights it has. Thackeray truly says of that reign—"It was the good time for patricians." Buckle truly says of it, that it was as despotic as it could be made. But it was in the reign of George Third that the royal prerogative was taught its limits. The King ceased to be a monarch, and became *ex-officio* President of the Council without power.

Certainly such a prospect is pleasanter for the young Baron. Probably George Third's proper domestic life purified the tone of English society more than his political obstinacy and tyranny harmed the political tone of the people. And that career stands before the Baron. The King of England is the first personage of his empire. The moral influence he can wield is even stronger by its divorce from the political. Immense power! He can put vice out of fashion! Take a small case. Fancy you could make smoking *unfashionable* among young men in New York! How the tobaccoists would tear their hair!

The Easy Chair does not quote smoking as a *vice*, but as a *habit*! You would probably find it an entertaining business to ascertain whether the authors of those capital papers upon smoking and the use of tobacco in general, which so constantly illuminate the magazines in these days, are written by smokers or not. I believe they are, for two reasons. One is, that they justify its use by the universality of the habit, and the other is, that they insist that it is harmless. The Baron, however, is a great smoker. He won't therefore try that form of the experiment of fashionable influence. Neither will he make dancing unfashionable. But whatever he does, no one who has seen him will doubt that it will be the doing of an amiable, good-humored, well-meaning man.

At the opening of a girl's school in Boston the other day, the name of which is to be the Everett School in honor of Mr. Edward Everett, that gentleman made a speech. In a very good-humored way the orator naturally alluded to the question of women's rights in the matter of education, etc. Now, as often happens, when a speaker tries to straighten a point he bends it backward. In other words, he proves too much. It was so with the pleasant argument of Mr. Everett—it proves a great deal more than he meant it to prove.

He says, for instance: "I think it would be found, on trial, that nothing would be gained—nothing changed for the better—by putting the sexes on the same footing with respect, for instance, to the right of suffrage. Whether the wives and sisters agreed with the husbands and brothers, or differed from

them, as this agreement or difference would, in the long-run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present. So, too, whether the wife or the husband had the stronger will, and so dictated the other's vote, as this also would be the same on all sides, the result would not be affected. So that it would be likely to turn out that the present arrangement, by which the men do the electioneering and the voting for both sexes, is a species of representation which promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none."

Of course, the obvious fallacy of this argument, so far as the sex is concerned, is the assumption that women are always wives; but the more fatal fault of it is, that it is just as good an argument against a hundred men as against fifty men and fifty women. They would balance each other, says the orator. Yes; but would he say, because the three millions of voters in this country were very nearly divided at the last national election, that there was no need of having so many voters? If you increase the present number of voters by the addition of as many women, says Mr. Everett, thereby swelling the whole number to six millions, "the agreement or difference would, in the long-run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present." But if you increase the present number in a few years by just as many men, the ratio of difference will be about the same; *therefore*, is the logical conclusion, it isn't worth while to increase the number of voters.

Of course this is not Mr. Everett's desire. But it is the "too much" of his argument. If he has established his point, he has proved that suffrage ought not to be extended. But remorseless logic takes the result of his argument a great deal farther. For if there be no need of making the three millions six millions, for the reason that the ratio of difference will be the same—if this ratio can be maintained among us in a vote of a hundred thousand, that vote is quite large enough, and the rest of us have only to regard that vote as "a species of representation."

Mr. Everett is a scholar. Now was not his argument virtually the argument of England against the Colonies before the Revolution. "We are practically one people," said the British Government: "your interests are ours. The empire flourishes and falls altogether. What hurts us hurts you. Our governors keep us constantly informed of your condition; and although you have no nominal representative, yet what hurts you hurts us, and we are 'a species of representation which promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none.'"

Naturally the colonies and the women (some of them, at least, who pay taxes) denied and deny the justice of the cheerful argument. But the argument is the same in both cases.

In the most perfect good temper and humor, Mr. Everett proceeds to say: "Meantime, for all the great desirable objects of life, the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind is of vastly greater importance than the participation of political power. There are three great objects of pursuit on earth—well-being, or happiness for ourselves and families; influence and control over others; and a good name with our fellow-men, while we live and when we are gone. Who needs be told that, in the present state of the world, a good education is not indeed a sure, but by far the most likely, means of attaining all the ends which constitute material prosperity, competence, position, establish-

ment in life; and that it also opens the purest sources of enjoyment?"

And a little later, in the speech, he says: "It is the mental and moral forces, not political power, which mainly govern the world."

These things are true, if they are correctly understood. But, unfortunately, young Bomba and Francis of Austria might say the same things. "What you want, young man," said a veteran publisher to a young author; "what you want is reputation, not money." He was willing the youth should have the reputation, but he preferred to keep the money for himself. "Improve your minds, dears," says the Czar to his subjects; "don't trouble yourselves about political power." Now it is by means of political power that moral forces control the government of the world—just as it was by means of wood and canvas that Columbus reached America. And it is by "the participation of political power" that "the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind" is secured to every body in the State. The defect of the argument lies in supposing that there is any necessary opposition between the education and the political power, or that they can be played off against each other. There have always been men of profoundly cultivated minds and consciences in Rome—but they could never control the Government, so they could be of no wide advantage to the people. And in our own country, if intelligent and honest men continue to remain so contented with improvement of mind, as if that could in any way release them from political duty, or excuse their guilt in neglecting it, it may chance that the political power which they do not participate may seriously interfere with "a good education."

In fact, the great truth that wants to be loudly preached at the opening of every school and the Commencement of every college is, that just in the degree that a man is educated and intelligent, just in that degree should he interest himself in politics, because in no other way can he secure to every man the chance for the same education.

Mr. Everett is too wise a man not to see this as plainly as any body. He did not mean to deny it in his speech. But in his half-sportive effort to show the undesirableness of "female suffrage" he used an argument that would limit all suffrage and destroy popular governments.

You may say, possibly, that William Walker had a right to go to Nicaragua, when he first went, because he was invited by one of the contending parties. But if you know his history while there, you will not justify him farther than that. It was not long before the whole country was against him, because they saw that he was not fighting for Nicaragua, but for Walker and his purposes.

What can you say in defense of his invasion of Honduras? He was not invited. He was not wanted. He was not supported when he was pursued—nor lamented when he was executed. Why should he have been? It is terrible when the French Marquis of the old régime is murdered by the peasants. But who made them murder him? Who made himself the symbol of intolerable tyranny? And while you mourn for him—if you do mourn—he, who had every chance of knowing his duty, and opportunity of doing it, was the direct author of crimes at which the heart curdles. Where is your sympathy for the peasants whom

the Marquis oppressed, starved, degraded, murdered?

Weep for William Walker, if you will. But remember the fields he so wantonly reddened—remember the hundreds of unhappy youths he cajoled to disease and death—remember how fairly, according to all precedent and general conviction of the world, he was doomed, and how painless his own ending was, compared with that he awarded to so many innocent men, and women, and children. Remember these things—not certainly in revenge, but as destroying the false romance that hangs with sickly lustre about such a man. It does not invest him with more interest that he was, in some sense, an educated man. That only heightens his guilt—because he ought to have known better. Nor shall it be pleaded for him that it is in the order of Providence that the Anglo-Saxon race shall extend over the continent, and that he was only cutting the way. It may be in the divine order that we shall spread; but it is equally in the divine order that, at present, pirates shall be hung.

Perhaps we shall hear that he died bravely. So did Hicks, last summer, in New York harbor. So did most of the famous criminals. The kind of courage which enables a man to be put to death instantly, without visible flinching, is not very rare. Most men die calmly.

Nor think it unkind to speak of an executed criminal so plainly. "Liberty!" said Madame Roland, "what crimes are done in thy name!" And when crimes are done in the name of Progress, by men so incompetent that the contrast of the apparent aim and the performance might almost urge idiosyncrasy on their behalf, then is the moment to stamp all the infamy upon such efforts. Shall it be said that he was, at least, honest? There is no proof of it; and if there were, let us respect his honesty, and remember that crime is then most dangerous when most honest. We can ask, I grant, nothing but honesty of any man—honesty in thought and deed. But when the honest deed touches another man, then society cries, "Hands off, at your peril!"

WASHINGTON, D.C., 1860.

MR. EASY CHAIR.—Like most who have heard or perused them, I am a great admirer of Shakespeare's dramatic writings, both on account of their wisdom and their wit; and am, therefore, pained whenever I perceive, in the published and sanctioned editions of them, instances where the great bard of human nature is made to utter nonsense or absurdities, as is too often the case.

I am not unaware that much of this originates from the ignorance or the blunders of early transcribers or publishers, and that a good deal has been done by subsequent able editors and annotators to correct the evil. Still, so far as my observation extends, enough of these blunders remains uncorrected, even in the latest and most approved editions, to show that all has not been done that might have been done to give us the language and the meaning of the bard as he himself indited them. As an instance, I give a part of the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, which I copy "from the text of the corrected copy left by the late George Steevens, Esq.," edition of 1852, as follows:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?"

If nonsense ever was written, this, as it stands, is surely nonsense, and such nonsense as I can not believe that Shakespeare ever wrote. Please, therefore, to observe how the substitution of one simple and obvious word shall change this nonsense into sense and beauty—as thus:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a *siege* of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?"

Here, all is harmonious, the metaphor consistent and forcible, and the sense obvious and perfect. "Slings and arrows" were weapons appropriately used in *sieges* in the time and locality where the poet has placed Hamlet; but have no meaning or connection as applied to or coupled with the "sea."

S. B. B.

—S. B. B.'s suggestion is not new. If he will refer to Richard Grant White's "Shakespeare's Scholar" (New York, 1854), he will find at page 413 a full and final reply to his question. Mr. White says:

"Pope and others would read '*siege* of troubles,' alleging that arms may be taken against a *siege*, but not against a sea, and that the similarity in the sound of the two words might easily have caused a substitution of one for the other. So it might: much more easily than Shakespeare could have written

"Or to take arms against a *siege* of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?"

For, by line and plummet criticism, if it be a *siege* against which arms are to be taken, it is a *siege* which is ended: for the *siege* then becomes the object against which the action is to be directed, and the last line must be

"And, by opposing, end it."

But it is the troubles against which arms are to be taken, and by opposing we end *them*. 'Sea' is but a picturesque descriptive word in the sentence. Another writer would have said 'a throng of troubles,' or something of that kind; but Shakespeare said 'sea,' and by one word brings to our mind the imminent, ever-succeeding woes which, innumerable like the multitudinous seas, sometimes overwhelm the soul. 'Sea' makes the passage not only highly poetical and Shakespearian, but correct. 'Siege' makes it not only cautiously exact in following out a figure, and therefore un-Shakespearian, but incorrect to any mind which judges by any other than a merely literal standard."

This is full of that clear good sense which distinguishes Mr. White's Shakespearian comments. It settles the question. Does not S. B. B. agree?

Our Foreign Bureau.

LET us fancy ourselves still at Matlock, in the leafy shire of the valleys, and the caverns, and the moors. The firstlings of the grouse season are eaten; the foliage is pinched with the autumn chills; there are sounds of flails upon the hills above the Royal Inn; our landlady serves us from time to time a basted pair of partridges; always the mill clamor comes up from the Derwent water, and always the little fountain is flinging out its pearls to the farthest border of its mossy basin.

And as we listen after dinner to the tinkle and the dash of it, there comes up thought again of that strange boy-murder at Road, about which the people of Matlock and the people of all quiet English towns are talking still.

Who killed the child? Was it the nurse? No testimony which rumor brings asserts her ill-will or her cruelty. It does not appear, even, that she is suspected by the parents. Doubting ones remark only that she was reading her Bible with somewhat unusual assiduousness on the morning after the crime, and that she has given early notice of intention to leave her present service.

Was it the father? He rides off hastily, indeed, on the morning following the murder, for the police of the adjoining town, without engaging in any active search about the premises; but does this count against him? No motive appears. Still less cause is there to criminate the mother, who is represented as overwhelmed with grief.

Was it the half-sister, who has been already arraigned? A few careless expressions to her school-mates imply jealousy of the unfortunate boy, and the petulant dislike of a wayward girl; but from this, to murder, involves a monstrous growth of passion and hatred of which she has given no indication to those nearest related.

And yet circumstances force the belief that the criminal was an inmate of the household. Somnambulism is suggested: but somnambulism does not take on such fierce development in one night; it has its antecedents; it is a habit; and those who are capable of giving information scout this hypothesis.

There is no knowledge of any enmity strong enough to make a motive; no possible hope of profit to any party: was the motive then possibly—fear? Had the child witnessed something on the fatal night which the child must not divulge—something so fatal to the peace and honor of the family that its lips must be sealed forever? If so, there must be complicity; and opinion gravitates now to that belief. Meantime it must be a dreary household—that of the Kents at Road.

Nor is this the only home-tragedy that has challenged the attention of English people. A certain William Youngman, of Walworth, after murdering a mother, two younger brothers, and his betrothed bride, with no other apparent motive, as would appear, than to recover a meagre insurance of £100, effected upon the life of one of the parties, has paid the penalty of his crimes by a public hanging from the roof of Horsemonger Lane jail in London. All the night before the execution the neighboring streets were thronged with men, women, and children, who drove away drowsiness by stories of great criminals who had lived and died before. "The young girls relieved the story-telling with snatches of songs; a public house, close to the drop, and a coffee-stand being frequently patronized between whiles. As the time wears on scholars of a more respectable class arrive on the scene, and offer large prices for the best places in windows opposite the gallows, which now begins to stand out in horrid relief against the moon. The boys, tired of waiting, are beginning to play leap-frog. The squalid, brutal mob, who have been spending their time in the public houses, are reeling about the pavement; thieves in hundreds are mingling in the motley throng; and when the dawn lifts up the curtain of night the cold eye of morning rests upon a dense mass of human beings staggering about in drunken, besotted confusion, cursing and swearing, singing ribald songs, larking, laughing, chaffing, and in every conceivable manner giving way to the lowest, the most reckless, and most abandoned conduct."

It surely is not strange that, in view of such scenes, the chronicler from whom we take them should moralize thus:

"We see on every occasion how little impression is made on the mob by an execution—how little impression for good. May we not, if we inquire, as readily discover what is the impression for evil? The highest thought called forth in the bosom of that multitude by the spectacle of the murderer's expiation is, 'May I die as game as he!' There is

no horror expressed by this reckless mob; no hope whispered that they may never be led to commit such a crime; there is not even to be discovered a symptom of pity either for the criminal or his victims. It is a spectacle which moves the heart only to harden it.

"The revelations of the police courts afford constant evidence of the demoralizing influence of executions, and of the emulation excited by the deeds of notorious criminals. How often do we hear of wives threatening husbands, and husbands threatening wives, in language something like this: 'I'll serve you as Palmer served Cooke,' or 'I'll do for you as Manning did for O'Connor,' 'I'll swing for you one of these days.' Here, it will be observed, the crime is contemplated not alone as an act of vengeance, but also as a means of attaining notoriety. In the eyes of the criminal class—the class that makes crime a profession—a public execution can have little terror. They know that detection does not always follow guilt. They have a chance of escape; and if the worst comes to the worst they will have the satisfaction of being talked about, prepared for heaven, and launched into eternity in the presence of some thousands of spectators."

The London *Post* gives us a leader upon a "Week of Crime," in which, after mention of the tragedies already alluded to, there is swift enumeration of a salesman who has poisoned his mistress—of a lunatic beaten to death by his keepers—of two husbands killed by their wives—of two wives killed by their husbands, and a horrible array of child murders. We name such dismal topics to note the eagerness with which they are caught up and discussed in all the country districts of England; and if we go into the tap-room of a Matlock inn on these evenings of the harvest season, the chances are ten to one that we hear more about Youngman, and the mystery of Road, than of Garibaldi or of the Mark Lane reports.

We do not often talk of the crops; but the crops have furnished large staple for the current British talk in the season past. Never have such sudden and unexpected changes been recorded—never such long dalliance between hopes and fears. The Archbishop makes ready his mandate for special fastings and prayers; and straightway, before the mandate can take effect, there comes a flood of genial sunshine that sets all the harvesters at work. And in the midst of the new thanksgivings there come floods which deluge all Ireland; bridges are swept away, meadows ruined, and corn drowned in the sheaf. Hay every where is yellowed by long exposure, and its best juices sucked away by the wetness of the haying-time. Potatoes are showing indications of rot; and only the later gleams of sunshine have saved the corn harvest from dismal failure. The final summing up is of a crop below the average, indeed, but by no means so short as to make the Illinois grain-growers rich. The Danubian provinces promise largely, as well as Southern Russia and Poland.

To one accustomed to the bright skies of America it is matter of exceeding wonder how, under the dripping atmosphere of England, the binding wheat should take on any golden ripeness at all, or the grass find sunshine enough to build up the gray ricks that we see. For a week it is lying in the swath—unturned, drenched, browned, its under surface yellowed with threatened rot; then come two or three leaden days, when no rain falls, and the hay-makers toss it and turn it, rejoicing in the

"fine weather" (though there is no glimpse of sun), and the crop is gathered into great round heaps, there to sweat, through succeeding days of moisture, until a Godsend of sunshine comes suddenly; and the heaps are opened, and tossed, and gathered again, and stored away in the gray ricks we see, and come out from under that pressure of covering thatch in the winter browner than American hay, but still unctuous, and carrying, perhaps, as much nutrition as the grasses which have scorched under our fierce sunlight of the West. The grain, too, is followed up by the wet; barley lies for days, and even weeks, till the kernels swell and almost sprout, waiting for a kindly sun, that by-and-by comes, and redeems the harvest.

FROM harvests to the Prince of Wales we come only by a turn of a page (*Times* pages). Of course the British journals are making themselves merry over the *furor* and enthusiasm which attend the reception of the distinguished British guest. Every body reads with a mirthful unction the enraptured praises of the *Herald*—of his Roman nose, his charming aptitude in the waltz, his "resting" of his partners—his likeness to the Black Prince, of "glorious memory"—his rollicking Prince "Hal" affinities—and the chances of his captivating and being captivated.

We don't know how good a story-teller the Prince may be, but if he have half the suavity and humor which the reporters credit him with, he will have the material wherewith to set many a "dinner-table on a roar" upon his return. How eagerly the Queen-mother will listen to that tale of his triumphs in the American ball-rooms! What freshness for the Court gossip!

And, in a something larger way, what good thing it is that the prospective ruler of a great nation should take this near view of the world which is building up yonder across the ocean; that a Prince should see how a great people live without princes; that a Colonel (of we know not what crack British regiment) should travel over three thousand miles of hopeful and growing country without sight of an army; that the scion of a royal house (the best established in Europe) should dance with the first pretty girl at hand without derogation of dignity—for the first pretty girl at hand, though the daughter of a tallow-chandler, may next year come to be a President's wife.

A Prince never made a wiser journey, or a more profitable—not excepting the journey of the Black Prince to certain watering-places of France, years ago. It is a journey that counts for progress more than castles taken. Fancy old Dr. Johnson writing about, and calling Albert Edward "Rasselas!" Will Murray bid for a book of travels from Newcastle? Or is it already advertised by Derby and Jackson?

The swing of centuries is bundling all peoples nearer together. Princes may be at the top or the bottom, and Sultans too; but we are coming fast to reckon their weight and their force only by their sterling manhood.

Who knows any thing of the whereabouts of the late Neapolitan King? who cares?

The Count de Paris goes up somewhere in the country, to somebody's preserve, to shoot a few grouse (we find it by accident in the *Herald*): it is only fashionable information. The same fashionable journal tells us that the Duc de Nemours somewhere, at some time, gives a dinner-party. It is a good dinner without a doubt; there are nice people

at the dinner; there is wit and pleasant talk, and *bonhomie* and Bordeaux, *premier cru*. But below, in the South, at our cousin's, the Bourbon of Naples, there is a hurry and stampede, and packing of crown jewels.

A man in red shirt-sleeves does the honors of what dinners they give in the palaces whose windows look on Vesuvius. And what a masterly quietude there is in this man Garibaldi, about whom you and we all talk most now! How he hovers there on the Sicilian coast, while the Neapolitan steamers are tacking to and fro! how he hovers—telling no secrets of the plan that he matures—now sending forward a few thousands in boats, and presently signaling their return: seeing every thing, listening to every thing, disturbed by nothing; making a grand plunge now, as if he would pluck out the heart of this Bourbon tyrant, with his earnest little army of patriots; but it is only a feint. He summons them to him again, he eats his frugal supper: his bearing checks their impatience; and yet they are impatient, nay, they are fretful; Austria is maturing her plans of defense; diplomacy is busy to avert the fall of this Bourbon. But Garibaldi is imperturbable, uncommunicative, steadfast in his hope. And one day it is all accomplished. When the diners at the grand café of the Via Toledo were talking of his approach, and of his toilsome march through Calabria—looking for him in some three days' time—lo, he is there! At the gate, in the street, at the palace. In the interval, between tyranny that was and the swift liberty that is, the shopkeepers had not time to put up their shutters, or the sentinels to be relieved at the doors of the opera. A nation never gained freedom so noiselessly and so swiftly. Let us fling up our cap here in the Derbyshire hills and say "*Viva Garibaldi!*" and the clamor of the Derwent mills says—"Amen!"

Let us excerpt this little talk of an English volunteer-surgeon about the hero of Italy; we love the least details about such a man:

"PALAZZO REALE, MESSINA, August 12.
"I arrived here on the 8th inst., at six P.M. All the hotels being crowded the authorities accommodated me in the Palazzo de la Cita. This town, like Palermo, bears the aspect of a camp. There are rejoicings and hopes, but they are damped to some extent by the Neapolitan occupation of the citadel. People have no doubt that Garibaldi will have all his own way. They have such confidence in his wisdom and omnipotence that if he should lose a battle it would be very hard to make them believe otherwise than that he did it intentionally, for some wise ulterior object. If he did miraculous things with 800 volunteers, what can he not do with from 80,000 to 40,000 men, with Sicily in his possession and the whole of Europe applauding and rejoicing in his progress! The general cry is, "*Avanti!*" The evening of my arrival I was told that the Dictator was at the Faro, two hours' ride from this, where he has gone to embark for Calabria. Being anxious to lose no time I ran about in search of a cab to go to his head-quarters. I obtained one only by the aid of two guards with bayonets, sent by the authorities for the purpose. I arrived at the Faro at one in the morning, and presented myself to the General, who was on board the steamship *Aberdeen*, surrounded by his staff. He received me kindly—I may say, affectionately. 'I heard about you,' said he, 'and am very much obliged to you, and am very thankful to the kind English ladies who take such an interest in our cause.' While he was reading the let-

ter of introduction I could not help putting my lenses at the proper focus to scrutinize that hero of modern history. His portrait in the *Illustrated London News* is very correct. He is as gentle as a dove, and has a mild, placid countenance. He has rather the gentleness of a woman than the ferocity of a soldier. He commands in an under tone, and, when every body round him is full of anxiety, he is as cool as a cucumber. His dress is a red flannel shirt, rather the worse for the wear, a pair of gray trousers, a black wide-awake, and a beautiful sword; no coat or blouse. He introduced me to Medici, who was with him at the time, and to some other officers of his staff. He asked me to come on board with him. I left for Messina the same instant, to take my luggage, and returned to his headquarters at five in the morning. The whole forenoon was spent in embarking an army of about 5000 men upon three steamers, but in the afternoon he gave orders to land them again. In the evening they went all upon small boats and advanced toward Calabria, but he gave them orders to return. Last night and the night before last they advanced again. Fire opened upon them from the fort of Calabria and from six Neapolitan steamers, but our artillery did not answer; they returned again to Faro. There is no doubt he knows what he is about—it may be a manœuvre (who knows where he wishes to land?)—but of one thing I can assure you, that the anxiety of our volunteers to land on the continent is indescribable. Now they are more reconciled to the manœuvre; but the first day, when they were told to go again ashore, the dissatisfaction was audible. Some said there was a three-days' armistice; others that he received a telegraphic dispatch of some negotiations; but they all looked very sad indeed. It was quite a pitiful aspect. Every one of them dreams of his entry into Naples, Rome, and ultimately into Venice."

If only Verona, and Mantua, and Peschiera could fall as easily as Naples has fallen!

"If any traveler who has just done Rome, and is taking the Italian circuit before returning to his native country, should chance to visit Venice, his impression will be the following: 'I never was in a more quiet city in my life; it is dull—very dull—but as to any signs of discontent, none exist. Now as no Venetian will trust any man whom he does not know well, so the stranger will never hear the truth; and the *Venetian Gazette* no more dares to mention the nightly arrests than it does to recommend wholesome and useful reforms. The stranger, therefore, betakes himself, in the cool of the evening, to the Piazza San Marco, lolls in luxury either at the Café Specchi, Florian, Sutillo, or any other, even the Quadri; and there, to the sound of beautiful music, played by one of the finest bands in Europe—for none can surpass the Austrian in that respect—he takes his ice, or his coffee, smokes his cigar, and puffs out his sorrows or his cares in the balmy air of an Adriatic breeze. The stranger is driven to this—for there are no theatres open—and as he knows no one, he speaks to no one; and his neighbor in the next chair, a spy, a sure spy of the police, has in improvisatore talent of an Italian to fill up the gap in his report. The band is gone, the gas turned off from the iron branches which threw a blaze over the seventy-two musicians; itinerant minstrels succeed. A host of vendors of shell-work, slippers, punches, and all sorts of articles, rather disturb the luxury of the traveler's quiet thoughts—for these vendors will not easily take

'No' for an answer, and importune the calmest into an angry 'Via-via.' He rises from his chair, surveys with wonder the tall Campanile which stands out in the bright moonlight, and entices him to view the Piazzetta, the Column, the Island of St. Giorgio; and gaze on the silvery rays which sparkle on the calm water. All is still—still as death; silent as the grave the traveler has spent his evening on the Piazza, and is willing to write to the *Times* that never was there, since the leaky ark reposed on mud, any city, town, or hamlet half so quiet, half so contented, as Venice. That has not a London police. Hark! there is a tramp of soldiers; it is merely the guard; every city has its guard; and here in the narrow streets the soldiers march in single file—the guard seems as long and interminable as the sea-serpent. Have you a quick, observant eye, Mr. Traveler? 'Yes.' Very good. Just see if every musket in this greatest of all cities is not loaded and capped and ready for immediate use, and particularly remark if you can see one soldier without a companion. Never mind the everlasting meeting with officers in white uniforms by hundreds; or if you are inclined to see men and their numbers at parade or exercise, take a morning's stroll to the Campo di Marte, or look at the artillery on the Piazzetta, or count the guns pointed from the Island of St. Giorgio, or go to the end of the railway bridge and remark how many forts you can number from the wall of the Botanical Garden to the Fort Hainau, and its *ris-a-vis* close to it; or take a walk along the Lido to Mamaloco, and if you are not the dullest of all imaginable drones, the thought will occur to you why all this military display, these immense fortifications, this eternal surveillance, if Venice is the quiet, dull city it looks? or consider if this quietude is not the result of experience and prudence!

"What experience and what prudence? Pooh, pooh! all these forts and soldiers are merely for defense—from invasion. Nonsense! discontent, indeed! Why, I walk about from noon to midnight, and have never heard a murmur of sedition, or ever seen the slightest demonstration beyond a tricolored ribbon tied to a pigeon's neck.

"And have you not remarked that all the Italian ladies wear mourning? Do you see any gondolas following an Austrian fresco on the Grand Canal? Or are you not aware that when the band played in the boats under the windows of the Prince of Hesse, not a light was to be seen from any house? And when the music concluded by playing the Buona Sera, that at its conclusion hundreds of voices suddenly were heard singing to that favorite air, 'Ah, Canaglia! presto andate via de qua?' Are you aware that at San Marco Church the preacher was hissed for his remarks upon Garibaldi, that upward of thirty arrests took place in consequence, and that three cafés were ordered to be closed because the spies had reported that the hissing was arranged the night previous? The Venetians, wittily enough, revenged themselves by singing, as the cafés were being closed, 'Un'altra volta per carità.'

"Bless me! and do you call this discontent? There are more straws to show the direction of the wind.

"Do you want reasons for discontent? I will give you enough. Now listen to this: In the first place, the taxation of the Venetian provinces is sixty per cent., so that if you, Mr. Traveler, had one thousand a year, you would not feel very contented if an absolute Government took six hundred of it.

You would not feel very enamored of the Government which arrested any of your friends, and placed yourself in the same jeopardy, and who, without any trial, or form of trial, or mockery of trial, or without your being informed for what you were arrested, sent you away to an unhealthy prison, situated on the marshes of the Danube. Or if you had a sister who was ill, and went to ask for a passport to go out of the kingdom to some baths recommended by the doctor, received for answer, 'If you are well enough to travel, you are well enough to remain. You can not go.' Or if you had estates in other countries where revolution has begun, and you ventured then to go, you heard that your name was placarded on the Rialto and elsewhere, with the comfortable assurance that, if you did not return within four months, your estates would be sequestrated first, and sold afterward, and you knew it was no little threat by the fact of its *having been already carried into execution*—and that even if you were allowed to leave the country for three months, you might have to suffer the indignity of having your stockings taken off, to see you conveyed no letters, as happened lately to Count —, one of the first noblemen in Venice. Or what think you of the case of the Countess at Vicenza, who had a visit from the Prefect of Police, who had a letter in his hand? 'This letter is from your husband, Madame.' He refers to H. and L. and M. 'Who do these letters represent?' 'I can not tell,' answered the Countess; 'I have never seen the letter.' 'Oh, then, perhaps your memory will be better by a little solitude; come to prison.' The Countess had very lately been confined, and was suckling the infant; if another nurse had not been found, the child might have died. These are trifles, you say. Well, what think you of this?—Young men to the amount of 50,000 have fled the country, to take service in Piedmont. They are all *affichés* on the Rialto, and called upon to return. If they do so, what have they to expect? They have to expect a cordial reception—that of course—the Austrian police are not such fools as to scare the birds they intend to entrap. The returned man is placed under surveillance, to be arrested shortly after, or he is made to join the army, of which no one who has not seen the discipline can for a moment estimate the punishment; so that the very fear of the punishment keeps these people from returning; and then their property is confiscated, and certainly not for the benefit of the next of kin."

WHETHER is bound that great array of vessels which Garibaldi is reported as assembling together in the Bay of Naples? Which way shall he march with that army that grows by thousands to every league of his progress? It can not be against Lamoricière, for already the Sardinians, pouring down from the north, are expunging the Austrian and Hibernian forces of the great mercenary; it can not be against the French contingent of Rome, for this is only a private guard of a superannuated old gentleman, who, even before this, may take the whim to remove his household to quieter lodgings, where no body-guard shall be needed.

Garibaldi has too large a heart, and too large a faith, to forget Venetia; and it may well happen that the great Southern army shall pass the winter months around Verona. In such case, how far will North Germany sustain the Austrian claims in Italy? How far and how long will France stand neutral?

And if Venice sees day again, will the liberating

army cross the Gulf, and become Hungarian volunteers? And will the Greeks of Turkey, taking hint from Russia, whose legions, rumor says, are thickening every week on the borders of the Danubian Principalities, declare for independence? And next, the Christians of Syria?

THE Oriental puzzle is not unlike that of Italy. Both are in course of solution.

In the East is the head of a great religious sect, whose temporal power is on the wane; in the West is another, whose power, even as we write, is flickering with its last blaze: the last chronicler of its splendor being some ardent Irish volunteer, who writes fulsome letters to the *Cork Advertiser*. Wars and blood in times gone have cemented the bases of Islamite power in the East, as they have cemented those of Papish power in Italy. What to do with Rome is the diplomatic riddle of the West; and what to do with Constantinople must be the riddle of the next few years in the East. The engrossing and traditionary authorities in each must bend. Civilization crowds them from their seats: the world does not listen longer to Papal bulls, or to the prayers they say in mosques. In both countries the struggle is the same—to make citizens out of subjects; to give wider and freer range to thought and to action. The Turk, stimulated by wholesome threats, may give better justice to his Greek dependents than the Austrian gave to the Lombard; but his misfortune is that if he gives justice to the Christian, he gives power—a power that must inevitably overweigh and outmatch the effeminacy of the Mohammedan. Fuad Pacha has done nobly thus far in Syria; but let all the Sultan's ministers and officers act as nobly, and the Sultan's power is ruined. Let him declare strict justice always as this Syrian officer has done, and the masculine energy of the Christian subjects will grow as surely into a controlling and administrative power in the state as the sun shines.

This parallelism between Italy and Turkey was set forth, during the summer of the Lombard war, by a Russian writer (M. Tchikatchev), in a pamphlet bearing title "*Italie et Turquie*." His idea was that the two countries must advance together; and that the complete regeneration of Italy would be speedily followed, if not attended, by the complete regeneration of Turkey. From a Russian standpoint it is easy to conceive of an easy and simple regeneration of Turkey—to wit, the Admiral Constantine's fleet in the Bosphorus; but for Western Europeans the solution of the Oriental question has its difficulties. France, England, Russia, and Germany all covet the most magnificent site in Europe. It is in the keeping of a party too feeble to hold it long, even if unattacked; and far too feeble to hold it for a moment, in case of serious attack. A map published not long ago in Paris (about the date of the famous Persigny letter) marks down Constantinople as neutral territory, and the seat of a European Congress; the fortresses demolished; and the Sea of Marmora *silloné* by coursers of the five great Powers. The map, it may be observed, gave the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France; it gave Austria in a highly depleted state; Greece immensely enlarged; Suez, and Gibraltar, and the Danish Sound, free; Jerusalem, the seat of a pleasant Christian patriarchate, presided over by the Pope. A very pretty map to look upon!

WE spoke just now of Irish volunteers as the

chroniclers of the last papal triumphs. We have one of their letters just now under our eye, which is quite too good not to print. It is signed Richard A. O'Carrol, and the *Dublin Morning News* says of it: "God bless the true son, the true Christian, and the brave Irishman whose letter this is!"

We quote a part only:

"Now I will give you a description of what I have seen since I came here in this great and immortal city. I saw the Pope the first Sunday I was here. He passed by in his carriage, with a grand guard, all nobles, followed by cardinals. He saw us standing in the streets—there were two along with me; when we saluted him he put out his hand and gave us his blessing. I have seen the stairs our Saviour was brought up by Pilate to be shown to the people. You must go up those stairs on your knees, at every step a prayer; there are twenty-four steps altogether. You have a great reward for doing this; you can not go up unless on your knees. Not ten yards from where I am now is the spot where St. Laurence was roasted on a gridiron; there is a chapel alongside of it, and a nunnery also. Yesterday a priest from the Irish College brought me to the festival of St. John and St. Paul, martyrs, in the chapel of the Passionists; he there showed me the exact spot where these martyrs suffered; it was beautifully covered with flowers, a few of which I send you; I took them off the spot myself; he then showed me where their bodies were encased in a marble box or coffin under the altar—any one could see them. I have been in the Colosseum, which was built before Christ; it was used for putting Christians to death by wild beasts, under the Roman Emperor Nero. I have also seen the chains that bound St. Peter when he was on this earth; they are only seen once a year by the people; I had the part that bound round his leg around my neck, which was a great favor to have, or even to kiss it. I have been in St. Peter's, that great and mighty church where the Pope officiates. There are four thousand columns outside it, and each column is as large as the ones under the Post-office in Dublin. On Friday, the 29th of June, the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, I went to the church of St. Peter's; heard mass—the Pope celebrated mass. It was one of the most magnificent sights I ever beheld. He was surrounded by cardinals, bishops, priests, and guards of honor. He has one regiment of noble guards; these are composed of all young noblemen and princes; also he has a guard of the most respectable young men in the city, all splendidly dressed. Twenty-four of the Irish Brigade formed part also of his guard—I had the honor of being one of the number; after mass he gave us his benediction and blessing; he then was carried by eight men on a raised chair, splendidly decorated with gold—cardinals, bishops, priests, guards of honor, and we had the honor of being his body-guard. He is the identical picture of his likeness you see in Sackville Street; a fine old man, with a splendid voice—you can hear him all over the chapel."

But all of the Irish Brigade are by no means so happy as Richard O'Carrol, who had the ineffable satisfaction of placing round his neck the chains that bound St. Peter's legs.

DENIS O'KEEFE, whose letter addressed to a British consul we quote, shows far less hilarity, and as much less of Papal fervor.

He writes from Spoleto under date of August 4:

"Dear Sir—I approach you with this memorial

on behalf of myself and about ninety others, all British subjects, in prison in this town, confined in the citadel, for refusing to sign the oath of allegiance to his Holiness for four years. We are badly situated in every way, not having proper food and huddled together on some dirty straw. We are closely confined, having two guards placed on us night and day, which prevents us from getting a clean sheet of paper to address you. Dear Sir, we are ignorant of the length of time we are to be here, and we now claim protection as British subjects from you, hoping you will exert your influence to have us released immediately, and sent home. We are now fifteen days in prison, and have suffered greatly in health from such close confinement. Your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray.—I remain, Sir, your respectful servant,

DENIS O'KEEFE."

Another unhappy man writes as follows, under date of Rome, August 7:

"From information I have recently received I have reason to believe that the Irish in Spoleto are in a very insubordinate and discontented state. It is said that an outbreak occurred there the other day, to quell which the Roman Carabinieri were called in by Colonel Pimodan, contrary to the wishes of the officer commanding the Irish Brigade; that more than one Irishman was cut down by the Carabinieri, one, it is said, by Colonel Pimodan himself, and that a very ill feeling will arise between the Irish and Roman troops in consequence of this collision. It is further stated that General Lamoricière is desirous of distributing the Irish among various foreign regiments, instead of forming them into a distinct Irish Brigade; and that he is not favorable to the Irish officers, and would be glad of an opportunity of supplanting them by young men of good family from other countries, who, from the scarcity of commissions, are now serving in the ranks of the Papal army. It is also said that the Irish clergy here are much offended at the treatment which their countrymen serving as volunteers have met with from the Papal Government. Numbers continue to leave the brigade. On the 1st inst. fifty discharged volunteers left Civita Vecchia for Marseilles, and I have just learned that fifty more are about to be sent away."

The Irish Brigade can hardly be popular any where in Italy just now. It is really quite a pity that so much of Irish enthusiasm should have been squandered so vainly in attempting to uphold the tyrannies of Italy. The days of modern Rome, if ever written, will be made funny with the story of the Irish Brigade.

Editor's Drawer.

NOVEMBER has a bad name, and, by common consent, takes rank as the dullest and dreariest month of the year. It is never dull and dreary with the Drawer. Perpetual summer, sunshine all the year, is with the Drawer, its readers, and writers; and, if it were not for the almanac, they would know no November.

"The Woman in White!" Have you read it? It has had a run through the pages of the *Weekly*, and is now out in a volume—a strangely thrilling story, that winds itself all about the heart and the head of the reader with a mysterious fascination and power that may not be told. Read it, reader; for if you are of the sort who love to laugh when wit is abroad, you are one to feel when the hand of a master touches the deep springs in the soul.

The man who keeps the key of the Drawer has a habit of cutting off the heads or introductions to the most of the letters he receives. This he does, not for the sake of brevity, which is the soul of wit, but rather because he is the modestest man in the whole establishment, and blushes to sound the praises which these letters bestow on his work. He forgets that it is *not* his work. The Drawer is lively or dull, as its friends make it. It is a lake into which the laughing streams are running from a thousand hills, and in a drought the Drawer is dry. But these letters begin with assurances like the following from the interior of Virginia:

"DEAR DRAWER,—I write to you as a friend. Indeed, I do not know what I and mine would do without your monthly visits and delightful cheer. Our mornings and evenings are gladdened by the gentle humor of your pages, and the thoughts of what we have read enliven many an hour when we are not reading but enjoying the quiet of our retired home. The children regard the Drawer as one of their special pleasures, and the remarks they make, I sometimes think, are as quaint and striking as the sayings of the little ones you record."

Our friends among the clergy write frequently to the Drawer, and many of the best things in it, the pleasantest stories, with a moral that makes men better to remember, are from their pure pens. The newspapers, within the last month, have chronicled the sudden death of an able and excellent divine, in the prime of life, already known as an author and preacher, and evidently fitted for a high place in the Church. He was one of our most valued contributors, and his appreciation of the humorous was one of the most lovable traits in his beautiful character.

ANOTHER friend writes from Bangor, Maine:

"To the man who keeps the key to the Drawer:

"The little ones have been treated rather shabbily by the Drawer of late—the August Number, just received, not being illuminated by a single chubby face; and, as a matter of course, I, in common with the greater part of your readers, am justly very indignant. Casting about, however, to discover who was the owner of the Drawer, in order that I might have the satisfaction of giving him a good sound thrashing for his negligence, I was startled by the discovery that the Drawer belonged to nobody in particular, and to every body in general; that the 'readers of the Drawer' formed a sort of joint-stock company, every one being bound to put in his share in order to enjoy the benefits of the concern. The editor of the Drawer has nothing to do with its contents further than taking care that nothing out of the way gets inside. The 'relish' for which the Drawer is so famous is owing to the reality of the incidents which it chronicles. If I supposed all the good things in the Drawer were *made up* by the editor, I would throw it out of the window, just as I would a bottle which I had reason to suppose was made up in some of your New York distilleries. I send the following as an installment of the debt which I have long been owing the Drawer:

"Our little Mamie is just four years old, and is, in my own and her mother's opinion, the prettiest, funniest, wisest, loveliest little four-year old in all the world or out of it. She has only one fault—that is to say, only one thing that would be a fault in any body else, but somehow, it seems to me, isn't a fault in her—and that is, she has a habit of thinking

a little too much of herself. 'Cousin John' is a clerk in a hardware store down town, and comes up every Sunday evening to take tea with us. He came up a few weeks ago, and taking Mamie, as usual, on his knee, began to talk to her. After he had exhausted his stock of fairy stories, the following dialogue took place:

"Mamie, don't you want to go down to the store with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"No' (very decidedly).

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"I've been down a dozen times already, and have seen every thing there is there."

"Come, Mamie, do go with me. I'll show you all the axes, and saws, and hammers, and nails, and planes, and chisels, and hoes, and shovels, and guns, and pistols, and a great big brass cannon, so big that it takes a horse to draw it, and great big cannon-balls, so big that Johnny' (her seven-year old brother) 'couldn't lift one of them, and *so forth*."

"Well' (hesitatingly, and with a look of perplexity that surprised John and myself), 'I'll go, John.'

"She didn't say another word except 'yes' and 'no' and her prayers during the evening, and all the next forenoon preserved a gravity which astonished and alarmed her mother, who was wholly unable to discover the cause, and naturally imagined her to be ill; forgot to feed her kitten, and didn't ask for her doll, which had been put away Saturday evening on the high shelf in the closet, at all during the forenoon. In due time John came for her, and on their arrival at the store, true to his promise, he commenced to show her all the wonders. Mamie didn't make any remarks, or ask a single question, whereat John was not a little amazed, it was so different from the little chatter-box to whom he had exhibited the same articles a week or two before. Mamie grew impatient and fidgety, and at last broke out with, 'Oh dear, John! I've seen all these things before, and know all about them; but where's your "*so forth*," John? Show me your "*so forth*!" I want to see your "*so forth*!"'

"He had promised to show her the pistols, and guns, and *so forth*—a new article, certainly!"

A CORRESPONDENT here in town writes to the Drawer, and assures us that the following incident happened in his experience, which is very likely, as we have received the same story from others as occurring in theirs. Old stories turn up again in real life as well as in print. He says:

"My parents live in the country, up the North River. My partner in business was going up there, and I gave him a letter to the family, requesting them to send me a parcel by him on his return. He called at the house just as the family had finished dinner, and they asked him to take a seat at the table. I had three unmarried sisters at home, and the girls, anxious to apologize for the scanty meal, said that it was not very inviting, did not think he could make a meal, etc. He, in turn, became anxious to say something, and remarked: '*There was plenty, such as it was*.' The old lady and girls blushed up to the eyes. If their faces were red, his was scarlet; and, wishing to correct his blunder, he said: '*It was good enough, what there was of it*!'"

WING ROGERS, of Vermont, has been frequently in the Drawer, and stands a fair chance to get his

due. It is now some years since he was first reported as a queer sort of man—a tyrant husband, who loved to torment his wives in the strangest of all ways, making their lives miserable almost beyond belief. We have another letter respecting his second better-half, which, in justice to her respected memory, we insert, as a suitable obituary notice:

"Having seen in a late number of the Drawer some anecdotes of the eccentric Wing Rogers, with a statement that, after his persecutions of poor Becky, his patient first wife, he '*caught a Tartar*' in the second, I wish to say that the fact was that, instead of a Tartar, he got a *sensible* woman, who knew how to respect herself and to make him comfortable.

"I remember well the circumstances of the marriage, as I heard them narrated some years ago by a very respectable old gentleman, when the subject of Mr. Rogers's oddities was brought up. Feeling the want of a help-meet in his family, and probably fearing that his ingenuity of torture might grow dull from want of exercise, he set about seeking another wife.

"He started off one morning on horseback, taking with him a grist upon his horse, and stopped at the house of a female acquaintance, upon whom he had fixed his eyes. He found her busily engaged at the wash-tub. The good woman, who was perfectly aware of all his oddities and the circumstances of his former marriage, welcomed him without slackening her diligence at her employment. There was no embarrassment in her deportment, while there was apparently great cordiality of manner. She talked freely, and continued to wash busily. Without much circumlocution he made known his errand, and was frankly accepted. The good woman washed on busily, carefully and deliberately examining each article to ascertain if every spot was effaced. But, said the exacting old fellow, probably to keep his faculties in exercise,

"If thee consents to the marriage it must take place immediately, as my affairs are urgent."

"To this she assented; and it was finally arranged that the marriage should take place at the moment. The good woman wiped the suits from her hands and arms, and a neighboring Justice soon made them man and wife.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony he ordered his wife to mount the horse behind him, and proceed to mill; thence to his house, without further ceremony or preparation.

"Nay," she responded, quietly, 'that was not in the bargain; thee asked me to marry thee immediately, and I have done so; and whenever thee brings a suitable conveyance I will return home with thee.'

"The old fellow found it impossible to alter her resolution, and after a time came for her, and she returned with him to his house, and endeavored, like a sensible, prudent woman, to order his affairs as became a good wife, not minding his exactions unless they proceeded beyond all bounds of reason.

"One day he came in from the field, and ordered his wife to bring him a pitcher of water from the spring. She went cheerfully and readily, and brought the water. He received it from her hand, and looking into the vessel declined to drink, on the plea that there was a straw in it, and pouring it out on the ground ordered her to bring another. She did so, and, this time, took good care to ascertain that it was perfectly pure and irreproachable. Without drinking, he poured it out, and ordered her to go the *third* time. She did so, and returned; and

when at a convenient distance, she dashed the whole contents over his person. He spluttered and gasped at the suddenness of the cold bath; and when sufficiently recovered, he looked up at the calm, quiet countenance beside him, and spoke out,

"There! that's done like a sensible woman! If Becky had done that years ago, she would have made a good husband of me."

"It is reported that the couple lived in a tolerable degree of comfort and harmony to the end of their union, she adapting her 'treatment,' as the doctors say, to the exigencies of the case."

An editorial friend in Indiana contributes "two mites" from his part of the country:

"At one of the bi-annual terms of the Marshal Circuit Court, Judge S—— presiding, the parties, having called their jury, entered into trial, examined their witnesses on both sides, rested. While the counsel for the plaintiff was enthusiastically engaged in presenting and arguing his case, a cow in the court-house yard kept up a constant bellowing immediately back of the Judge's seat, which annoyed him to such an extent that he yelled out, with quite a crooked face, 'Mr. Sheriff, drive that cow away, or have it done!' This so interrupted the counsel in his strain of eloquence as to induce him to retort: 'I suppose, if your Honor please, that she was only bellowing for her calf, and I should think you would be the last to complain!'"

"Down on the Wabash and Erie Canal, a year or two ago, among quite a crowd of passengers on a packet was my friend, George M'L——, who is considerable of a 'wag' when he is in the humor for it. He is one of those 'Hail fellows well met,' and having seen some of the ladies putting on some extra airs, as he thought (though unusually familiar with him), for travelers, he concluded to tell them some marvelous stories about the West and Western scenery. He described to them, at the dinner-table, many scenes on the Tippecanoe River, just as we were passing the point where it emptied into the Wabash, one of which was a cave, which was supposed to be unfathomable, from the accounts given by explorers, and the entrance to which was a hole not larger than a flour-barrel. 'Well, ladies, just before I left home this entire bluff, as one of those "landslides," tumbled into the river, including about an acre in all.'

"La! me, Mr. M'L——. What became of the hole?"

"Well, it left the hole sticking out about ten feet!"

A MICHIGAN "parient," rejoicing in a little Ella, writes:

"Last evening, just before going to bed, Ella having remembered she had left her stool (a favorite piece of furniture of hers) out under a tree, where she had spent the afternoon in company with an imaginary tea-party, cried out to her elder sister, 'Cleaty! Cleaty! you must go now, right away, and bring my stool in, *before it gets covered all up with dark!*'"

AND another proud sire in the State of Kentucky records the following striking sentiment as bursting from the bosom of his first-born, eating an ear of corn. He writes:

"While at dinner several days ago, my boy, two years old, was eating an ear of corn which had not

been thoroughly cleaned of the silk. Suddenly stopping, and apparently very much out of patience, he exclaimed:

"Whoever made this torn didn't make it right."

"Why, Willie?"

"Tause it's dot hair all next to the stin."

"I give it to you in his very words."

THE progress of "Young America" is wonderful. Read:

"Our Charlie, the other day, was riding with his father on the Bloomingdale Road (New York), and was very much interested in the scene around him. He talked a great deal about horses and light-wagons, and was incessantly wishing for something to turn up to race with. He took a look behind him to see if any thing 'fast' was coming, and seeing one of the regular trotters coming after them, turned round, made a grab for the reins, and screamed out in a most excited manner: 'Hurray, papa, hurray! Here comes a *fast crab!* Let your old nag out! Go in, Lemons!'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Utah Territory sends a very amusing anecdote to the Drawer, but the profanity of the talk excludes it from our pages. We print nothing here that may not be read in the family, with the ladies and children all around us. We may be a trifle more fastidious than they are in Mormonism, but we have a notion that all the "bad words" ought to be skipped when the ladies are around—and when they are not, as well. Begging pardon for this preachment, the Drawer begs to hear from its territorial friend again.

"BELOW I give you," says a valued contributor, "the 'non-committal' evidence of a gentleman in Tennessee, going to prove the identity of a party who had been arrested for passing counterfeit money. It was given me by a distinguished member of the bar of that State:

"LAWYER. 'State to the Court and jury where you first saw the defendant.'

"WITNESS. 'According to my best recollection, the first time I ever saw the defendant I was standing on my porch, or in the street in front of my door, or I might have been sitting on my horse; my horse was hitched to the rack, with his head a little to the right of the rack, or it might have been turned a little to the left, or he might have been turned around with his tail to the rack; I won't be positive as to his position. The defendant was passing about a panel or a panel and a half from me (a panel might be from eight to thirteen feet long). He was either going southeast toward Mr. F——'s, or he was going northwest toward Mr. N——'s.'

"LAWYER. 'Never mind that. What kind of a hat did he have on?'"

"WITNESS. 'He had on a nice hat, Sir—such a hat as a gentleman might wear. I think it was a black hat, but it might have been a brown hat; it was a high hat, or a hat like a high hat; it was either a fur hat, or a silk hat, but it might have been a felt hat. It may have bulged a little in the middle, or it may have been a straight hat, or a bell-crowned hat; or it may have run up into what is called a sugar-loaf hat. Now it *might* have been like the Attorney-General's hat, and it might have had no resemblance whatever to his hat, and been like the hat sitting by his honor; or it may have been a castor. I think it was pulled down a little before and turned up a little behind, but it may have

been pulled down behind and turned up before; or it may have been straight before and behind, and turned up a little on the sides. It was either a soft hat, or a hard hat, or it may have been a Quaker hat. At all events, I am pretty certain he had a hat on; but in this I may possibly be mistaken—for it might have been a cap."

A CENSUS-MAN in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, came to the house of Hiram Wilson.⁶ He was not at home, but his wife was. She is not as bright as women generally, and in course of his inquiries he asked her age, to which she replied:

"I was twenty-six years old when I was married. Was married two years when Bill was born. Bill was four years old when Ann was born. Ann was ten years old when Charley was born. Now you tell me how old I am."

SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

Yous threatened "rod in pickle," Mister Poet,
Is neither "rod" nor "pickled," and you know it.
In flexile usefulness, all lithe and green,
On every church-yard willow living seen,
How could you represent it as "in pickle,"
Unless in very wantonness to tickle
Ears slanderously held, or be afflicted
With a disease of which your pen's convicted?
Take half the name of congregated porkers,
And half the verb which taxable New Yorkers
See oft exemplified, with wondrous skill,
By "city fathers" on a "little bill,"
When foreign guests receive their hospitality:
The two make up your whole in its totality.
On trees it grows; of late on railroads too;
It's good for boys, and well deserved by you.

JUDGE G—, one of the Supreme Court Justices in the Eighth Judicial District of the State of New York, is no less noted for his keen sense of wit and ready pleasantries than for his profound juridical knowledge and his impartial conduct on the bench.

On one occasion, on the trial of a cause, when the question arose as to the admission of the wife as a witness where the husband was a party to the action, the Judge promptly decided that, under the present rule of practice, no distinction was made as to the admission of witnesses: that the last Legislature had virtually dissolved the marriage relation so far as rules of law practice went. In confirmation of this statement one of the counsel referred to a note in Howard's New York Code of Practice in the Supreme Court under the Act:

"Concerning the Rights and Liabilities of Husband and Wife.

"NOTE.—There seems to be a slight discrepancy in the title of this Act as compared with its principal provisions. The more appropriate title would be 'An Act for Divorce between Husband and Wife, a *vinculo matrimonii*, as it respects property; and for the more effectually abolishing the feminine gender.'—Edron."

Immediately upon the utterance of the last two words, the Judge replied, "I think the editor is wrong; and, under the sanction of the ermine, I must correct his statement:

"No! the gender remains, by a law that's Divine;
'Tis the wife that is changed to a mere concubine!"

For five minutes or more the old court-house rang with the shouts of merriment, in which members of the bar, jurors, suitors, and spectators all heartily united.

AMERICAN eloquence is rapidly becoming superior

to the sublimest of the Persian or Chinese. In one of the Iowa newspapers we find the report of a Sabbath-school celebration, where the children were welcomed in a speech by Mr. Newton Barthlow. We can give only the first paragraph and the last—the middle being like them, and a little more so:

"We welcome you, young friends, on this delightful morning to the summer splendors of 'God's first Temples.' This interview is the realization of a prospective event we had hardly dreamed we would be so personally favored; it is the fulfillment of a hope we had seriously apprehended might be a painful reverse. But we are permitted to mingle in your circle—to tread the enameled sward in happy union with you; to enjoy the morning minstrelies of the myriad gondoliers of the melodious beauties of the new-born moon, and with enchanted visions, to witness and appreciate the pastoral loveliness around and the azures above us. As I direct my enraptured gaze upon you—your eyes eloquent with opulent ecstasy, your happy lips merry with mirthful converse, my heart goes out to you and seeks to revel in the impassioned delight of your elysium."

"And now, my young friends, as I draw my remarks to a close, laboring under a slight trepidation lest my intellectual repast may have not exactly regaled the spirit of your task, I would have you remember that, as you have been instructed and informed of the beautiful developments and productions of God's superior invention—that as you have come out this morning to commune with, and be partakers of his lovely works—that as you have been taught the theory of the richness, so you have come out to be brought in practical companionship with the essence of his mighty constructors—that as you have been taught to solemnly express your gratitude to God for His heavenly benediction from the contact with his gratuities. This morning you are better prepared to address him in a more zealous tone, and that your visions may be syllabled and moulded from the warmer impulses of your heart, and you should be thoughtful, too, that after weeks of longing expectations—of little doubts—of childish fears and hopes you are kindly privileged to meet together 'neath the softening influence of this beautiful grove, with scarcely a cloud-stain on the unruffled surface of the sky, without a portent of a tempest to mar your dreams, and to feast with rapturous guests on the golden apples of childhood's thoughtless rhapsodies."

A CORRESPONDENT at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, sends a choice specimen of the epistolary art from one of his clients in the West. There were several members of a family whose assignment it was necessary to get to a land warrant. One of the sisters resided in the Hoosier State, and upon writing to her for her signature, he received the following answer:

"M—, M— Co. Ia. May 25, 1860.

"MR. C— L—: I will answer you in a few words as to what you ask me to do I wish you to explain it to me and if it is what I think it is I never will give my assignment untill you pay me my share for them has acted the yellow dog as long as he will with me for I now am able for him and now will let him know the difference between a Bumble bee and a hornet and I never will give my name untill Eliza, and Sarah and Robert sends me a letter and tells me what they think about it and they must put a lock of herer in it so that I will know that it is theres and then if you will send me 50 dollars with the land warrant and then I will sign it but not Without it and if he will do that you can send it to John Gruber attorney of M—, M— County, Ind.

"please to rite a little planer the next time."

A TENNESSEAN says: "I send you one of the best specimens of 'wit' which has ever come under my observation, or, indeed, under that of any other. If you will give it a place in your Drawer you will much oblige," etc. We give it a place, but do not

agree with our correspondent in his estimation of its relative merit:

"A dashing young widower in one of the Southern States, by the name of 'Fowler,' took quite a liking to a young lady whose name was 'Cloud,' and whose flashing eyes dealt largely in electrical influences. During their courtship, which was somewhat a public affair—town and country drives being the order of the day—the gentleman's friends frequently expressed their regret at his becoming so 'beclouded.' After their marriage one of them congratulated him on the happy occasion, at the same time expressing the hope that, though long 'beclouded,' he would have clear *sunshine* before him the rest of his days. A by-stander at this shook his head, and gravely replied that, invariably, when 'Clouds' turned 'Fowler' you might look out for *squalls*."

A FRIEND who does not live a thousand miles away, writes:

"During the Japanese procession in your city it was our good fortune to have an excellent position inside the railings of Dr. —'s church. In front of us stood a brother clergyman and his wife, who evidently was not much acquainted with the city or city life, as she plied so many questions to her next neighbor, a tall, straight, well-formed man, with the smoothest, cleanest, and most shining bald head I have ever seen. Upon after inquiry I found he was a well-known physician of the city. The lady, touching the Doctor upon the shoulder, asked: 'Can you tell me, Sir, why, with such a fine large window as that over our heads, they do not open it to admit light and air into the church?'"

"The Doctor, taking off his hat, and politely making her a bow, answered: 'Madam, we have different kinds of churches in this city. Some do admit and are glad to receive light from *without*; but this one is permitted only to receive light from *within*.'

"The good lady's husband laughed most heartily, winding up with: 'Ha, ha, ha—good! I must tell the Doctor of that.'"

THE following bit of marine literature, from one of the serials in a New York weekly paper, is recommended to the especial notice of sea-faring men by an old sea-captain, who sends it to the Drawer. As a *new way* to reef a brig's sails, it will doubtless put an entirely new wrinkle in their monkey-jackets. For thrilling interest it surpasses any thing ever written by Cooper or Marryatt. Listen:

"'All hands aloft to reef sails!' shouted Allen.

"'Ay, ay, Sir!' was the ready response, as the men sprang up the ropes.

"'All ready fore and aft?'"

"'Ay, ay, Sir!'"

"'Put up your helm! Slack off the main-sheet! Brail up the main-sail! Ease down the weather-boom! and—' The rest of the sentence was lost in the outbreak of the gale.

"'Now, now!' shouted the mate, as the first gust passed. 'Aft the main-sheet—for your lives!'"

"As he spoke, he sprang, with a single bound, to the wheel. The brig was now in two floundering heaps, and as the men dragged at the main-boom aft and the head-sheets on 'he forecastle, she came trembling up in the long bight of the sea, and took the gale steadily before her on the other tack.

"For a while the brig behaved beautifully; but all at once she became unmanageable; her tiller be-

came useless, and the little craft was driven at the mercy of the winds!

"Their danger was now apparent; cheeks paled and lips quivered; Death, with his long, bony fingers, seemed pointing scornfully at them!

"Lawson came on deck, and saw that the brig was making her course straight for the Gulf; and he well knew that if she once entered the Gulf's mouth, destruction was inevitable. In that awful hour, etc."

If any "sailor man" can make head or tail of the above, he can take my hat.

OUR friend Jones was riding up in Westchester County in September last, and saw a board nailed up on a post in the yard of a farm-house, with the sign painted on it: "THIS FARM FOR SAIL." Always ready for a little pleasantry, and seeing a woman in checked sun-bonnet picking up an apronful of chips at the wood-pile in front of the house, he stopped, and asked her, very politely, when the farm was to *sail*? She went on with her work, but replied to his question instantaneously, "Just as soon as the man comes along who can *raise the wind*." Jones hit Dobbin a sudden cut with the whip, and dashed on, calling out, "Ga long there! what ye doing here?"

A ROVING correspondent writes from Kentucky to the Drawer, and makes the signs following:

"As the 'SIGNS of the Times' have lately met with some attention at your hands, I send you the picture of one which is yet, I think, visible in the sweet town of Plainville, New York, although two or three years have passed since I gave it place among my 'Pencilings by the Way.' Economy of space and paint, surely:



THERE is an excellent moral to this story; it hits North Carolina no more than other States:

"A few years since business of importance called me to the northwestern part of North Carolina. As my business prevented me from traveling by railway, I procured a horse and set out alone. This I found was rather dull and tiresome work; but as necessity compelled me to proceed I did so, and by way of amusing myself I would now and then stop to have a little 'gab,' as they termed it, with the natives—and a queer set most of them were. One day the following amusing conversation occurred. Passing by a farm-house, I saw a white man and four negroes very busily engaged in some kind of work. I rode up, and thus addressed the white man: 'Good-morning, Sir. Would you be kind enough to tell me what you are making?'"

"'Certainly, stranger—plow-lines,' was the laconic reply.

"'Well,' said I, 'how many can you make in a day?'"

"'About four,' responded the native.

"'And you need the assistance of four men in making them?' I asked.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"I immediately calculated the probable cost of each line, and found that it could not be less than seventy-five cents. I told him so, and also told him that he might procure lines of better quality at a cheaper price.

"'Perhaps I might,' he replied.

"'Why, then,' I asked, 'do you waste your time and that of your negroes in manufacturing lines of an inferior quality, when, for one-third of what they cost, you might get better ones?'

"'I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright when I heard his answer. And what, Mr. Drawer, do you think it was? *'Dad did so!'* I was forcibly reminded of the old farmer balancing his one sack of corn by another of stones, because *Dad did it!'*"

In Philadelphia we have a correspondent who says, in a recent letter:

"Having recently been afflicted with sore throat, I communicated the fact to a ministerial friend, who sent me the following letter of sympathy, which is committed to the fostering care of the Drawer:

"'I have suffered such great inconvenience from my throat, that I can sympathize with a brother the very instant he says *throat*. I am at home on the throat question. Does not a preacher feel of less importance than an eyeless needle on Sunday morning when his throat is not at his command, and his voice has gone far from home? Can you guess how J. C. Heenan would have felt on the morning he met Sayers if both his hands had been palsied? Then you know how a poor preacher feels when he has an engagement to fight the devil, and throw down the walls of superstition, and take the city by the blowing of a *sheep's horn*, and when he gets there, and goes into the engagement, *the thing won't tool a single bit!'*"

"SQUIRE Y—, who resides in Southern Tennessee, packs down every year a large amount of bacon for his own use. For two or three years, however, pork was abstracted in an unaccountable manner from his barrels; and at last the worthy Squire concluded it to be his duty to make some endeavors toward apprehending the thief. After several futile attempts, his labors were at last crowned with success, and he was horrified to find that the guilty individual was a neighbor for whom he had always had much respect as an honest and worthy man.

"The Squire's conscience, loth as he was to such a proceeding, urged to a prosecution for the offense; and thus he spoke:

"'Mr. Hopkins, I have been surprised to find you to have been engaged in this manner, and I am sorry to say that I feel it my duty to prosecute you. Conviction, of course, is certain. I pity your family, Mr. Hopkins; you have disgraced your wife and your children, and I am grieved at it.' And here the tears began to show themselves in the Squire's eyes, for he was very kind-hearted, and was easily moved to pity; and so, as the future of Mr. Hopkins's family presented itself to his imagination, he relented. 'And yet, when I come to think of this, Hopkins, I can hardly bring myself to prosecute you. I don't doubt but that you *needed* the bacon to supply the wants of your family, and this puts rather a different face upon the matter. I will refrain from prosecuting you, Hopkins, and I hope that you will

do better in future. And even more than this, Hopkins. To encourage you to live an honest life, if you will promise that you will in future refrain from stealing bacon—my bacon—I will give you a thousand pounds of meat a year, and you may take this that I have caught you with home to your family.'

"At this proposition the physiognomy of Mr. Hopkins brightened up somewhat, and he spoke for the first time:

"'Squire, seeing it's *you*, I'll do it; but for any body else I'd be hanged first!'"

APPROPOS of the statement that the Prince of Wales attended the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec, and occupied the Governor-General's pew, which had been elegantly refitted for the occasion, we can not withhold the mention of an incident which befell a friend of ours who was in Quebec last summer. Learning that the regiment stationed there attended service at the Cathedral, and nearly filled it, our friend determined to make one of the worshipers in the military congregation.

He did not arrive at the door till after the military had entered. Seeing no vacant seat in the floor pews he ascended to the gallery. This also was crowded, excepting one pew at the end of the gallery, near the chancel. To this our friend hastily bent his steps, and entered it. The service had just begun, and our friend was too sincerely reverential to allow outward things to distract his attention; yet, as he rose from his knees to join in the "Venite," he was for an instant struck with the uncommon elegance of the appointments of the pew. But the swelling chant from more than a thousand male voices keeping time with the regimental band attracted him still more; but, as he turned his eyes upon the throng below, he was a little surprised to find that almost every eye was fixed on him. His attention was, however, again diverted by the Psalter, in the responsive parts of which he began heartily to join. But in spite of all his efforts to forget every thing but the service in which he was participating, he became more and more conscious that he was the object of marked notice from the whole congregation. The pew adjoining the one he occupied was filled with officers, some of them bearing marks of honorable reward and hard service; these, he saw, constantly glanced from their Prayer-books toward him. He began to feel that there must be something peculiar about him. Was it his dress? He glanced at himself, and saw nothing amiss. He wears his own hair, and therefore he had no wig to get awry. Was it to be attributed to his fine face? He had often heard himself described in flattering terms; but he saw many noble-looking men among the officers. He was almost disposed to think it might be his full beard which attracted the notice; when it struck him suddenly that it was a little remarkable that, while many seemed to be unprovided with seats, all eschewed the capacious pew where he was. His eye just at that instant fell on an object which was connected with the front of the pew; by a slight change of position he looked over the gallery, and to his consternation beheld the coat-of-arms of the Governor-General of Canada!

Our friend did not stop to inquire whether he had been really mistaken for Sir Edmund Head; he was not prepared to usurp his honors; and therefore, as speedily as possible, he vacated the pew, and did not feel entirely equanimous until he had gained the hotel and sheltered himself in his room.

Conjugal Conversations illustrated.



VOL. XXI.—No. 126.—3 H*



I hate gentlemen's society, as you very well know

Before I was married I had every hurray heart could wish



Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.

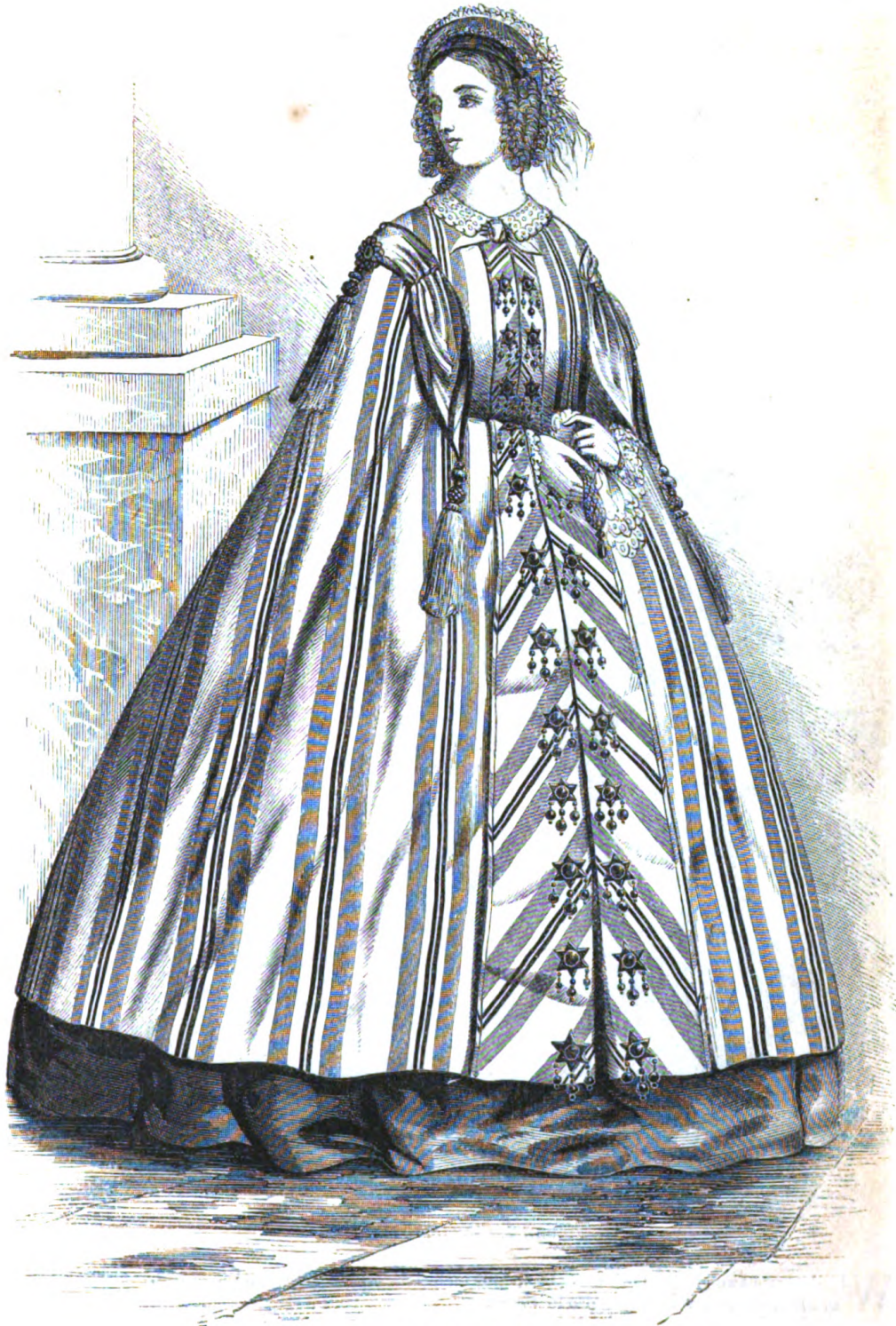


FIGURE 1.—AUTUMN CLOAK.

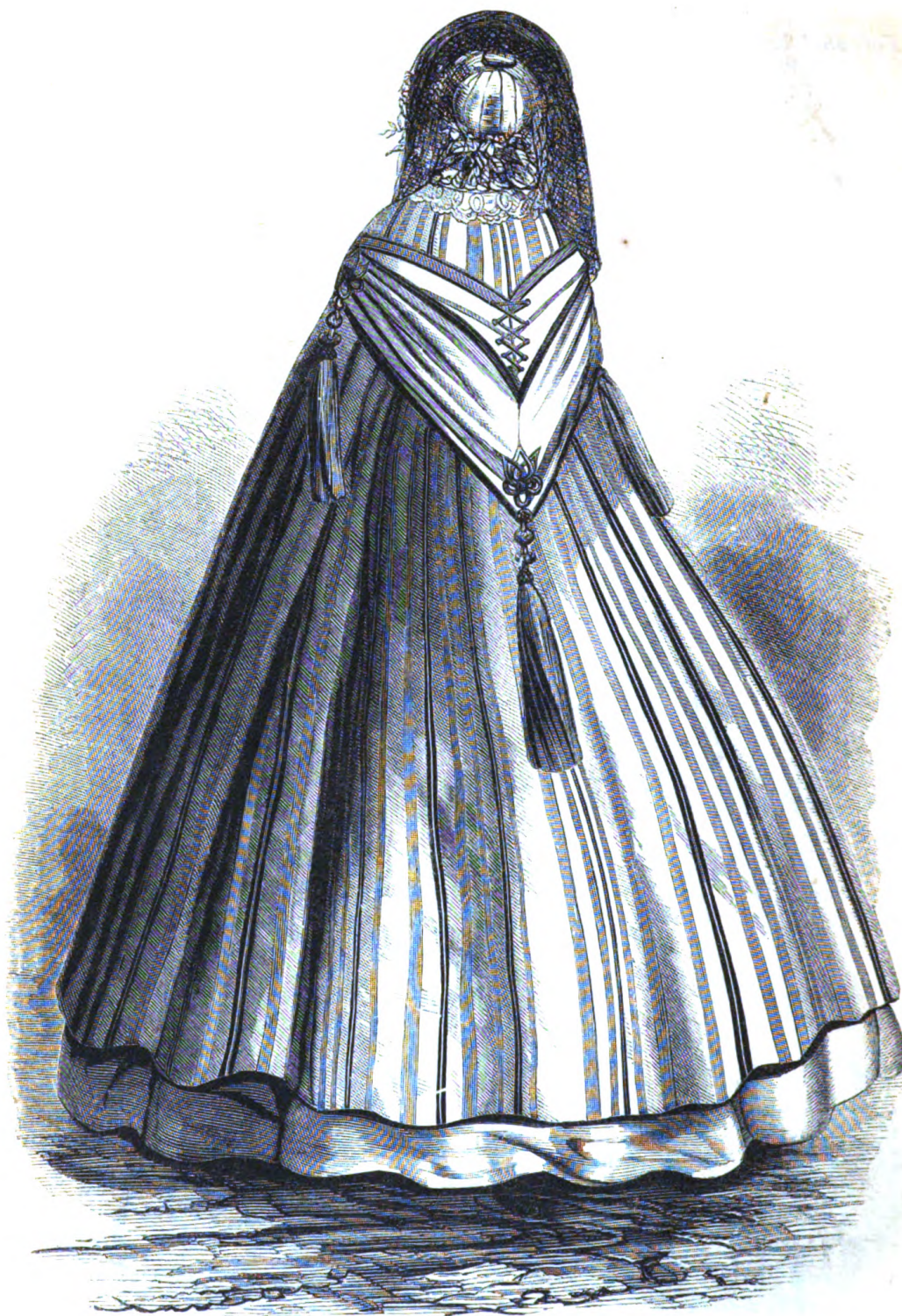
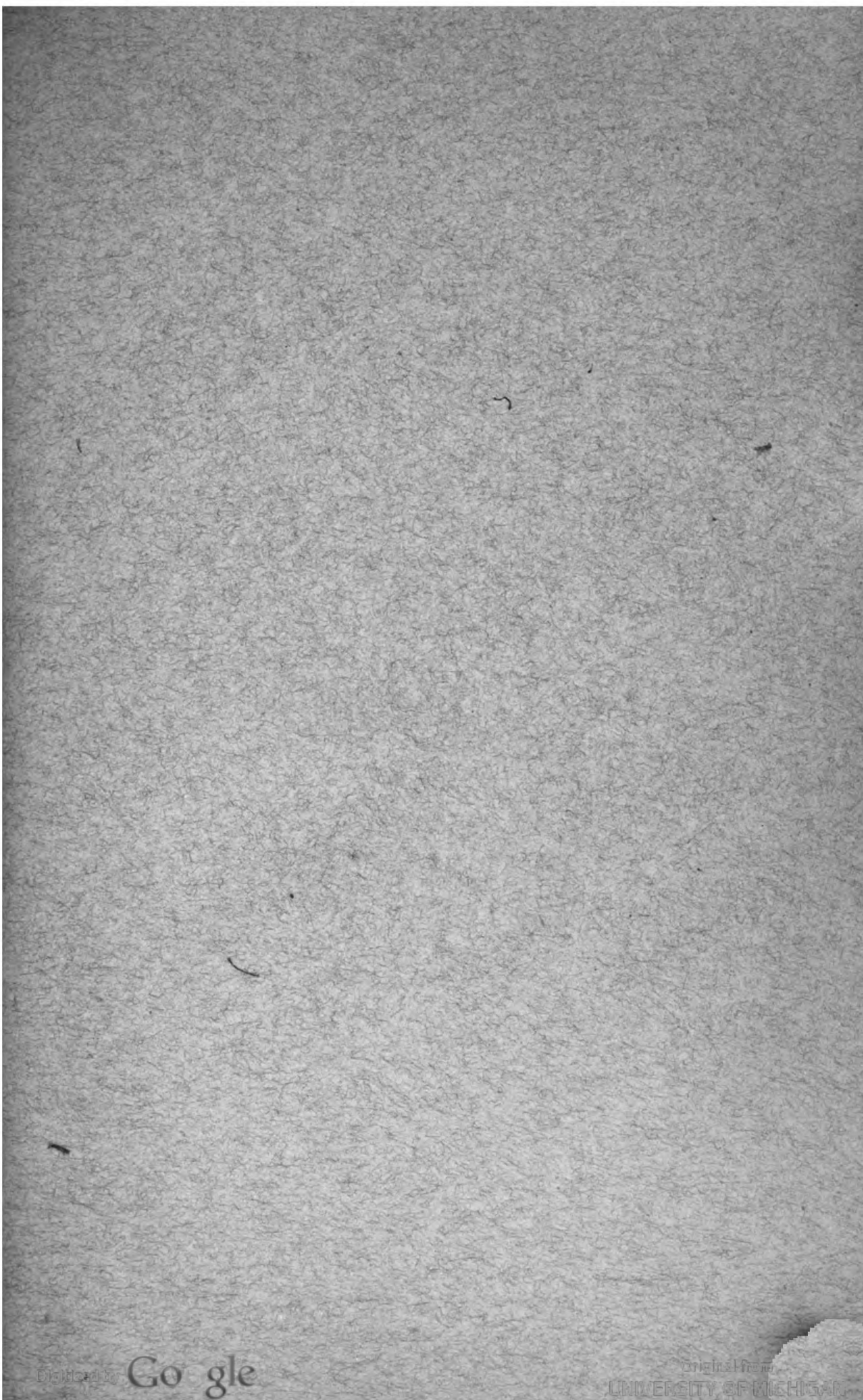


FIGURE 2.—STRIPED MANTLE.

WE illustrate two cloaks, both made of striped materials, which are special favorites. Other styles, of black cloth or velvet, are also in vogue.



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